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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 58 - Monologues of Today

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no. 58

Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 58

Monologues of Today

COMPILED BY
STANLEY SCHELL



EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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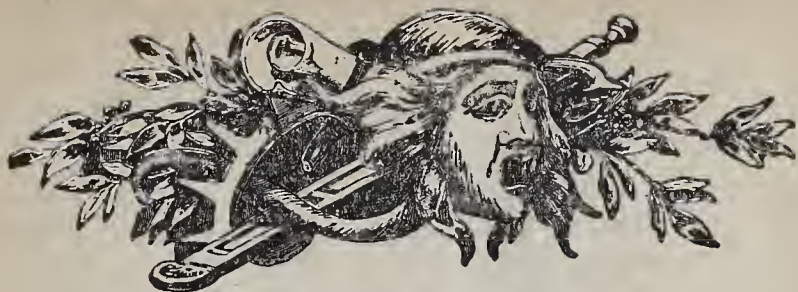
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MONOLOGUES OF TODAY

42ND TO 71ST STREET.—GRATIS.

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM.

SPEAKER: SOCIETY GIRL.

SCENE: Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York.

[Arm in arm with girl friend, she comes out of Huyler's, wiping mouth with handkerchief.]

WASN'T that peach nutmeg sundae the best ever? I spent my last cent for it—haven't even a car-fare, but it was worth it. Have you any change, my dear? No? Well, I'm not going to walk, I'm too tired. Let's go up on the 'bus. How can we? That's easy. I've done it before. *[They cross street.]*

Look out! You nearly ran over that Ford. Never mind about our not having any money; leave everything to me. *[Hails stage, and watches it pass.]* Oh, we're on the wrong corner; they change the traffic rules every time I come to New York. *[They cross to downtown corner.]* This one will stop. Watch me! *[She rushes into middle of street waving arms.]* Driver, driver, stop, please!

Come on, Arabella. [*They get in and sit down.*] Doesn't this make you feel as if you were a millionaire? Here we are, riding gayly up Fifth Avenue in an automobile and never paying a cent for it. When I am married I am going to have a seven-valve Cardiac, I mean—an eight-cylinder Cadillac? Yes, of course, that's a lapse of lingue. Here comes the conductor. Don't be so conscientious—why, a lady can get away with anything. Don't say a word, let me manage him. Fares? Certainly. [*Opens purse.*] Oh, Arabella, I forgot to get that twenty-dollar bill changed at the bank—have you two dimes? No? Conductor, can you change a twenty-dollar bill? Isn't that a nuisance. Well, couldn't you let us wait, some of my friends might come along and lend me a dime. You couldn't take the chance? Well, then, come on Arabella, we'll have to get out and buy something in a shop on the Avenue. Oh, the next corner will do. [*To conductor. They get out.*] That's not bad; we're up at Forty-eighth Street, you notice. Six blocks gone! Here is a 'bus. [*Hails it.*] He won't stop, he knows me. Yes, I remember, I went up with that conductor last Wednesday. Here's another, but it goes to Riverside; never mind, take it. [*They get in.*] Now talk—fast! [*Rattles away to her friend.*] I detest that hat you are wearing, it looks like a pancake, with a fork stuck in the middle. Couldn't you wear it upside down? And stick the fork in your hair? You always had bad taste, but that's the worst you have worn yet. [*To conductor.*] Yes, we know this goes to Riverside, thank you. [*To friend.*] Talk! Oh, Arabella, see that couple over there, they are holding hands under her muff! Alas, no, I never had such luck! Yes, I have a lot of nerve, but that doesn't take nerve—it takes a man. Fifty-seventh Street! Say, conductor, why didn't you tell us this 'bus went through Fifty-seventh Street; we want to go straight uptown? You did tell us? I beg your pardon, you said something about Riverside, but not a word about Fifty-seventh Street. Come, Arabella, we must get out. [*They descend.*]

We ought to be able to make it with one more 'bus. Here comes one; no it isn't, it's a Mard bread wagon, they are all over

the place. That Mard man is so pushy ; well, they are the people who get on in life. Arabella, that is one thing I could never be, pushy. Sometimes you have to wait hours ! Really I think considering they charge ten cents fare they might at least not keep you waiting an hour. I am going to send a complaint to the company. There's one there ! That's too empty for my next stunt ; we'll just have to be patient and stand here till a full one comes along. Oh, here's a lovely full one, not a seat in it, come. [*They scramble past conductor who is coming down stairs.*] Grab a strap, Arabella, look out, don't fall into that man's lap, he looks ugly. When you fall into a lap choose a good-looking man. What time will you call for me to-night ? Let's take a taxi, we can afford to go halves on it since we've saved our 'bus fares. [*To conductor.*] We want two seats on top. No room ! I should think you would be glad to have two such good-looking girls up there to advertise your line for you. The people who are in the front are awful frumps ! Send them down. What's that ? We can't stand up ? Well, we will stand till we get seats. One over there ? One seat isn't enough ; we haven't seen each other for ages and we want to talk. Oh, no, I shan't pay till we get seats. [*To gentleman who rises and offers his seat.*] Oh, thank you, sir ; but I couldn't think of taking your seat, I'm a suffragette, and believe— [*To conductor.*] Two seats on top ? Good. [*They climb up.*] Oh, what a climb. I think they ought to put an elevator on these 'buses considering how much they charge. Now, Arabella, I insist on paying the fares ! My dear, you embarrass me ; certainly I am going to pay, don't say another word about it. [*To conductor.*] She isn't saying a word ? You are grossly impertinent ! What is your number ? I shall report you. Come, Arabella, let us get off. I refuse to ride with this fellow. [*To conductor.*] Oh, yes, our fares. I forgot. Can you change twenty dollars ? You will try to get it from a passenger ? All right. It is a transfer in my purse. Isn't the air lovely ? Oh ! Arabella, he is bringing back change. Oh, hurry, we will have to get off. It is only Seventy-first Street, but we can walk a block. [*They rush down-stairs and jump off.*]

“CHUST JANE.”

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

SPEAKER: GERMAN MAN.

JANE an' me wass bose orphens an'—kind a cousins yit. We wass brung up toget'er ofer in Meryland by Jane's Aunt 'Liza. I expect I must a got to liking Jane when I wass chust a little chap. For, when I got eighteen an' she 'bout fourteen, I wanted to git married a'ready. Jane—she use' to chust make fun.

“You can't marry *no one*,” she says—“you chust a infent. An' Aunt 'Liza says you'll be a infent yit tell you' twenty-one! Now sink of t'at a minute—a feller 'at's got to be fed on pap a-talking about gitting married—wiss *me*! Ah, aha, ha! No, sir-r-ree! I won't marry *no one* at—at sleeps in a crib! Sa-ay—less go fishing!”

“Well—if you promise to marry me?”

“Not tell you got whiskers!—whiskers a yard long.”

“All right,” I says. “But you'll go an' marry some feller wis-sout no whiskers whatefer.”

“I'll nefer marry no one but you, Charlie—unless I like him better, or he got more whiskers. But especially if I efer like some one better'n you—lookout! Shut up wiss you' lofe business an' cut a fish-pole.”

“Yes,” I says.

Sunder! T'at wass 'way back in eighteen hundred an' fifty-sefen! Don't a feller git old quick after while! When t'e war talk got so strong every Union man down in Dixie wanted to git nort' t'e Mason an' Dixon line. Jane an' Aunt 'Liza wass always jawing each ot'er 'bout t'e nikker-slafes—one for 'em, t'e ot'er ag'in 'em—so 'at after while t'ey r'ally hated each ot'er. One day Jane come running out to t'e spring-house where I wass.

“Charlie, which air *you*?” she hollers, “Rebel or Union?”

“Union!” I says, “by goshens!”

I r'ally didn't keer much whet'er I was, a Union or a Rebel. But I keered a good deal about being on Jane's side.

"I lofe you now wiss all my soul," she says, jumping for me. I chust gat'ered her in. She wass ofer sefenteen t'en an' a reg'ler anchel. Sink about hugging such a girl, will you?—an' kissing her?—chust as much as you like? But she cofered her mout' wiss her hand after while.

"Jane," I ast, "we got to git out?"

Jane nodded.

"She says she won't haf' no two Unions of her own flesh an' blood in her house. Where kin we go to?"

"What you sink 'bout t'e poor-house?"

"Can't you sink of nossing better?"

"Gitting married."

"Is t'at somesing better?"

"T'ere ain't nossing better in t'is world," says I.

"An' what we goin' to do t'en?"

"Lofe each ot'er."

"You can't eat lofe, ken you?"

"No, but——"

"You can't trink it, ken you?"

"No, but——"

"You can't wear it, ken you?"

"No, but——"

"Well, t'en——"

"See here, Jane, lemme talk onct, will you?"

"Oh—all right! I don't think you had anysing to say except 'but.'"

"Jane, you got no notion how tall an' handsome you air. You eyes is blue as t'e sky in June. You hair is like t'e corn-silk in August."

"Sa-ay, I tell you where we ken go to, Charlie—up to Aunt Jane, which is named after me—in Pennsylvany. She's Union, like us."

We packed our clothes t'at night yit, an' t'e next morning we started off afoot.

Well, t'e first sing Jane done after she saw Jess—Aunt Jane's boy—wass to forgit 'at such a insignifikent feller like me wass

alife. No—no! No, she didn't neit'er. T'at's not exsac'ly fair to Jane. She wass about as nice an' kind to me as efer, I expect. But it wass a different kind a niceness an' kindness from what she showed to Jess. T'at wass somesing she'd *nefer* had for me—no, nor for no one else! It changed her voice—an' eyes—an' mout'—an' her step—gosh-a-mighty! She'd come an' talk to me for hours about how he walked—an' how tall he wass—an' how strong—an' so on, an' so on! I nefer seen no one so deep in lofe so quick! He wass one t'em big keerless, happy-lucky kind a fellers 'at eferybody likes. I liked him myself—right off. An' t'e worst of it is, 'at t'em 'at eferybody likes t'at away, don't nefer keer for nobody much. One day I says to Jess:

"Say, Jess, why don' you ast Jane to marry you?"

"Iss t'at a joke?" he ast me.

"No," I says, "it ain't no joke."

"Ask her to marry me? Say—what for?"

"Gosh-a-mighty! Don't you *lofe* her?"

"Yes—I expect I do. Eferybody does."

"T'en you got to ast her to marry you—account she lofes you."

"Charlie, you out you head intirely," Jess says. "A feller can't marry all t'e girls he likes, ken he?"

"No," I says. "But you got to sink 'bout t'is sing mighty quick an' do what I tell you. If you don't you an' me won't be no friends no more."

"Well, Charlie," Jess says, "if *you* sink I ought to do it, I will."

But he laughed like it wass all a joke.

I guess he nefer sought no fut'er about it. An' mighty soon it got too late to sink 'bout 'most anysing except war. An' Jess he took such a interest in all t'e soldier-business 'at he din' seem to haf' much time, efen for Jane. T'at kind a sing chust suited him. An' be goshens! it chust seemed to suit Jane also. After while t'ey organized t'e Border Guards! At first we had all kinds a unicorns—homespun—hickory-jeans—anyhing 'at wass red, white an' blue. An' arms! You ought a seen 'em! Flint-locks—horse-pistols—pikes—funny sword-bagonets wiss a curl in t'e

end—chust anysing almost 'at 'd' cut or shoot—or 'at had t'e name of doing it.

An' Jane wass in eferysing account of Jess. She jawed us so much about t'e fi-penny-bit look of t'em unicorns an' arms 'at one day I says, says I:

"Well, if you don' like 'em, why don' you git us some ot'ers?"

"I will," she says.

Next night I says—chust in fun:

"Jane, you got t'e new unicorns anywheres about you? I been telling t'e boyss an' t'ey want 'em."

"You ken tell t'e boyss 'at we'll haf' 'em in 'bout a week," an', sunder! she pulls out her pocket a hundred-dollar bill 'at ole Jake Wirt 'at had t'e bank 'd give her!

Jane she use' to drill at home wiss Jess an' me, an' she knowed more of t'e manual t'an bese of us. She made herself a kind a female unicorn like our'n, an' had a gun an' all. Jane looked so handsome in it 'at ot'er girls couldn't stand it an' t'ey all got 'em, too. But sunder! none of 'em could come wissin a sousand miles of Jane! Oh, Jane—Jane—Jane! I ken see you now wiss t'e little red cap stuck on top you' yeller curls, t'e little jacket wiss gold lace an' buttons on, t'e red frock wiss t'e yeller leggins stickin' out below. An'—Shoulder *Arms!* Right shoulder—shift! Carry *arms!* Ground *arms!* Forward, *march!*

At first efery one wanted to be an ossifer. But Jane app'inted t'e ossifers—an' of course Jess was captain. We drilled efery day. We couldn't git t'em unicorns on too often for us.

Company at-ten-tion! Company—fall *in!* Order—*arms!* Shoulder—*arms!* Rest—*arms!* Fix—*bagonets!* Right shoulder—*shift!* Mark—*time!* Forward—*march!*

Aha, ha, ha! It wassn't war—chust play. T'en some fellers—durn fools, begun to talk about us going off to regular war. Jess was chust crazy to go. Well—some one sent word to Washington 'at we had a nice soldier company to go to t'e front, an' Lincoln sent for us right off.

So one night we wass paraded on t'e square wiss t'e ole brass

band an' t'e ole brass cannons an' t'e flags an' eferysing. T'ey had a banner 'at had on it:

"We Air Coming, Father Abreham."

We marched to t'e ole market-house 'at was like a bridge, an' ole Jake Wirt got on a meat-beench—an' made a fiery speech right at us.

"People air beginning to sink you chust play soldiers an' 'at you afraid to fight. But, boyss, I know better. I know it's no soldiers under t'e glorious ole flag ken fight like yous. But I want you to go out an' do it. Now, who'll be t'e first of t'e Border Guards to volunteer to stop playing an' fight?"

"I!" says Jess, quick as lightning. Ole Jake shook his hand an' laughed.

"I wass sure of *you*, Jess," he says.

Well—one by one efery man stepped out an' said he'd go.

An' when t'e last—little Billy Minter—be goshens! You ought a herd t'e ole band!

"Oh, say ken you see
By t'e dawn's airly light—?"

Well, one day afterward, it wass a big handbill on t'e market-house:

Attention, Border Guards!

By the Order of the
President of the United States
and the
Governor of Pennsylvania
The Command Will Leave
On Sunday Next
for
THE FRONT.

It wass about t'e nicest-looking soldier company I efer seen—on t'e square t'e next Sunday morning.

Jess had to make a little speech when t'ey presented t'e colors.

"I pledge you 'at it shall nefer go down in no dust as long as one of your own Border Guards is left to hold it up. An' glorious as it now is, I swear to you 'at it shall come back to you more glorious. If not, you will know 'at no one is left to bring it, an' 'at it has fallen as we haf in t'e noblest cause 'at God efer gafe a man an opportunity to gif his life for."

As he spoke it his face wass full a kind a light.

"Boyss," he says, "is t'at right?"

"Yes—yes—yes!"

Jess got down, an' Jane—as usual—wass clost to him. T'ey walked away a little an' I saw 'at he wass bending an' whispering to her. Suddenly I seen Jane blush an' tremble. T'en she looked up at Jess. I knowed what had at last happened. Jess put his arms around her afore eferybody, an' no one efer saw more happiness in a face t'an wass in Jane's just t'en.

His mammy turns 'round to me.

"Charlie," she says, "I expect you to take keer Jess don' do anysing foolish, an' I expect you to bring him back to me an' Jane. Promise."

An' I promised to do it. An' Jane—Jane she came also, an' said: "Charlie, if you let him git killed I don' want to see you ag'in."

Well, well—oh—t'en ole preacher Alleman got on a meat-beench an' made a little prayer.

"God of battles, take these, the flower of our simple lives, into Thy holy keeping. Send them back to us. They are our all. Yet—if this be not in Thy infinite purposes—then—Father in heaven!—Father Abraham, we offer them to Thee as our sacrifice. Do with them as Thou wilt. Amen."

When eferysing wass quiet ag'in Jess wafes his sword and says out loud:

"Company—at-ten-tion!—fall in."

So—off we went to war.

* * * * *

None of us wass quite happy afterward except Jess. By t'e time we got to Antietam Jess wass a colonel. At Chancellorsville he wass commanding a rigiment t'en, an' our ole Company K wass in it. It wass Sunday morning an' we wass standing clost toget'er waiting for t'e word to advance. T'e Rebel artillery had opened right on us about ten minutes afore, an' it wass about as hot as anysing I'd seen up to t'at time.

"Jess," I says, "I'll tell Banes to bring up you' horse an' you

ken stand behint him. It's chust as easy standing behint a horse as not." He chust laughed like eferysing.

"What's t'e matter, Charlie? You gitting skeered at last?"

"Yes," I says, "I am."

Chust t'en came t'e "Advance." Jess went in at t'e head of his men, an' he nefer got back.

When I got out t'e hospital we tried hard to find him efen amongst t'e dead.

I had a right to a furlough but I'd rat'er face Lee's cannon t'an Jane's eyes. But at last I had to go home. T'e war wass ofer. Chust four of us got off t'e cars 'at brung us up from t'e Grand Refiew. T'e ole brass band—what wass left of it—wass at t'e cars to meet us. An' sousands an' sousands of people. All t'ere to meet chust us—four cripples! We all cried, I sink. T'e band cried so it couldn't play.

"Boyss," I says, "'t's all foolishness. I'm t'e ranking ossifer, so—front—face!—forwards—march! By fours!"

T'e ole band struck up—"Home, Sweet Home!" Oh, Gott! If you nefer been to war you don' know what t'at iss—t'at "Home, Sweet Home."

I kep' my eyes "front" so's I wouldn't see Jane, but as we marched apast she grabbed my arm.

"Where's Jess?" she ast.

I had been expecting t'at for four years. Yit it wass like a cannon-ball in my breast.

"Oh," I says, "he'll be along some of t'ese days. Generals ken do as t'ey like."

"Of course," she says. "He may be here any day. We'll keep his place at t'e table."

"Don't you sink," says Aunt Jane, "'at we'd better haf' his bed made up right away—Jane?"

"Yes," says Jane.

"T'en come along home."

T'ey done t'at for more'n twenty-fife years. Fife years ago t'e mammy died. Jane an' me rode home from t'e funeral toget'er.

"Jane," I says—"Jess won't nefer——"

She turned an' looked at me. Her face wass like a sad anchel's t'en. Presently she says chust:

"Poor Charlie; poor ole Charlie."

She's waiting for him yit—bose of us air. We set by t'e fire nights, an' sometimes we talk an' sometimes we don't. An' sometimes Jane lets me hold her soft ole hand. Onct or twict I kissed it. I'd like to kiss her. But I guess she wouldn't let me—yit. She ain't changed much. She'll allus be—chust Jane.

SIMPLE CASE OF GRIPPE.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

SPEAKER: Victim of la grippe, cheerfully hypochondriacal, who enters from rear room, attired in dressing-gown, slippers and careless crumpled clothing; unshaven, hair uncombed, features woe-begone, limping and groaning.

SCENE: Parlor room of third-floor flat; window at right, overlooking street.

O H! Oh! Oh! I'm the worst ward in the hospital! Ohoho! Ohoho! Ohohohohohahaha! [*His groans melt into a half-pained laugh, but he brings himself up with a jerk.*] What am I laughing at? What *am* I laughing at? I'm a dunce, that's what I am! In addition to my other fatal afflictions I'm a dunce! The idea of me laughing, *me*, with half the ills of medical history concealed about my carcass and the other half coming!

[*Fretfully.*] What's the matter with me, anyway? Doctor says it's probably a simple case of grippe! Simple! I'll bet it isn't half as simple as *he* is! I'm a dead man, that's what I am! But I've *got* to get out! Doctor says he can't be responsible for my case if I do, but he doesn't know that Madge comes back to town to-day and that I can't be responsible for my case if I don't! And to think that I wrote her that I had something particular to say to her, and she answered that I might call to-day and say it! Oh, it was all going so well; but what can I say to her now? Oh, Madge, Madge! will you be my widow? Will you love, honor and perish these remains until death do us part, which will

be about the day after to-morrow? That's delightfully devoted, isn't it?

[*Complainingly.*] I wish the doctor would hurry up and come to take an inventory of me, just to see if there's enough of me left to warrant the cost of salvage!

Oh, what a head I have! It's filled up full of ache and slopping over! I don't see why our heads were made with stuff inside of them to ache! Why couldn't they be hollow like a football? And then when there was any trouble inside we could let 'em collapse and squeeze all the ache out of 'em! Ha, ha! Doctor said we might begin by trying to collapse mine, as he'd never had any reason to suspect that there was anything inside of it. Ha, ha, ha! [*Disgustedly.*] There I go again! I believe I'd laugh at my own funeral—or my wedding, for that matter, though [*dolefully*] there's not much chance of that! And this is the day that Madge gets back to town. [*Resolutely.*] And I don't care what the doctor says, I'm going! [*Jumps up and stamps foot; sinks back into chair with howl of pain.*] Oh! Ow! Ugh! I'm a dead man this time! Oh, why do we have joints in our legs? Why couldn't we run on wheels, so a little grease would overcome all friction? [*Disgustedly.*] Look at that leg! [*Angrily holding and shaking it.*] Look at that leg! Why, a wooden leg wouldn't be worse! Confound it; I've a good mind to amputate it! I would if it weren't for ruining a pair of good trousers! And to think that Madge lives right across the street and I can't go to her unless I go like this! [*Hops across room to window; looks out.*] Great Neptune! and it's raining like the deluge! [*Sneezes.*] It gives me fresh cold just to look at it! [*Looking off.*] Ah, there is the house that holds her! I would I were that house! [*Sneezes, then calls.*] John! Mary! Somebody, please close that door; it makes such a draft!

A draft for me means a draft for the doctor! [*Musingly.*] What will she think of me if I don't call as I promised? And what will she think of me if I do? I'm a gallant-looking object, I am! But I know what I want to say to her. I've thought it all out and have it by heart. [*Rehearsing, with passion.*] Oh,

Madge, Madge! [*Interrupts himself, calling.*] Will you shut that door? [*Passionately again.*] Surely you must have guessed the question which is nestling next my—[*sneezes*—]heart! Can't you see the condition to which my longing love has—[*sneezes*]—brought me? Need I tell you that I'm—I'm—I'm catching more cold every minute! [*Strainedly.*] Oh, dear, I talk like an ass with the asthma! [*Gaspily.*] Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [*Painedly.*]

Oh, dear, there it goes to my neck! [*Disgustedly.*] And there's nothing more ungraceful than a stiff neck! I wish mine hung on a hinge—ouch! and a swivel—oo! or else that my chin grew onto my chest! I knew a fellow once, and he had always been perfectly well, but one day he got a stiff neck, and kept getting worse and worse, until now he's a member of the New Jersey legislature.

I'll be jolly! oh, so jolly!
I'll cut care and abandon melancholy!
I'll be jolly—oh, Golly!

Oh, I knew it! I knew it! [*Clutches his back.*] I wonder where else I'm defective! I'll bet I've got the cerebellum and the appendix vermiformis! [*Sounds left lung.*] That left lung sounds mighty funny. [*Concernedly.*] I knew a fellow once with a lung like that, and he went to California, and he liked it so well that he never came back. He made five thousand dollars the first year—made it with his own hands—and he's got three years to serve yet. [*Sounds other lung.*] Thank heaven, this one is all right! [*Cheerfully.*] A man who can't be happy with one lung has no right to tempt Providence by living. One country, one flag, one wife, one lung! There's sentiment for you! [*Sounds left lung again.*] This left lung, though, sounds ossified. [*Draws out photograph from inside vest-pocket.*] Oh, it's Madge's picture! Ah, little picture, you cause the worst trouble of all inside of me! Aggravated palpitation, fatty degeneration, and pericardiac ossification are nothing to you! [*Soberly.*] I wonder if Madge would be angry if she knew I had this photograph of herself? I never had the courage to ask her for one, so I borrowed this one from Grimes. I don't think he knows I borrowed it, but I did. *He* had it stuck up alongside a cigarette actress. Confound him! When I think of that it's a wonder to me I didn't kick him! [*Crooks his*

leg as if to suit action to the words, and falls back again.] Oh, wheeum! I'm sorry I wasted that kick on the empty air. [Growlingly.] And to think Grimes is running around with two good legs on him this minute! Oh, I must go! I must crawl across the street [rubbing knee] and tell her how I feel; no, not there [changes and lays hand on heart], here! [Seriously.] Oh, Madge, I wish I could tell how I love you! [Coughs violently.] Confound it! Perhaps I could if I ever got my breathing apparatus in working order again! [Strainedly.] Oh, it's no use, it's no use! I'll never get through that speech!

Grimes, old boy, I'd better resign in your favor. She'll be better off with you. You're not a man of very high ideals, perhaps, but at least you're normal, and that's a great deal. [Seriously.] Yes, Madge, my most beloved girl, for your dear sake I'll forego my appointment for to-day!

Ah, it is the irony of fate that I live within sight of you! [Pathetically.] Here I will stay worshiping you at a distance, loving you as a child may love a star, until *he* comes to take you away. [Drags himself to window, drops into chair and gazes out.] Confound him, there he is now! He's calling on her! Oh, for five minutes of thorough health! [Shakes fist threateningly.] Wouldn't I—just—[breaks into fit of coughing and finishes sentence in dumb show. Watching.] He's trying to forestall me! I might have known it! [Pause.] What! he's going away! She's not at home! [Laughs, throws back his head and has a cramp in the neck.] Wow! ha, ha! Ouch! ha, ha! [Laughingly.] Oh, my! [Painedly.] Oh, my! [Gleefully.] He, he, he, he's gone! [Dolefully.] But my grippe hasn't! After all, what difference does it make to me? He'll only come again and again, and some day she will be at home! [Slowly and bitterly.] I would rather have had it over! I wish she had been at home to-day! [Still looking across street, he stares hard and almost rises out of chair. Shows twinge of pain, but does not heed it. Speaks with burst of feeling.] What! it can't be true! She *was* home! She's coming out! By Jerico, she must have sent him away! She's coming this way! She's crossing the street! She has flowers and jelly and

stuff. They're for *me*; they *must* be for me; for me! [*Hops around room on well leg, singing.*]

Old Grimes is dead, old Grimes is dead,
We ne'er shall see him more!
Old Grimes is dead, old Grimes is dead,
I wish he'd died before!

But oh, dear, oh, dear, my speech! [*Rehearses hurriedly and confusedly.*] Oh, Madge, Madge! I—[*concernedly*] I hope you wore your rubbers or you'll catch your death of cold in all that rain! [*Passionately.*] Oh, Madge, my own—[*changing again.*] I know that jelly will make me sicker than a dog, but I'll eat it, I'll eat it! [*Passionately again.*] Oh, if you will but be mine—[*Changing again.*] Great Scott, how I do look! [*Hops and hobbles around in great confusion; brushes hair and clothes with same brush.*] Here, John, Mary, somebody, anybody, show her in here! Tell her I'm sicker than death, but it's all right! Tell her I positively mustn't see her, but I *will*! Tell her—tell her—tell her—I'll tell her the rest myself, and, for mercy's sake, [*sneezes*] shut the door! [*Curtain.*]

NINA'S LAST LOVER.

IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

SPEAKER: NINA'S SISTER, *aged 14.*

HELLO, Mr. Sheldon. Are you looking for Sister Nina? I'm having great luck fishing. Don't whistle rag-time. It fidgets the fish.

I just saw a great big perch come along, and he chewed my bait right off, and sailed away with it. Fish are the meanest, smartest things you ever saw. Want to fish?

Oh, I forgot. You want to find Nina. If you go down past the boat-house, up the boardwalk, then over to the beach—

Oh, you're worried. Fishing's awfully soothing when you're worried. You have to keep still and the water makes you so sleepy and rested when you hear it lapping against the pier.

I'm awfully sorry for you—about Nina. You really haven't the ghost of a chance. You know Harry Barton, and Wallace

Stevens, and old Mr. Dean? They all had it, too. Wallace had it worse. He wanted to jump off the lighthouse-pier until I told him that Harry and Mr. Dean had chosen the same place, and he changed his mind. They all tell me about it, you know, because I'm her sister. I can tell when one's in love with her before she can. First they give me candy, and loan me their "frat" pins, and say I'm a bully chum. Then after a while they say they wish they had a sister like me. Then they want me to tell them all about Nina ever since I can remember, and I fill them up. Tell them a lot of fairy-tales about how lovely she has always been, and how she saved my life three or four times, and never told a lie, and won't use powder, or curl her hair on an iron, or anything. And they keep on liking me until Nina lets them fall over, and after that they come and I sympathize with them, and they tell me how they would like to die. It's awfully interesting. Will you take to the pier when Nina lets you fall over?

Oh, it's nothing at all to be ashamed of. Nearly every one falls in love with Nina. It's part of their vacation. And she doesn't mind only she says she does wish they'd all propose by moonlight, as it's more effective and interesting. Last year—no, two years ago—I was eleven, going on twelve, and the Seventy-second Regiment came down here to camp. And there was a bugler-boy. He was going on fifteen. He wasn't very pretty, but you know how they look all dressed up cute, and he could blow the bugle so it said "Sally." And he used to write me notes, and hide them in trees, and after supper we'd sit on the porch and talk and talk just the way Nina does. And the night before he went away he proposed. He said, "Sally, let's run away, and never come back any more." And I said, "No; I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but I never will forget you or the honor you have done me as long as I live." That's what Nina always says. And then let him kiss me; and he wanted a lock of my hair, so I cut off a piece of Nina's long curl that she tacks on the back of her head when there's a hop. It wasn't just the color of my hair, but he didn't know, and that's what Nina does when they all beg locks of her hair. Why, she wouldn't have any hair left at all, you

know. And then I let him kiss me a few times more just to let him know I was really and truly sorry, and he went away. You've got a bite!

Oh, there's Creston's yacht, *The White Ladye*. It's just as well you didn't hunt Nina, because she's out there. Creston's splendid. He's got money, too; but that isn't it. I know Nina's in love with him, and it will all be fixed when they come back. I'd never let anybody propose to me on a yacht. Just get nicely started, and have the sail flap at you, or something. And no one can handle a yacht when they're proposing, can they? Isn't she going a little topplly now? But Nina won't mind this time. I guess you don't mind anything when you're really in love. He's going south to-morrow if she doesn't say yes. He told me so, and I told Nina.

Maybe I ought not to have told you, but you're the only one out of the whole lot that I like, and when I told Nina you were in love with her—that was after you gave me the fish-pole, so I knew—and that I wished she'd marry you, she said you were taller than Creston, and a dear boy. And one day I found her crying, and asked her if she was in love, and she threw a pillow at me. And then I asked if it was you, and she threw two pillows. But when I said Creston, she just kept still, and cried, so I knew.

I asked her if she'd take Creston and she laughed, and said if she didn't marry him, she'd accept the last one who proposed. I wonder who that was. Wallace did last Sunday night, but Nina would rather try the lighthouse-pier herself than take Wallace.

Here they are. Hello, Nina, dear. I've been entertaining Mr. Sheldon. Why are you turning the yacht around, Mr. Creston?

Going back to the club-house? Sailing south to-morrow? Oh!

Nina, is he really going? Really and truly? Yes, he is heading for the lighthouse-pier this minute.

Well, I'm sorry for the last one, then. Nina, what are you doing? Letting Mr. Sheldon kiss you behind your parasol? Maybe you think I didn't see, but I did. Do it again if you want to. I won't peek. Only go away, or you'll scare the fishes. So, he's the last lover!

SONG OF THE SOUL VICTORIOUS.

I STAND in the Great Forever, I lave in the ocean of truth,
And I bask in the golden sunshine of endless love and youth.
And God is within and around me, all good is forever mine;
To all who seek it is given and it comes by a law divine.

In the deathless glory of spirit, that knows no destruction or fall,
From the immortal fires of heaven to the plains of earth I call.
Who is this "I" that is speaking—this being so wondrous in might?
'Tis part of the primitive Essence, a spark of the Infinite Light.

Blasphemous and vain they may call me; what matters it all to me?
Side by side we are marching onward, and in time we will all
agree.

Oh, I stand in the Great Forever, all things to me are divine;
I eat of the heavenly manna, I drink of the heavenly wine.

In the gleam of the shining rainbow, the Father's love I behold,
As I gaze on its radiant blending of crimson and blue and gold.
In all the bright birds that are singing, in all the fair flowers that
bloom,
Whose welcome aromas are bringing their blessings of sweet
perfume.

In the glorious tint of the morning, in the gorgeous sheen of the
night,

Oh, my soul is lost in rapture, my senses are lost in sight.
They say I am mortal; like others, I'm born to die;
In the mighty will of the spirit, I answer, "Death I defy!"

And I feel a power uprising, like the power of an embryo god;
With a glorious wall it surrounds me, and lifts me up from the sod.
"I am born to die!" Ah, never; this spirit is all of me;
I stand in the Great Forever, O God, I am one with Thee!

I think of this birthright immortal, and my being expands like a
rose,
As an odorous cloud of incense, around and about me flows.

Oh, the glory and joy of living! Oh, the inspiration I feel!
Like the halo of love they surround me with new-born raptures
and zeal.

I gaze through the dawn of the morning, and I dream 'neath the
stars of night,

And I bow my head to the blessing of this wonderful gift of light.
Oh, God, I am one forever with Thee by the glory of birth.
The celestial powers proclaim it to the utmost bounds of the earth.

Ye pilgrims of varied probations, ye teachers and saviors of men,
To your heaven-born revelations my spirit shall answer, "Amen!"
With you in the Great Forever, with the children of earth I stand,
And this light flowing out like a river shall bless and redeem the
land.

Oh, the glory and joy of living! To know we are one with God,
'Tis an armor of might to the spirit! 'Tis a blossom that crowns
the sod!

Thus I stand in the Great Forever, with Thee as eternities roll;
Thy Spirit forsaketh me never; Thy love is the home of my soul.

MRS. O'SHAUNNESSY AND THE ANIMAL SHOW.

GISELLE D'UNGER.

SPEAKER: IRISH WOMAN.

THE top of the marnin' to ye, Biddy Mavourneen. Coom in
an' be sated. It's a rare trate to see ye these days. Ye hev
an illegant hat on, me jewel; thim faythers are rale becomin' to
ye. An' how are ye? "Will!" ye say? The saints be praised for
that, but it's more than I can say the same to ye. Yer mither
knows, Biddy Mavourneen, in the days gone by, I could jig wid
anny of the byes an' gyurls; but, bad cess to it, I am as lame as
a stip-ladder wid a foot broken off. *Ye are sorry to hear that?*
Indade, ye may will be, thankin' ye kindly all the same, but it is
the divil's own wurruk that I am bound to this chair like a Siamese

twin. *An' ye niver heard of me trouble?* Faith, thin, ye will be interested to know that whin Pat an' me wint to the cilation of the animal show at the Coliseum we were as happy as the day whin we were byes an' gyurls thegiter. My Kitty had jist gawn off wid young Murphy sometime before, an' bechune you an' me, Biddy, that Murphy is a broth of a boy, an' be the same token, he shines up to our Kitty, presinting her wid an illegant jews-harp wid a rale immerald in the ind which plays "*Wearin' of the Grane*" to perfiction. But, as I was sayin', Pat an' me started off to the animal show wid the tickets Mr. Hinderson gave Pat as he passed through the warehouse the other day. The drooms were a-droomin', the harns were a-tootin', an' the flags a-flyin' in sich a distractin' manner that yer heart would ha' rejiced. We wint in, but hardly had we sated ourselves in the illigant chairs covered wid rid carpet an' brass nails thin an illigant young man stipped up bowin' an' smilin' in the most beseechin' manner, presintin' two glasses of rid stuff which I was inclined to refuse; but Pat pinched me arrum 'till I have a black an' blue spot as an ividence of his airnestness, an' says I to the young spalpeen, says I: "*An' is this intinded for me?*" says I.

"Sure, Mum, who ilse could it be for?" says he. "Whin I see sich a purty face forninst me, how could I pass ye by?"

Be the same token, I gave a glance at Pat, who was smilin' like a dintist's model, so pleased was he at the compliment put upon me; an' as for the matter of that, it was not ondesarved, for I am still a good-lookin' woman, if I do say it myself. So I construed that I was to accipt the swate stuff. To be sure, the hate was intinse an' my throat that dry-like I could have swallowed an icicle an' not have known it. So I sazed the glass, an' the drink was gone before ye could wink. Pat snatched the other glass an' it too disappeared in the twinklin' iv an eye. Thin the illigant young man hild out his hand, which I grasped, an' I thanked him wid tares in me eyes for his kindness to two perfect strangers.

"Arrah, now!" he shouted. "I want me money. Tin cints for the ch'ice drink ye have inj'yed."

"Tin cints!" I screamed. "Holy Moses! an' what do ye want of tin cints, ye young spalpeen?" says I.

"For me *kindness* to ye," says he, winkin' at anither young blood who was doublin' himself up wid laughter.

"Yer kindness, ye young fool," says Pat. "Be the powers, I'll knock yer hid off yer shoulders if ye say anither wurrud to me wife, Mary Ann O'Shaunnessy."

Be this time there was grate confusion. The foorce kem runnin' up an' jerked the young man out of sight, while others ran at Pat an' hild him like dith.

"Lave go of me," says Pat. "I am an American, free an' equal wid anny of ye, an' I defy ye to deprive me of me liberty!"

Just at this moment Kitty flew through the crowd wid young Murphy [*tone triumphant*] brandishin' an illigant shelaly, from the County of Cork, which sint manny of thim over like tin-pins; an' soon there was the finest spicimen of Doneybrook Fair iver hild in this country. The circus min coom up an' said they would be obliged to stop the performance, which had not begun, unless the *malcontents* were quiet. At this hidyus accusation, I screamed an' lept upon him to distarb the smirk he had on his pasty face, whin, all of a suddin, the sates gave way an' we were thrown a thousand fate, more or liss, to the ground. Ohone! Ohone! Biddy Mavourneen, thim young divils had consorted together, an' had thrown the j'int of thim sates out of place, an' they collapsed. Whin I recovered my sinses, I was bein' lifted into this chair, which I must kape until the plaster an' mortar is taken off me leg.

An' did I inj'y meself at the animal show? [*Screaming.*] Faith! an' am I not tellin' ye I niver saw it at all, at all. Are ye so hard-hearted ye can't ask to see the accident? No! I'll not show it to ye now. Go home, an' till yer mither I am as will as I can be under the infliction of your prisince. Now ye are offinded! Will, I am glad of it, for of all the sinseless craytures, ye bate thim all wid per pacock airs an' faded old faythers. [*Biddy leaves room.*] Dinnis! is that paycock gone? Will, niver lit her inter the dure agin. She's afther yer sisther's Kitty's young man, I cud see by her eye, the shameless crayture!

MISTAKE IN THE DAY.

AGNES H. LEVY.

SPEAKER: BUXOM MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

PLACE: Church.

COME, Marie, no, this way. I think *I* know which aisle they walk down. I've been to weddings here before. No, I never let an usher show me to a seat. They'd be sure to put you way back into a corner, and why do you think I wore my best hat and these brand-new shoes, if I don't want to see, and be seen? Here's a good place—you go in there and I'll sit on the end so I can put my feet out—so. Now let's look around and see who's here. Why, how funny that they haven't got a white ribbon tied 'round the family pew, but maybe we're too early. There goes Mrs. Brown, in a black hat. Now, my dear girl, that just goes to prove what I always say, that people have grown absolutely heartless. Do you know that her husband has been desperately sick for a month, and only last week I heard the case was quite critical, and now see his wife galavantin' around at weddings! You didn't see her come in? Well, she's sitting way down in front and has a black hat on, that's all I could see. Why, certainly, I'll remove my feet, but I don't see how they can annoy you. These ushers do think they're so smart. Did you see Elsa's wedding-dress? Velvet—oh, do you know, white velvet always reminds me of tuberoses, and funerals and things. Oh, there goes Mrs. Smith—how plain she looks! I must say I didn't expect to see her here. Well, you see, she used to be a friend of Elsa's until she married and her husband had a sort of falling out with Elsa's brother's father-in-law, and you can see how uncomfortable it would be if they should meet here. You know 's so dark in here I can hardly see what people have on, but I must say my hat is prettier than any I see. Have you looked at the flowers—aren't they *glorious*, all banked up like that. You think that's doleful music—well, it is rather serious, but then, you know, Elsa is so original! What's that, they're playing now—it's "Ave

Maria!" No—why, it's "Nearer, my God, to Thee." And, look Marie, you were right, they're coming down the other aisle! But, look! what's that, my dear?—it's a coffin! Come quick! Sexton, what does this mean—isn't this Miss Jones's wedding? It's Mr. Brown's funeral—the wedding was yesterday? Why, Marie, why didn't you tell me that? [*Exit.*]

FORESTALLED.

SPEAKER: MALE FLIRT.

WELL, I'll have to stop that flirtation,
 And tell Amy all, that is flat.
 She would not have uttered negation
 If I had proposed; I know that.
 But now I'm to marry another,
 Our little affair, of course, ends.
 I'll say: "Think of me as a brother,
 And we will continue good friends."

Of course, when she hears of my wedding,
 There'll be an exhibit of wo.
 The copious tears she'll be shedding
 Will bring on hysterics, I know;
 And then there'll be sobbing and sighing,
 Perhaps till my tender heart melts,
 With vows of affection undying,
 And vows to wed nobody else.

"Now, Amy, my dear, do not tremble;
 Just heed what I'm going to say.
 Your nervous emotions dissemble;
 Be calm, now, my dear friend, I pray.
 To tell you my secret I've tarried—
 And how I have hated to try!—
 But, Amy—I'm soon to be married."
 "Don't worry, old boy; so am I!"

MOTHER'S WASTED DIPLOMACY.

VIRGINIA RODERICK.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRY WOMAN.

PLACE: Farm-house.

WHY, good evenin', Luke. Yes, we're all to home. Jest come right in where Mr. Collins is, an' I'll start the fire in the parlor. Oh, no trouble. Here's Luke Thompson, pa. You go an' light the front room fire. What's the use? Now, isn't that jest like a man, wantin' to stay in the back part o' the house the hull time! You jest go on, pa, an' do's I say. Here, let me take your hat an' coat, Luke, an' you set right down alongside the stove. I'll call Susie. Su-sie! oh, Su-sie! Come down—Luke Thompson's here.

How's your ma, Luke? Workin' too hard, is she? If she only had a daughter, now, like Susie, that could help her out. I don't know whatever I'd do without Susie; but then I suppose I'll have to do without her some day—that's the way it goes. Watch out, pa, you'll knock that crock o' yeast off'n the back o' the heater ef you don't be more careful.

Lookin' fer that blamed damper to turn off? Too hot; Luke looks sort o' flushed up, like? In the name o' common sense, Pa Collins, why shouldn't he look kinder red after walkin' well-nigh half a mile on sech a night as this? I do wonder what ails Susie. Pound on the stove-pipe there, pa, an' hurry her up.

What's the use o' hurryin' her? Want he should tell you who him an' his pa's goin' to vote for? Can't do a thing without arguin' about it, can you, pa? I'll go up an' see—oh, here she comes. Well, Susie, down the same day?

I could 'a' tried on all the dresses I ever owned in that length o' time. Ain't she a fuss-budget, Luke? Wouldn't keep on th' dress she had on to get supper in.

Prinks th' hull time? Why, Pa Collins, what's the matter uv you? She does not. I'm sure a girl ort to keep herself nice as she can, anyway. Not but what Susie always keeps herself tidy

even when she's cookin'—Susie, go get some o' that cake you stirred up for supper, an' give Luke some.

Susie make that stir-cake? Yes, sir, she did, Pa Collins. Now'll you say she prinks all the time? You go 'long in an' see 'f th' front room's het up. Turn off the damper in th' pipe, an' then make a light. Yes, you ken do it without takin' the chimblly off. You might's well come on in now, Luke; an' Susie, you bring that plate o' cake along; it's nice and warm here now. Have this big chair, Luke,—mind you don't pinch your fingers in th' rocker. A good many people have. Who was that young feller that hurt his'n, a few weeks ago, so you had to bind it up with arnicky, Susie? Ole man Wood; oh, so it was, pa.

Well, did you ever! Pa Collins, do you see that old coal-hod? How long d'you s'pose it's ben in this room? Take it right straight out! No, Luke, I couldn't think o' lettin' it stay—the idea! No, you don't, pa—no settin' down till that hod's in the woodshed where it belongs. Sech a man to talk! It's a good thing that Susie don't take after him, or I'd lose my wits in no time. Susie, get the album and show Luke that picture o' your uncle you're so much like. Looks like him, too, don't she, Luke? It's more'n likely his hull farm'll come to her some day—he's so fond o' her. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll have to set th' sponge—so's Susie can bake to-morrow. She likes to do it *all*, but I don't always let her. Susie, play Luke some o' that piece you practised today.

Oh, no? Course you will. She makes a heap o' dust about playin' in public, Luke, but I think she does real well. Your pa an' I'll listen from the dinin'-room.

What did I pull you away from that door for? Mercy, don't yell, pa—I'm not deaf. No, you're *not* goin' in there; anybody'd s'pose you *wanted* your daughter to be an old maid,—slanderin' her every time you open your mouth, an' then de-*ter*-mined to talk politics. D'you s'pose Luke come to visit an ole codger like you?

Asked fur you? Not so loud, I tell you, Pa Collins. S'pose he *did* ask for you—never was backward yourself, was you? How'd *you* liked it if my father'd kept lopin' in an' spoutin' poli-

tics when you come to see *me*? That's right; hide in your almanac. But I'm goin' to talk jest th' same. I'm not goin' to sit quiet an' knit when my daughter's bein' proposed to. Neighborly call nothin'! How do I know? By usin' the seein' senses the good Lord gave me. S'pose Ed Marks does come home from church with Susie oftener,—that's jest account o' Luke's too bashful to ask. An' she don't blush when Ed speaks to her, nor spend an hour dressin' for him, neither. I guess I know the signs, and you mark me, Pa Collins— Seems awful quiet in there,—not a livin' sound! Poor Luke! And Susie! Now, if it was me——

Men don't ask girls the first night they go to see 'em? Don't, eh? Well, the Luke Thompson sort do. It takes 'em a purty good while to get up sand, but once it's up they can't resk havin' it to do over again. You ought to know, pa. It was jest sech a night, wasn't it? An' it was in th' front room too, with pa and ma in th' kitchen.

Hark! D'ye hear that big chair? I do wonder 'f he's done it. If he didn't, its your fault, Pa Collins, an' next time you'll mind exactly what I say.—Why, they're laughin'! That settles it—folks don't laugh when there're gettin' engaged. He must be goin', too, Pa Collins, you ole——What is it, Susie?

Luke wants to see pa? Go on in—I'll stay out here. What's Luke want to see your pa for, Susie? About you?

Is it settled? Did he ask you? Well, that *is* good. Here, kiss your ma. Susie, Luke's a good boy an'll make a good husband. But I guess you got me to thank—your pa 'd never give Luke a chance, ef I hadn't dragged 'im out an' shet 'im up.

Luke asked you last week? *Su-sie Collins!* An' you let me go through all that anxiety an' strain for nuthin',—a-praisin' uv you an' managin' your father! Ask your pa, indeed! What's *he* got to say about it?

Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
 An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
 But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
 An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
 —*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE HUSBAND.

SPEAKER: HUMORIST HUSBAND.

I HAVE been asked if I am married. Permit me to state that I am. I'm gone! But I believe in marriage. It is a necessary institution. So is a jail or an insane asylum. Everybody ought to get married and settle down, even though they spend the rest of their lives settling up. I met my wife at Long Branch. I was introduced to her by a chap to whom I owed money. That was his mean way of getting even.

My wife was a girl of the greatest weight in her community. I forget the exact weight, but it was somewhere around two hundred and fifty. But she had a beautiful figure. A perfect 57. Her name was Letta. That is—her front name was Letta. Her hind one was Bee. Letta Bee. I wish I had! But I loved her. You talk about loving any one; why, I loved the very ground that she—had coming to her. And when I asked her to marry me she told me she'd marry me the following December. Them wasn't the exact words she used, but she told me it would be a mighty cold day when she married me. So I took it for granted she meant December.

Her father was a retired bank president. At one time a judge retired him for six years. I spake to him thuswise: "Mr. Bee, I have decided to marry your daughter, and am very anxious to get your consent to the union." "Well," said he, "suppose I refuse to give my consent?" I said: "If you refuse your consent, I'll take your daughter away from you and you'll never, never see her again." So he refused.

And since I'm married, I am happy. We never fight. If my wife speaks harshly to me I return a soft answer. I soak her with a custard-pie. But I can forgive her anything, because she is a good cook and housekeeper. Occasionally, though she does get a bit extravagant and buys things we have no use for. She bought a patent fire-extinguisher two years ago and we haven't used it once. The only real scrap we had was when she found a

few old photo's of my earlier loves in my desk. And then she chided me. But I don't see why she should have gotten so angry. Every man should have his fling before he gets married. Your wife will do all the flinging *after*.

LOAFIN' TIME.

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

SPEAKER: YANKEE FARMER.

SOME folks air allers babblin' erbaout the lovely spring.
 Haow nice to watch the posies bloom, 'n' hear the robins sing.
 Naow fur them poetry-fellers, sech twaddle may be true,
 But haow c'n I 'njoy it with all my work to dew?
 There's plowin' 'n' there's plantin 'n' fixin' up the fence,
 'N' 'fore one thing is skersely done, another's to commence.
 I don't like summer neither. It gits so pesky hot;
 The hayfield's purty healthy, but 'taint no picnic-spot!

The time o' year I favor most is them sunshiny days
 Along in fall, when everything is in a purty haze.
 'N' all the trees, tricked out so gay, in yaller 'n' in red,
 Look like some grand old army, with all its banners spread.
 The night air some'at frosty—a feller sleeps good, tho',
 'N' 'fore his breakfust goes 'n' gits a pickerel er so.

I don't do much of any work, 'xceptin' these few chores;
 I like to fish 'n' hunt 'n' smoke, 'n' loaf eraound out doors.
 Jané sez, "You're dretful lazy!" I tell her, "That ain't so;"
 I'm takin' my vacation; I'm cityfied, y' know!
 Old natur's got her work done up, withaout no great mishap;
 She's feelin' sorter drowsy naow, before her winter's nap;
 'N' that's just haow I feel myself; been slavin' all the year;
 "But naow," sez I, "I've quit—Hooray! my loafin' time is here!"

WHERE'S BILL?

CARL SMITH.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

WHERE'S Bill? Yes, o' course I'm glad to see th' old town once again;

When I turned th' bend I had to jus' git up an' yell, an' when I seen that old steeple risin' like a guidepost on th' hill Leapin' up from th' horizon I jes' had to say, "Where's Bill?"

Know that meetin'-house? I guess so! Ain't that where we uset to go,

Us boys? Settin' stiff an' jes' so, like we was put up to show, There's th' graveyard back behind it, with th' old stone on th' hill: I believe that I could find it if I tried to now. Where's Bill?

When we two was boys, Bill showed it to me one day, an' the year Cut in it was—there! I knowed it wasn't fur away frum here. See, it's old an' stained an' breakin', grass-growed, too, an' cracked, until

It seems like some poor, forsaken, homeless thing that—say, where's Bill?

Bill an' me we often wondered whose that stone was; for we guessed

It'd laid down there a hundred years or more at very best.

An' he uset to say: "Now, I don't want no better tomb. I will Lay there when I die." Say, why don't some o' you uns say where's Bill?

Yes, old pard, this is th' stone, an' it's the one you uset to claim. Pshaw! You talk about yer own, an' sich fool things. Why—what's—this name

Here, cut underneath the creepers an' th' moss? Why are you still?

His name! Here among th' sleepers,—an' I—well, I've found you, Bill.

HUGH MANITY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

FRANK CRANE.

SPEAKER: STREET VENDER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: So glad to see you here this Christmas Eve. I never disappoint you, do I? You can trust your old friend Hugh. That's my name, you know, if anybody here's never met me before—Hugh, Hugh Manity.

I'm going to give my first present to the children. All children, everywhere, every child in the United States, poor, rich, black, white. Here it is. It's an *Education*. Take it and run along. Democracy without education, you know, is a joke.

Oh! There's a lady. She's a fine lady—all wrapped up in costly furs. But your face is hard, lady. Your soul is hard, too. Something's the matter. I know. Here! Come here, you and your husband. This is what you want. The darlingest of little babies—cooing and laughing. Don't cry. Your husband is smiling. I know what makes 'em happy. I know. Come one, come all. Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not good? Come! Buy! Without money and without price!

Ah! Come here, girl! You out there shivering at the edge of the crowd. Lord love you! What's the matter with your eyes? They look as lonely as lonely. I know what you need. Here it is. It's *Love*. The gen-u-wine. Can't buy it. But when old Hugh Manity gives it to you, you can depend on it.

Come, my man, you're next. What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd swallowed a quinin-foundry. Mercy me! Well, I've got just this Christmas packet for you. Take this. Put it into your heart, and life'll look different. What is it? Why, it's *Faith*. That's all. Just the old-fashioned kind your mother used to have when she sang to you o' nights, the kind poets use in their business, the kind everybody has to have, more or less, to keep from souring. Take it. It doesn't cost a cent. And whenever you give it away you'll have still more.

Ah! I know just what you want, you pretty girl there. My,

my, what rosy cheeks and snappy eyes! Come here, my darling. Old Hugh won't hurt you, though he'd like to kiss you, as every man in this world would. But I'm going to give you something that will keep your beauty from harming you, and others. You know, beauty sometimes is a curse. Well, as long as you have this Christmas gift of mine, your beauty will only bless, and help, and cheer all who know you. Here! It's called *Loyalty*.

And here's what you need, you man, yonder, with your cunning eye and general air of success. You don't get much fun out of life, do you? Your employees are always trying to beat you. You have to watch your partners to keep them from gouging you. All your family wants is to get money out of you. Oh, it's fight, fight, fight! I know, and things look pretty glum this Christmas Eve, don't they? Well, here! Take this. It'll help a lot. What is it? Why, it's just *Unselfishness*. Use it, and see what happens!

And whom have we here? As I live, a pack of patriots—a German, a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Italian, a Turk, and an Austrian. Faces red. Arguing. On the verge of fighting. Here! Take a drink of this bottle. It's called *Common Sense*. There! What did I tell you? Anger all gone. All good fellows together now. Why? Because you have some *Common Sense* in you. Why should you quarrel over nothing at all? What do *you*, the people, get out of war? Nothing but death and taxes. Look at 'em. They're going away arm in arm.

And now I must run along. But before I go I'll just throw these gifts out to the crowd. Help yourselves.

Here they are! Love folks, don't hate 'em. Be patient, don't be petulant. Don't punish. Don't hurt. Don't be egotistical. Be child-minded. And God bless everybody!

That's what old Hugh Manity says.

SHE. If you're so smart, tell me, What is a monologue?

HE. A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife.

SHE. I thought that was a dialogue.

HE. No, a dialogue is when two persons are speaking.

COL. McCARTHY ON MUSIC.

FRANK H. YEO.

SPEAKER: IRISH LECTURER.

[At back of stage in one corner screen hiding small table on which are accessories for quick change to Irish make-up, and coat, vest, etc. Center of stage, at back, large blackboard suspended against wall, or mounted on standards; or large sheet of white paper, suitably mounted and fixed to wall. Chalk, or very heavy black marking crayon handy. Performer, in evening dress, or ordinary costume, enters from side. Opening lines may be modified to suit occasion.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It affords me great pleasure to appear before you this evening, and I must ask your kind indulgence for a change in the program—a change which I am sure will be a great delight to all of you. Today, very fortunately, I ran across my old friend and companion, Colonel Terrence McCarthy, the renowned traveler and scholar, and, knowing that he can entertain you far better than I can, I prevailed upon him to deliver one of his justly celebrated lectures.

It is his intention to speak to you tonight on a subject rarely attempted by public lecturers, but one on which he is fully qualified to speak from personal observation and study: "The National Importance of the Swiss Navy." I bespeak a hearty welcome for the Colonel at your hands, and take pleasure in introducing Colonel Terrence McCarthy.

[Bows and confidently steps to one side, but COLONEL does not appear. Confusion. Slight pause. Turns to screen, then steps back, knocks on screen and calls:]

Colonel McCarthy! *[Back towards audience, snores loudly.]*

[To audience.] The Colonel has fallen asleep. I must ask your pardon for this confusion, and beg you to excuse me for a moment.

[Steps behind screen. Quick change to Irish make-up, talking in both voices meanwhile.]

[*Natural.*] Colonel McCarthy, the audience is waiting.

[*Brogue.*] G'wan and let me slape.

[*Natural.*] I tell you, the audience is waiting.

[*Brogue.*] Will thin, lit thim wait. Oi'll till yeh what it is, yeh make me toired. The Swiss Navy! The nixt thing, I suppose, will be a lecture on Swiss chaze.

[*Steps out in costume from behind screen and talks back.*]

Oi hope yeh are sufficiently ashamed to stay out of sight for the rist of the avening and let me do the talkin'.

[*Turns and advances to front of stage.*]

Ladies and gintlemin, byes and gurls, old min and maidens, soldiers, sailors and fellow-citizens, Comrades of the Grand Army of the Raypooblic, Suffragettes, and anny ithers who may be pris-int. Allow me first of all to apologize for the gintleman who was talkin' to yeh just now. He's a nice man and he manes well, but he doesn't always know what he's talkin' about. He informed yeh in great stoyle that Oi was to address yeh on the "National Importance of the Swiss Navy." The Swiss Navy! Now isn't that a foine lot of bunk to be puttin' befoore the intilligence of this assembly? The fact is he doesn't know what I am goin' to talk about. Oi don't meself. Oi niver know until after it's all over. If anny of yeh are lecturers, take my advice and niver announce yer subject. Yeh take a big chance on lecturin' on something yeh think yeh know all about, and yeh don't take anny bigger chance on lecturin' on something yeh don't know annything about. Oi make it a rule now niver to tell what Oi am to spake on. Oi once promised Oi would lecture to a lodge on "Why Min Lave Home," and they printed it on the program. When Oi came out on the platform Oi found it was ladies' noight, and the female part of the aujience looked so defiant and threatnin' that Oi knew anny remarks of mine on the subject would start a riot. Oi had to say it was a printer's mistake—that my subject was: "Why Min Love Home." Will, it wint, and all durin' the lecture Oi cud see the ushers makin' rapid exchanges with the ladies of bouquets, for the cabbages, potatoes and-eggs they had brought wid 'em.

In my career of thirty years on the lecture platfoorm Oi have spoken upon about all the subjects there are. There is only wan Oi recall now that I have not used—Music.

Music was invinted by a man named Wagner. He was a German, and in his younger days he worked in a boiler factory. This invironment made a decided, and Oi moight say, a heavy impression on his music. Avenings he practiced on a bass-drum and a pair of tin-pot covers. The results was a thunderin' opera called "The Tonhoister." Up to Wagner's toime the hoighest ixprission of music was a Choinase orchestra. The daily loife of the payple foinds ixprission in their music. Yeh know the Choinase eat wid drumsticks and talk in chop-suey sintinces. Their music is the batein' of the tom-tom wid drumsticks, and playin' on a cigar-box banjo wid wan string. And the Eyetalians—their chafe articles of diet are macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli. And there yeh have the big and little strings on the bass viol, the 'cello, and the fiddle.

Back in the toime of Mozart, and Beethoven and Haydn and Mindillsohn they didn't enjoy the facilities for writin' songs that we do today. Now take Mindillsohn: he wrote a lot of songs widout words. It was his intintion to write the words, too, but his moind was diverted by ither compositions, and he niver found the toime. 'Tis a great pity, for the copyrights and royalties would have added to his wealth. Suppose yeh want to write a song today—sure it's no trouble at all, at all. First yeh get a tune. Anny tune will do; not that yeh will use it, but only as a pathern for the rhythm.

[Hum air divided up as follows.]

La-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la-la,
La-la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la-la,
La-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la-la,
La-la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la,	la-la-la-la-la,

That's enough for that. Save yer brain strength—that's the rule. The nixt thing is the title. Maybe yeh have wan. If not, do as Oi do. Look around yeh. The air is full of thought-waves. They are scintillatin' and percolatin' through the atmosphere all

the toime. At this moment ivery wan of yeh is thinkin' of a title. It may be unconsciously, but ye're thinkin' of wan just the same. Oi have only to get in tune wid anny particular individual, and Oi can tell what he is thinkin' about. There's Mr. [*naming some friend in audience.*] Just turn your profile a little more to the south. Thank yeh. And close yer mouth. That's it. [*Business of concentration.*] Oi get the main thought—it's "Mother." That's good, the mother songs are always popular. Wait a minute. Now, Oi have it all: "Never Strike Your Mother, Boy, unless She Strikes You First." Let's write that title out. [*Does so on blackboard or paper on wall.*]

That's a foine start. The nixt thing is to write the words. And see how aisy it is. Suppose yeh begin by writin' what yeh think will make a good first line, and ind wid a word loike "window." Sure yeh'll be half the noight findin' a rhyme for it. You mustn't strain yer brain in writin' the songs—they don't do it nowadays. So write down the words for the inds of the lines first. Any words at all. Window won't do, so put down "Door." [*Do so.*] Now what rhymes wid door? An easy one? Why, "More." So we'll put that down for the third line. [*Do so.*] Now, yeh'll have to use yer brain a little bit, but not enough to get a brain-storm. Where shall the scene be? Back on the farm. All right, put down "Farm" for the second line. [*Do so.*] Now an aisy rhyme for farm is "Harm." [*Put it down for fourth line.*] We'll need some other words and properties, as it were, so let us think of what is on the farm. "Ducks," "Pigs," "Hay," "Chickens." [*List these at bottom of the board.*] Now we are ready to start. What kind of a boy would strike his mother? A wayward boy to be sure. So for the first line—see how aisy?

"THE WAYWARD BOY WITH TREMBLING STEPS APPROACHED
THE OPEN DOOR,"

[*Write it on board.*]

What's the ind of the nixt line? "Farm." Oh, this is too aisy! Yeh can hardly help writin' it.

"'T WAS MANY YEARS AGO HE LEFT THE FARM."

[*Write on board.*]

The nixt word is "More." Av coorse, whin he wint away, his mother niver thought she would see him anny more. Now fit it to the tune.

"HIS PATIENT, ANXIOUS MOTHER NEVER THOUGHT SHE'D
SEE HIM MORE."

[*Write on board.*]

Nixt word? "Harm." And what did his mother do?

"AND PRAYED THE LORD TO KAPE HIM FROM ALL HARM."

[*Write it.*]

There's the first four lines. No time or brain-power wasted. Get out the copyright and begin to collect the royalties, all inside twenty-four hours. Now let's look over our list of words. "Ducks." Too hard to rhyme wid. But what do they do? Quack. "Quack" for the fifth line. [*Write it.*] And "Back" rhymes wid it widout anny trouble. Down it goes for the seventh line. [*Write it.*] What's the nixt? "Hay." "Hay," for the sixth, and "Say" for the eighth. Now the son is coming home, isn't he? All these things are familiar, and he raymimbers thim. Fit it to the tune.

"HOW WELL DID HE REMEMBER THE DUCKS THAT
WENT QUACK, QUACK."

[*Write it.*]

And what did he raymimber about the hay? How nice it smelt. And maybe the pig will fit in that line, too.

"THE PIG-PEN AND THE SCENT OF NEW-MOWN HAY."

[*Write it.*]

But how will we use this word "Back?" Probably he wint away miffed wid his mother. Here we have it!

"ALAS, HE'D TOLD HIS MOTHER HE NEVER WOULD
COME BACK!"

[*Write it.*]

And the last line yeh can't help but write:

"FOR WHEN HE LEFT HE HEARD HIS MOTHER SAY:"

"NEVER STRIKE YOUR MOTHER, BOY, UNLESS SHE
STRIKES YOU FIRST."

[*Point to title and repeat it.*]

Yeh always have to end the last line wid "Say," so yeh can work in the words of a smashin' chorus that will be sung be iverybody, and whistled, and played on all the street pianos and phonographs.

Now, yeh can see the value of modern methods, and what Min-dillsohn might have done wid his songs widout words, if he only had had our advantages. Now, Oi must go and make up wid the gentleman who brought me here, and gave me the opportunity of addressin' this foine and appreciative aujience.

SUSY AND SUSY.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

SPEAKER: WESTERNER.

PLACE: Country Grocery Store.

TALK 'bout 'lopements, I don't believe there has ever been sich excitement in this part of the country before, or since, as there was the time old Deacon Adams's gal Susy 'loped with a book-agent.

Tell you about it?

Don't mind if I do, thankee. Well, Susy was the belle of Nebraska, leastwise of this part of the State, and a certain book-agent that liked to hunt catamount better nor to sell books, though he did pass in a few red-covered picture-books with a lot of stuff

in 'em 'bout not eatin' with yer knife, as if a knife warn't made on purpose to eat with, an' finally the feller jest settled down to makin' love to Susy, an' that made the deacon mad an' he up an' turned him out, an' told Susy not to dare to think of him marryin', or lovin', or anythin', another minute.

Did she?

Yes, she did. You can jest bet yer bottom dollar that if you want to make a girl think of a feller that's the way to do it. That book-agent was bound to get the gal 'cause her pa forbid him. So one Saturday night what did he do but steal the old deacon's mare an' buggy an' run the gal off.

Tell the rest of it?

The rest of the story is this: Miss Susy took the mare, that was her namesake, and hitched it to the buggy with her own hands. Then she met the agent down by the fork of the two roads and they took the road for Omaha; but somebody had peached and Deacon Adams hitched up the three-year-old and was after them like the wind. Away went the mare, but the colt came on her heels. It was neck and neck; then the deacon yelled, "Whoa, Susy."

How do I know?

I was there [*significantly*]. I had my rifle in one hand and I drove the old mare with the other, and Susy clung to my arm. Her father yelled at the top of his voice as he came up abreast: "Give me Susy, or I'll shoot her!" He had his gun and I knew the old man well enough to feel pretty sure he was equal to keeping his word, and just then Susy called out: "Shoot away, pa," and I gave the mare another clip and called back to him: "Shoot if you dare."

He hollered, "Whoa, Susy," in a voice of thunder, and the old mare stopped in her tracks so suddenly it nearly pitched us both over the dashboard. The next minute he was alongside, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he had the mare out of the shafts, leaving us lopped down in the prairie. "Good luck to you!" he shouted, as he rode off. "You can keep the gal, but you can't have old Susy. I'd 'a' killed her fust."

NO HOUSE SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

LILLIAN MACK.

SPEAKER: PEDDLER.

I 'M not a common peddler chasin' 'round like them you see
 Givin' parlor suits away with every pound of tea,
 Or swearin' that a cake of soap sich as they lug about
 Will beautify a feller's face an' make his whiskers sprout:
 The article I recommend is one I guarantee—
 'Tain't no fake nor bunco snap nor sawdust swindle, see?
 No house should be without one.

It's the wonderfulest invention that a feller ever struck;
 It kin make the meanest dig of fate look like a streak of luck;
 If you're sunk down in the dismals it kin cuddle round your heart
 An' make you mosey up a bit an' take another start;
 It kin preach the strongest sermon—hit the nail plumb on the head,
 Yet it doesn't know a single word a preacher ever said—
 No house should be without one.

It kin make a worn an' fagged-out wife laugh like a strappin' girl;
 It kin set your feet a-dancin', put your senses in a whirl;
 If the wolf should push the door in, or the sheriff take the farm,
 You feel so very happy that you wouldn't give a darn.
 I tell you, boys, I've been there, an' I know a thing or two—
 But there's no use tryin' to tell you what this great cure-all can do;
 No house should be without one.

Ours is two years old to-day, an' wife's thet proud an' vain,
 She wonders how we fooled ourselves an' 'lived before he came;
 We thought we was contented, but then we didn't know
 The difference 'twixt empty love an' heaven here below;
 I'm sure he's not a common kid, he seems so plagued wise,
 But I s'pose every feller thinks his dropped down from the skies.
 No house should be without one.

DE GOET MITT DE DISPEPSIA.

SPEAKER: GERMAN MAN.

P OINTER rushes into mine house de otter day und he say, Bender, dit you know dot goets vas indispepsible. Und I say go way from here, Pointer, I got no time to listen to your unquenchable nonsense. It ain't no nonsense about it, says Pointer. Now, Bender, you pretend to be a skientific man what likes to learn something always. I tell you that a goet can have de dispepsia, I know it by mine own expearence. I had it, or I mean de goet. It's name vas Nanny, Nanny Goet. Dot vas a pretty name, und it vas a pretty goet. Goets, you know, vas very economical. Ven I vould spoil a piece of paper, I vould vistle for her und she vould come und I just trow de paper in her mouth und she eats it, und dat makes nice goet's milk; den I gets ten cents a quart for vase paper. Von day a new trug-store moved into town und he wasn't acquainted with my goet, und he sits a pasket of dried sponges mit de door out. Und he leaves de top off. Und Nanny she comes along und she eats all dem dried sponges und she eats de pasket und den she licks de sidewalk off und den she walks off. By und by she comes to a duck pond, und she feels awful dry. So she drinks de duck pond und leaves de ducks in de mud, und den she starts home. When she gets there, she was as big as a cow und as light as a fedder. Ve sent for T'ctor Sonnensschmidt, de cow toctor, und ven he comes he say, I know just what vas de matter, it vasn't eating de sponges but it was drinking de vater, hard drinking dots vere she made he mistakes. Und de only thing for us to do vas to get de clothes-wringer und wring her dry. Ven ve vas gone to get dot clothes-wringer ve heard a loud noise like a cannon exploded, und de vindows all break out, und ven ve comes out mit dat yard again dot goet she vasn't dere, und de next day you could find little pieces of sponges all over de streets of de town.

Talk to me only with thine eyes,
And I will hear with mine.—*Henry S. Leigh.*

TH' GIRL 'AT LIVES NEXT DOOR.

HER hair is red as red kin be—
 I called her "red-head," too;
 An' when I did she sed t' me,
 "'F I had a nose like you,
 'At blew my hat off when I sneezed,
 I'd turn it up some more!"
 She's "smarty" when I git her teased—
 Th' girl 'at lives next door.

She had a doll-house in her shed—
 When I upsetted it,
 An' dumped her ol' dolls on their head,
 She never squalled one bit;
 But she jest locked me in there, then,
 She made me sweep th' floor,
 An' fix 'at doll-house up again—
 Th' girl 'at lives next door!

An' wunst I took a toad I'd found
 T' scare her up a lot,
 She screeched right out an' fussed around;
 But when I'd clean forgot
 'Bout 'at ol' toad, she played a trick
 I wuzn't lookin' for.
 She dropped it down my neck as slick—
 Th' girl 'at lives next door!

She's always doin' things t' me,
 An' actin' so's 'at I
 Git mad at her as I kin be,
 An' want t' make her cry;
 But she don't never run an' tell
 If things gits broke or tore—
 I guess I like her pritty well,
 Th' girl 'at lives next door!

MY MOTHER.

ANN TAYLOR.

[1782—1866.]

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was't so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

HARO.

H. C. BUNNER.

[Like the Roman citizen's right of appeal to Cæsar, there was, according to some authorities a supreme right of appeal to Harold of Normandy. It was invoked, by crying "Haro! Haro! Haro!"]

SPEAKER: VICTIM OF A WOMAN VAMPIRE.

HARO! Haro!
Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
Haro!

She leaves me bond, who found me free.
Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—
Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
She hath not left me tears for weeping,
Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
I have gathered all my life's blood up—
Haro!

She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.

Shall she not give me back my days?

Haro!

I made them perfect for her praise.
There was no flower in all the brake
I found not fairer for her sake;
There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
For aid and servant to my passion.
Labor and learning worthless were,

Haro!

Save that I made them gifts for her.

Shall she not give me back my nights?

Haro!

Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
Lo, in the night's wan mid I lie,
And ghost of hours that are dead go by;
Hours of a love that died unshriven;
Of a love in change for my manhood given:
She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,

Haro!

Shall she not give me back my youth?

Haro! Haro!

Tell thou me not of a greater judge,

Haro!

It is He who hath my sin in grudge.
Yea, from God I appeal to thee;
God hath not part or place for me.
Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning.
I have staked my life for a woman's winning,
She hath stripped me of all save remembering—

Haro!

Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the king!

I celebrate myself, and sing myself, and what I assume you shall
assume,

For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

—Walt Whitman.

SONNY'S CHRISTENIN'.

RUTH McENERY STUART.

(From "Sonny." Copyright, 1895, by the Century Co.)

SPEAKER: SOUTHERN FATHER.

WELL, sir, Sonny ain't quite six years old, an' they seemed to be time enough. But last week he had been playin' out o' doors bare-footed, thess same ez he always does, an' he tramped on a splinter some way. We tried ever' way to coax him to let us take it out, but he wouldn't, an' his little foot it commenced to swell, an' it swole an' swole tell his little toes stuck out so thet the little pig that went to market looked like ez ef it wasn't on speakin' terms with the little pig thet stayed home, an' wife an' me we watched it, an' I reckon she prayed over it consider'ble. So, night befo' las', after he went to sleep, wife she says to me, her face all drawed up an' workin': "Honey," says she, "I reckon we better sen' for him an' have it did." "Sen' for whc, wife?" says I. "Why, sen' for the 'Piscopal preacher," says she, "an' have Sonny christened. Them little toes o' his'n burnt my lips thess now like a coal o' fire an'—an' lockjaw is goin' 'roun' tur'ble. Seems to me," says she, "when he started to git sleepy, he didn't gap ez wide ez he gen'ly does—an' I'm feered he's a-gittin' it now." An' sir, with that, she thess gathered up her apron an' mopped her face in it an' give way. An' ez for me, I didn't seem to have no mo' backbone down my spinal column 'n a feather bolster has, I was that weak.

It was mos' nine o'clock then, an' a dark night, an' rainin', but I never said a word. I thess went out an' saddled my horse an' I rid into town. Stopped first at the doctor's an' sent him out, though I knowed 't wouldn't do no good; Sonny wouldn't 'low him to tech it. Then I rid on to the rector's an' ast him to come out immejate an' baptize Sonny. But nex' day was his turn to preach down at Sandy Crik, an' he couldn't come that night, but he promised to come right after services nex' morn.

Well, sir, when I got home I found wife a heap cheerfuler.

The doctor had give Sonny a big apple to eat an' pernounced him free from all symptoms o' lockjaw.

But next morning things looked purty gloomy ag'in. That little foot seemed a heap worse, an' he was sort of flushed an' feverish, an' wife thought she heard a owl hoot, an' Rover made a mighty funny gurgly sound in his throat like ez ef he had bad news to 'tell us.

We never had considered it necessary that little children should be christened to have 'em saved, but we want Sonny to have the best of everything, so we was mighty thankful when we see the rector comin'. But, sir, when I went out to open the gate for him, what do you reckon Sonny done? He thess took one look at the gate an' then he cut an' limped acrost the yard thess like a flash o' zig-zag lightnin'—an' afore anybody could stop him, he had clumb to the tip-top of the butter-bean arbor an' there he sat, a-swingin' his feet an' laughin', the rain thess a-streakin' his hair all over his face.

Well, sir, the rector, he come in an' opened his valise an' 'rayed hisself in his robes an' opened his book an' while he was turnin' the leaves, he faced 'round, an', says he:

"Let the child be brought forward for baptism."

Well, sir, I looked at wife, an' wife, she looked at me, an' then we both thess looked out at the butter-bean arbor.

I knowed then thet Sonny wasn't never comin' down while the rector was there, an' rector he seemed sort o' fretted for a minute when he see how things was, an' he did try to do a little settin' fo' th of opinions. He 'lowed thet holy things wasn't to be trifled with, an' thet he had come to baptize the child accordin' to the rites o' the church.

Well, this sort o' talk, it thess rubbed me the wrong way, an' I up an' told him thet that might be so, but thet the rights of the church didn't count for nothin', on our farm, to the rights o' the boy! Rector, he's a mighty kind-hearted man, an' when he sees how things stood, why, he come 'round friendly, an' he went out on he po'ch an' united with us in tryin' to help coax Sonny down. First started by promising him speritual benefits, but he soon see

that wasn't no go, and he tried worldly persuasion; but no, sir, 'stid o' him comin' down, Sonny started ordering the rest of us to be christened. But, of co'se, we had been baptized befo', an' we natchelly helt out agin' that for some time. But d'rec'ly rector, he seemed to have a sudden idee, an' says he: "Have you both been baptized accordin' to the rites of the church?"

An' me, thinkin' of co'se he meant the 'Piscopal Church, says: "No, sir!" And then we see that the way was open for us to be did over ag'in, ef we wanted to. So, sir, wife an' me was took into the church, then an' there. We wouldn't a yielded to Sonny that-away ef his little foot hadn't been so swole, an' he maybe takin' his death o' cold settin' out in the po'in-down rain.

Then he commenced callin' for the dog, an' the cat, to be did; an' the rector he got sort o' wo'e-out an' disgusted, an' 'lowed thet 'less's we could get the child ready for baptism he'd haf to go home.

Well, sir, I knowed we wouldn't never git 'im down. So, says I: "Rector, why not baptize him where he is? The waters o' heaven are descendin' upon where he sets, an' seems to me ef he's favo'bly situated for anything it is for baptism."

The rector looked at me up an' down for a minute, like ez ef he's s'picioned I was wanderin' in my mind. "Parson," says I, "'s'pose he was to take the lockjaw an' die!—don't you reckon you might do it where he sets, from where you stand?"

Wife she was cryin' by this time, an' parson he claired his th'roat an' says he:

"Lookin' at this case speritually, I don't know ez I've got a right to withhold the sacrament o' baptism from a child under these circumstances or to deny sech comfort to his parents ez lies in my power to bestow."

And with that he stepped out to the end o' the po'ch, opened his book ag'in, an' holdin' up his right hand to'ards Sonny, settin' on top o' the bean-arbor in the rain, he commenced to read the service o' baptism, an' we stood proxies—which is a sort o' a dummy substitute—for whatever godfather an' mother Sonny see fit to choose in after life.

Parson, he looked half like ez ef he'd laugh once-t. When he had thess opened his book an' started to speak, a sudden streak o' sunshine shot out an' the rain started to ease up, an' it looked for a minute ez ef he was goin' to lose the baptismal waters, but d'rec'ly it come down stiddy ag'in an' he went thoo the program entire. Sonny didn't rightly sense the situation tell it come to the part where it says: "Name this child," and, of co'se, I called out to Sonny to name hisself, which it had always been our intention to let him do.

Of co'se, he had all his life heered me say that I was Deuteronomy Jones, Senior, an' thet I hoped some day when he got christened he'd be the junior. But he thess sot up on thet bean-arbor an' grinned.

An' so, feelin' put to it, with the services suspended over my head, I spoke up, an' I says: "Parson," says I, "I reckon ef he was to speak his little heart, he'd say Deuteronomy Jones, Junior." An' with thet what does Sonny do but conterdic' me flat! "No, not Junior! I want to be named Deuteronomy Jones, Senior!" says he. An' parson, he looked to'ards me, an' I bowed my head an' he pernounced thess one single name, "Deuteronomy," an' I see he wasn't goin' to say no more an' so I spoke up quick, an', "Parson," says I, "he has spoke his heart's desire. He has named hisself after me entire—Deuteronomy Jones, Senior."

An' so he was obligated to say it, an' so it is writ in the family record column in the big Bible, though I spelt his Senior with a little "s."

An' then Sonny, seein' it was all over, he come down. He was wet ez a drowned rat, but wife rubbed him off an' give him some hot tea an' he come a-snugglin' up in my lap.

Well, I talked along to him till I worked 'round to shamin' him a little for havin' to be christened settin' up on top a bean-arbor, same ez a crow-bird. An' says he, "Daddy, nex' time y'all gits christened, I'll come down an' be christened right-like a good boy."

Of co'se, I explained to him thet it couldn't never be did no mo', 'cause it had been did, an' did 'Piscopal, which is secure. An' then what you reckon the little feller said?

"Yes, daddy, but s'posin' mine don't take. How 'bout thet?"

Wife she had drawed a stool close-t up to my knee, an' set there sortin' out the little yallar rings as they'd dry out on his head, an' when he said that I thess looked at her an' we both looked at him, an' says I, "Wife, ef they's anything in heavenly looks an' behavior, I b'lieve that christenin' is started to take on him a'ready."

An' I believe it had.

CHRISTMAS BOY.

FRANK L. STANTON.

SPEAKER: COUNTRY BOY.

A IN'T got no stockin' big enough fer C'rismus—tried 'em all, Hung one up by the chimney-place, an' 'nuther on the wall; But, grandma says that ain't the way, fer Santa Claus prefers To jest have one big stockin', an' so she'll lend me hers!

Fer I want two drums,
W'en C'rismus comes,
An' a bran' new slate, fer doin' sums;
An' firecrackers, and rockets, too,
An' a hobby-horse, an' a wagon blue,
An' a horn that's most as tall as you—
That's what I want fer C'rismus!

I'm just so good the whole day long, grandma says 'at she Is 'fraid some angel come along an' fly away with me; I go to bed at nine o'clock, I'm up w'en daylight stirs; An' ain't no boy—so mother says—'at's half as good as hers!

Fer I want two drums
W'en C'rismus comes,
An' a bran' new slate, for doin' sums;
An' I want a sled
That's painted red,
An' a six-blade knife, like his pa give Ned,—
That's what I want fer C'rismus!

REAL IRISH MOTHER.

ELENE FOSTER.

SPEAKER: IRISH WOMAN.

PLACE: School-room.

GOOD mornin' ter ye, Miss Frost. I come up ter school this mornin' 'count o' Mame's comin' home an' tellin' me that Dennon woman wuz up here yisterday, tellin' lies about Mame. My land! the likes uv her to be talkin'! I s'pose she let yer be callin' her "Dennon" an' she never sayin' wan worrud! Well, her name ain't Dennon at all! She's married ag'in. I don't know his name, an' why should I want ter know? I have fri'nds uv my own without cultivatin' the likes uv thim! But wan thing I *do* know, he ain't no good, anyhow. What do ye think he does? He's a lather! Yis, a lather! I s'pose ye think that's a stidy job, lathin', an' him waitin' around till they be puttin' up a new house, so he kin git the job to put the laths in! Hm! McDermott has worruked in the rubber-factory fer sivinteen years, an' we've lived in wan house in Royalstone Avenor fer sivinteen years, an' that's my idea uv a stiddy man an' a stiddy job. You kin take yer ch'ice! Oh, thim Dennons, they ain't no good annyhow. I'd like ter have yer git on ter the rovin' disposition uv Mrs. Dennon (only her name ain't Dennon). In the first place, she wuz borned in Roxbury; thin she gits married an' moves to Dorchester; thin the old man gits a job in the State uv Connecticut, an' they moves there; thin the old man dies, Dennon that wuz,—an' he had need of p'ace an' quiet afther livin' wid that woman; thin she moves to New York State an' she marries this man, whatever his name is,—I don't know an' don't want ter know,—an' she moves down in Royalstone Avenor, makin' trouble 'tween me an' my neighbors, where I've lived in p'ace an' quiet fer sivinteen years. Why, Miss Frost, I wuz borned in Jamaica Plains, an' McDermott wuz borned in Forest Hills, an' we ain't nayther wan uv us iver been out uv Boston in all our lives, an' that's the kind we air. You kin take yer ch'ice.

I do be sorry, though, fer thim Dennon kids. I do so! Do you know what they call thim down Royalstone Avenor? "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons!" I s'pose ye don't know what that means, an' why should ye? Well, I'll tell ye: they niver eats a meal's vittles Christian-like in the house, to my knowledge. Well, now, I don't know about their breakfasts, but I kin swear to their dinners an' suppers. The childer comes home from school an' she bes off in town with her man, him not havin' anny business half the time, an' the childer comes home, an' they ain't no table set fer thim, an' they goes ter the closet an' gits a hunk uv bread in their fist, an' goes walkin' up an' down Royalstone Avenor. "Bread-in-the-fist Dennons" is what the neighbors all calls thim.

My hivins! My childer never could be fetched up like that; they're too delicate to their stummicks—they take that from McDermott. My land! I come nigh forgettin' Georgie. I fetched him up with me this mornin'. He's stayin' ter home now, 'count of his havin' the measles, but I guess your kids won't ketch thim the little time he's here. He heared me tellin' McDermott I wuz comin' up ter see yer, an' sez he, "Oh, let me go, I jes' love Miss Frost." Now, that's lik all my childer; they all git saft on you, an' I sez ter McDermott this mornin', "The Lord knows why!" Georgie's awful cunnin', I don't care ef I do say it. Mame, you take Georgie up ter the windy an' show him the choo-choo cyars. Georgie, gowan over to Mame. Miss Frost, I couldn't have him gittin' cornceit inter his head fer money, but I want ter tell ye what he sez to me last Sunday. Sure he comes runnin' home from Sunday-school an' sez he, "Ma, what is a bosom fly?" "A what, Georgie?" sez I. "A bosom fly, ma," sez he; "they sung a hymn about it to-day in Sunday-school." Don't yer think my childer is smart? I don't care ef I do say it, I think they're awful smart. Now, there's Mame, thim little pieces ye teaches her. What's that wan about the Injin kid, settin' in the tent door? "Higher-wather!" That's the feller! Oh, she sez that with airs jes' like yerself. McDermott sez he's afraid she'll jine a show, but I tell him I guess she'll outgrow it.

Now, I want ter know what kind of a singin' teacher do ye

have here, annyway? Sure me Mame came home cryin' the other day, 'cause he stopped her right in the middle of a song, and sez he, "Little girl, how many carrots is there to a peck?" What did he mean by that now? "How many beets to a measure," ye say? Well, ain't they both spring vegetables, an' hefted about the same?

Ye niver had my Timmy, did ye? Well, ye'll niver have him now. He's dead, the pore little thing! He'd 'a' been tin years old on the tinth day uv May ef he hadn't have died on the third. He wuz a saint out uv hivin, Tim wuz. He only had wan fault, an' that wuz that he'd always be hookin' from school. He wuz to the Sisters' school. Do ye know, I'm goin' to put the rest uv my childer right *through* the public schools; I think they learn more, fer there's a man ter look afther their hookin's. Now, in the Sisters' school, Sister Veronica couldn't be out yankin' thim in, an' Father Maginnis couldn't be yankin' thim in, an' so Tim 'd always be hookin'. McDermott sez ter me wan Sunday, "I'll break Tim uv hookin'," he sez, an' then he sez, "Timmy," sez he, "ef ye'll go ter school reg'lar ivery day fer a week," sez he, "I'll give ye five cents when it comes on Sunday." Now that's like McDermott; he'd give thim annything. Well, Tim he wint ivery day an' niver missed wan, an' when it come on Sunday, McDermott give him his five cents, like he said he would; an' he run up in Franklin Park, an' he buyed five cents' worth uv pink ice-crame, an' thin he downed it an' started runnin' fer home, an' when he got inside the kitchen door he fell down in a fit in the middle uv the flure. Oh, it wuz terrible ter see him. I sint fer the dochter, an' before he got there Timmy wuz gone, rest his sowl! But, oh, Miss Frost, the dochter explained it ter me jes' elegant—how it wuz the pink ice-crame had froze up his pore little heart, an' him a-runnin' home on top uv it.

Yis, I have got a new cape, an' a new hat, too. I do feel that fine! It's McDermott as buyed 'em fer me.

How's Manie doin' her lessons? Well, ye can't push Mame, she's too delicate. She's sick half the time. Do ye mind the time she wuz out two weeks the first uv the winter? She had the ammony. She only had it in wan lung, but she wuz terrible sick.

She come home from school, an' she wuz all stuffed up in the t'roat. I sint fer Dochter Ridmond, an' he come in his big fur coat, an' he give wan look at Mame, an' sez he, "Oh, Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "she'll be worse before she's betther!" "Well," sez I, "thim be encouragin' worruds ter be tellin' a parent," I sez. Well, he felt uv her fist, an' he thumped her chist, an' he left her some medicine, an' thin, as he wuz goin' out the door he tarned around, an' sez he, "Mrs. McDermott," sez he, "I may as well tell ye," sez he, "that she'll prob'ly git black in the face," sez he, "but whin she gits black," sez he, "don't ye be frightened, but give her tin drops of whisky in half uv a tumbler uv wather;" an' with that he wint out. Well, afther he'd gone I wuz sittin' there alone with Mame. McDermott wuz down in Doyle's saloon—no, he don't tech a drop; he wuz down there with the boys—well, I sez ter myself, ef *tin* drops uv whisky will do her good *afther* she gits black in the face, why won't they do her *more* good before she gits black? Thin I thru me shawl over me head an' I rin down to Doyle's. McDermott wuz talkin' ter the bartinder—a special fri'nd uv his,—an' I wint up, an' sez I, "Buy me a gill uv the best whisky." Sez he, "What fer?" Sez I, "It's fer Mame; she has the ammony, an' Dochter Ridmond has ordered it." So he buyed the whisky,—thirty-five er thirty-sivin er thirty-nine cents he paid fer it—he'll do annything fer the childer,—an' I tuk it home, an' give Mame a half a glass full, an' I didn't put no wather with it, nayther. An' it's the truth, Miss Frost—the next day the dochter came, an' he sez, "Why," sez he, "*she ain't black in the face!*" "No," sez I, "she's not. No child uv mine will git black in the face fer the want uv tin drops uv whisky;" an' he laughed to beat the band.

My sowl! It's ha'-past 'leven, an' I must be gittin' along home. We have dinner ter our house—we set down Christian-like, an' that's more than I can say uv some uv my neighbors, though I ain't mentionin' no names—not that I could ef I wanted ter, fer I don't know their name. Mame! you come right hom' from school an' not go fightin' with them that be'n't yer equils! Come on, Georgie. Good-mornin', Miss Frost.

WOMAN'S WATCH.

SPEAKER: WATCH.

O H, I am a woman's watch, am I,
 But I would that I were not;
 For if you knew, you would not deny
 That mine is a sorry lot.
 She'll let me rest for a great long while,
 Then all of a sudden seek
 To twist me up so tight that I'll
 Keep going for a week.

She leaves me open when she will,
 Till I'm sick of dirt and things;
 Of pins and hair I have got my fill,
 And of buttons, hooks and strings.
 There's a four-leaf clover in me, too,
 And a piece of a photograph;
 I'm stuffed completely through and through
 With toothpicks, cloves and chaff.

My hands are twisted to and fro,
 I'm thumped and jarred, alack!
 And then, if I fail to straightway go,
 I'm pounded front and back.
 With her hat-pin all my wheels she'll pry,
 Till she breaks them, every one,
 And then she'll say: "I don't see why
 This mean old thing won't run!"

TWINS.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

In form of feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother,
 That folks got taking me for him, and each for one another.
 It puzzled all our kith and kin, it reached an awful pitch,
 For one of us was born a twin, and not a soul knew which.

POST-NUPTIAL SPAT. .

("HOME, SWEET HOME.")

CHARACTERS: MR. and MRS. BOLIVAR PYKE, six weeks married; not a ripple of discord had stirred the frog-pond of their domestic harmony. You have no idea how absurdly happy these two young persons were.

SCENE: A rainy evening in May. MRS. BOLIVAR, seated on MR. BOLIVAR'S knee in drawing-room, suddenly looks troubled, and then speaks.

WHAT is it, dear?

[*Looks tenderly into MR. BOLIVAR'S face.*]

Try your other knee a while? This knee is getting tired?

[*Acts as if pained.*]

You have never said anything like that before, Bolivar—perhaps—I had better go sit on a chair.

[*Acts as about to rise. Turns and glances sorrowfully into his face. Begins to look mad.*]

Huffy?—Indeed!—Don't look pretty when I frown? How dare you say I'm frowning! I never frown!

Then I *don't* look pretty?

[*Bounces off his knee.*]

All right, Mr. Pyke! . . . You—you—you—are getting tired of me. . . . I—I—I—wish I was——

[*Stops suddenly, with pathetic expression.*]

Foolish?—quarreling? I'm not quarreling, sir. I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's anything of that kind done you will be the one to do it, Mr. Pyke.

[*With much dignity.*]

Glad to hear it? Are you? You needn't call me "dear." I am not dear to you any more.

I did say I was not going to quarrel, sir, and I am not. In spite of your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your—loving wife.

No, sir, I am not your "dearest."

Please sing you something. . . . What for? . . . Are you

afraid I'll try to sit on your knee again? You needn't be.

Thought it would clear things up?

[Acts like martyr going to stake. Goes to piano and sits on stool.]

What shall I sing?

[Most dolefully asked.]

Sing "Home, Sweet Home?" Might make things seem more cheerful?

[Begins to play accompaniment, plays a while then wails out as follows:]

"'Mid pl-e-a-sures and p-pa-l-a-ces th-o-u-gh"——

I know well enough, Mr. Pyke, you have only asked me to sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I'm going to do it——

" we ma-a-y roa-m,
Be-e-e i-t e-e-e-ver s-o-o-o-so"——

Oh, I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule ne-e-ver cared anything for her——

" h-u-u-mble, there's no-o-o place like"——

I have always done everything I could to make home pleasant, and—and—you-ou—kno-ow it——

" ho-o-o-me;
A-a ch-a-rm from the ski-i-es"——

Seems like the ghastliest mockery in the world, but you would have it. *[Sobs.]*

" . . . seems to h-a-a-llow us there-e-re,
Which se-e-e-k thro-u-gh the w-o-o-o-rld, is not
met with elsewhere.

"Ho-o-o-me, ho-o-ome, sw——"

[Stops, chokes.]

I'll sing it through if it kills me!

" swe-e-e-t home!
There's no-o-o place like"——

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you think anything of our home or me, either——

“ ho-o-ome, there's no-o-o place like”——

B-B-olivar, dear, I can't,—yes, I will——

“ ho-o-o-me.”

Oh, Bolivar! [*Hides head on his shoulder.*] You do love me, then? [*Most sentimentally.*] Oh, Bolivar! [*Ecstatically.*] “There's no place like home.”

MIRANDY ON WOMAN'S PLACE.

DOROTHY DIX.

SPEAKER: COLORED WOMAN.

“**B**LESS Gord,” says Brer Jenkins, when he was around at our house de odder night, “for dis heah noble Bishop what has done sat woman down in her proper place.”

“Amen,” ’spon’s Ike, my ol’ man, a-thinkin’ I can’t hear him fer de sizzlin’ of de po’k-chops in de pan on de stove, where I was a-cookin supper.

“What’s dis Bishop done?” axes I.

“Well,” says Brer Jenkins, “hit seems lak a lot of owdacious females in de chu’ch got dat uptity and bigotty dat dey thought dat dey ought to have a right to vote in de chu’ches about de management of things, des de same ez if dey was men. My land, what are we comin’ to when women git notions lak dem in dere heads? Hit’s scandalous, plum scandalous, an’ onrightheous.”

“Warn’t dese women good women?” inquires I.

“Sho’ly, Sis’ Mirandy, to be sho’,” ’spon’s Brer Jenkins, “dey was mothers in Israel.”

“Didn’t dey teach in de Sunday-school, and hold up de hands of de preacher by always bein’ in dere places in chu’ch?” axes I.

“Certainly, Sis’ Mirandy, dey did,” ’spon’s Brer Jenkins.

“An’ didn’t dey run de missionary society, an’ raise de money

to save dem heathens what is dat contrary dey won't be saved by any religion but dere own?" says I.

"I ain't a-denyin' hit," says Brer Jenkins.

"An' didn't dey make up de members of de Pastor's Aid Society, waht pays de preacher's salary?" says I.

"Dat's so," says Brer Jenkins. "Praise Gord for de sistern, for de preacher would starve ef he had to depend on what de men fling in de contribution basket."

"An' didn't dem women wear demselves out to a frazzle givin' ice-cream festivals, an' chicken suppers, an' chu'ch fairs, whenever dey had to put a new furnace in de chu'ch, or paint hit, or put down a new carpet?" axes I.

"Of co'se, dey did. How else would dem things git done ef it warn't for de women?" 'spon's Brer Jenkins in a peevish voice.

"Well, den," 'spon's I, "hit looks lak to me dat so long as de women makes up about nine-tenths of de congregation an' raises nearly all of de money dat dey's got mo' interest in de chu'ch dan de men has, an' has got a right to say so about how it is run. An', furderno'," I goes on, "I'se been a-thinkin' dis a good long time."

"Sis' Mirandy," 'spon's Brer Jenkins, "I sho'ly is surprised to hear dem words from you, an' hit grieves me to see dat you is of de same spirit as dem obstreperous women dat wants a vote at de Conference; but I takes my stand wid dat noble Bishop, an' I says dat hit is a sin an' a shame for women t' try t' get out of dere spear, an' dat spear is de home whar dey ought to stay, an' not try to meddle in de runnin' of de chu'ch, which is a man's business."

"Well, Brer Jenkins," 'spon's I, "maybe you is right, an' anyway hit sho'ly will save us women a lot of wuk an' trouble, an' now I can buy dat chanticleer hat wid de settin' hen on hit, dat I'se been a simply honin' to git, but dat I didn't feel lak I could afford as long as we had dat new organ in de chu'ch to pay for."

"What is you meanin', Sis' Mirandy, by dem remarks?" axes Brer Jenkins.

"Why," says I, innocent lak, "actin' as de president of de Daughters of Zion, I'se gwine to call 'em together tomorrow an'

bust up de s'ciety, for we'se all good, pi'us women, an' we ain't a-gwine to commit no sin an' outrage ef we knows hit."

"De Daughters of Zion is a grand institution," says Brer Jenkins, a-gittin' kinda uneasy, caze de Daughters pays de preacher's salary, an' de very coat he had on his back dey give him for a Christmas present. "De Daughters of Zion," he goes on, "is a grand body of women, an' I never flung no asparagus at 'em by my remarks."

"Well," says I, "ef hit's such an awful sin for a woman to leave her home to go to a chu'ch conference, an' have a say-so in hit, hit sho'ly can't be right for her to leave her home an' attend s'ciety meetin's, an' chu'ch fairs an' de lak; an' I ain't a-gwine to countenance any such goin's-on no mo'. Nawsir, ef hit's de right thing for a woman not to take any part in de management ob de chu'ch, you couldn't git me to touch hit wid a ten-foot pole, an' hereafter I'se gwine to stay at home, whar you say is my spear, an' save my missionary money, an' buy me peek-a-boo waists wid hit, an' one of dem styly dresses what's all gathered in at de feet lak a meal sack."

"Brer Jenkins," says I, a-graspin' his hand, "I thanks you for de light dat you has done showed me, an' henceforth I'se gwine to walk in de proper path. Ef hit's a sin for a woman to help run de chu'ch, right here is whar I draws out an' leaves de job to de men, what has got a right to hit."

"But, Sis' Mirandy," says Brer Jenkins, a-gittin' sort of pale around he gills, "you don't understand. Hit's a righteous deed for de women to do de wuk of de chu'ch, an' raise de money, but hit's a sin for 'em to say how de money ought to be spent, an' to want to have a vote on de runnin' of things."

"Well," 'spon's I, "I don't see but what hit's jest as wrong for a woman to leave her home an' go an' run a chu'ch fair, to raise enough money to put in a new stained-glass window, as it would be to have a voice in sayin' dat window shall be pink or blue."

"Sis' Mirandy," 'spon's Brer Jenkins, "dat's becaze you is de weaker vessel, an' de good Lawd ain't seen fitten to give you a grand intellect lak a man has."

WHEN TH' CIRCUS CUM TU TOWN.

J. ASHER PARKS.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

YOU kin talk o' your circuses now-a-days,
Of your railroad shows an' sich,
Of th' wonderful things your actors do,
An' your managers gettin' rich,
Fer it teches a tender spot, an' sometimes
A tear starts tricklin' down,
Es I think o' home an' th' village green
When th' Circus cum tu town.

I remember yet how we'd scamper out,
Long afore th' break o' day,
An' how one'd collar a waterin'-pail
An' t'other a bunch uv hay,
An' with carryin' water an' feedin' th' hay,
An doin' odd jobs aroun',
We wer' allus sure uv a tip-top seat
When th' Circus cum tu town.

I can't fergit how my heart'd thump,
At th' suddin turns they made,
Es they druv them cages into line,
Fer the daily street parade.
I think how we'd all fall in behind,
An' foller 'em all aroun'
Till my heart beats just es it used to do,
When th' Circus cum tu town.

I kin see them rings on the village green,
With the sawdust roun' inside,
An' th' house on top o' th' elephant's back
Wher' th' 'hammedins used to ride.

I kin hear th' crack o' th' master's whip,
 An' th' shriek o' th' striped clown,
 Es we set on th' highest seat an' laff'd,
 When th' Circus cum tu town

An' after th' show was out, we'd stan'
 Aroun' wher' th' hucksters bake,
 An' spend our coppers fer lemonade
 An' th' "home-made" ginger-cake.
 These things come back, an' ther' ain't no use
 A tryin' to keep 'em down—
 I've been walloped, too, fer leavin' th' chores,
 When th' Circus cum tu town.

There's another sight thet I ain't fergot—
 An' I never will, I guess—
 Of laffin' eyes an' golden curls,
 An' a little homespun dress,
 An' th' little hands that stole in mine
 An' th' sunburnt feet so brown,
 Thet come back today es they used to do
 When th' Circus cum tu town.

It all comes back how we used to tell
 Of our innocent childish love,
 An' tho't that every word we said
 Was written somewhere above;
 How she took th' old chip hat I wore
 An' straighten'd up th' crown,
 An' pinn'd my collar an' fixed my tie
 When th' Circus cum tu town.

I remember once et she promised me,
 An' I promised her th' same—
 Thet if one uv us died we'd be sure to wait
 Up there, till th' other came.

You kin laugh, of course, an' I want to say,
Thet a laugh's worth more'n a frown,
But I'd give a farm fer one o' th' days
When th' Circus cum tu town.

The brown hes turned to gray since then
But th' years thet lay between,
Have not wiped out o' my memory
Them sights on th' village green.
But somehow th' light died out o' my life,
An' th' shadows crept aroun',
Fer my little sweetheart died one night,
When th' Circus cum tu town.

There's a little grave near th' old stone church
Wher' th' ivy creeps aroun',
An' she's sleepin' there wher' th' flowers grow,
In her little homespun gown.
An' silent, an' white upon her breast,
Are th' hands thet once wuz brown
Th' hands thet I used to hold in mine,
When th' Circus cum tu town.

I'm growin' old an' don't git roun',
Es well es I used to do,
But I've had my share o' th' sweet o' life
An' some o' th' bitter too.
An' whenever I see 'em a pastin' up
Them posters all aroun',
My heart beats just es it used to do,
When th' Circus cum tu town.

I've heerd folks runnin' th' circus down,
An' fightin' it fer an' nigh,
But I've noticed they're allus right on hand,
When th' street parade goes by.

An' there's some on 'em preachin' agin' it now,
 An' tryin' to run it down,
 Who borrowed th' coppers to git inside,
 When th' Circus cum tu town.

I ain't exactly what church folks term
 A "bright an' shinin' light,"
 But I try to keep my conscience clear
 An' use my neighbor right.
 An' I reckon that when I'm called at last,
 There'll shine upon my crown,
 One star whose light died out that night,
 When th' Circus cum tu town.

LITTLE JACK HORNER SERMON.

SPEAKER: MAN PREACHER.

TEXT.

Little Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb
 And pulled out a plum
 And cried,
 "What a good boy am I."

SUCH, dear brethren, are the simple words which are to occupy our thoughts tonight; simple indeed, but oh! how suggestive! Even the most careless (or I might say cursory) reader cannot fail to perceive the beautiful lessons with which these words are laden. Let us examine them.

First:

"Little Jack Horner."

Here, I think, brethren, we catch the key-note of the story at its very threshold, *Little Jack Horner*. Why was he little? Manifestly because he was idle. Had he been otherwise, or I might say different, had he evinced a disposition contrary to idleness, who can tell but that he might have become tall and powerful; might have assumed the proportions of a Goliath; might even have rivalled the Colossus of Rhodes; but it was not so: he was "little."

Then—

"Jack" Horner.

Of his patronymic I will say nothing. I cannot, I do not desire to pierce the veil, to pry into the inscrutable mystery which shrouds the fact of his parents being named "Horner," which naturally entailed that appellation as the heritage of their son: but "*Jack*," here again we trace the evidence of idleness, the foster-brother (if not *twin*) of carelessness; in that he who should doubtless have been called "John" submitted to have superimposed upon him the (I can use no milder word) *nickname* of "*Jack*."

And now, in the second place, let us take particular notice of his position:

"He sat in a corner."

He *sat*; here again we see the same spirit of idleness, (shall I say lack of energy?); you observe he did not run about in pursuit of a hoop, nor cause a top to gyrate by reason of strokes from his whip, nor hold a skipping-rope whilst some fellow athlete lightly vaulted over the strained cord. No, he did nothing of the kind, he attempted nothing, he just *sat still*; and that, *in a corner*.

How often, brethren, have we seen people in a corner! We can remember, perhaps, having been placed in that position for some infantile offence, or, at least, can recall some of our childhood's friends who were subjected to this kind of punishment, although, alas! not allowed to sit, in fact *compelled to stand*. And in more mature life, how often do we find men driven into a corner through some concatenation of circumstances, generally adverse, always unprovided for; such, for instance, as impecuniosity or (as I might say) the absence of money when its presence seemed most needed; or the sudden meeting, during a rural ramble, with an excited quadruped of the bovine species.

Time would fail me to notice all the "corners" which might be mentioned—the "chimney corner," the "corner of a will," the "warm corner" in somebody's affections, the "corner man" in an Ethiopian entertainment.—Enough; these are digressions; let us resume the theme of our discourse.

And once again, lest I weary you, kindly notice that he of whom we are speaking,

"Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie."

Observe the selfishness of the act; we have already seen the idleness evinced by Jack Horner, in simply sitting in his corner; now, I think, we see his motive, for he was *eating*, or (to speak more particularly) he was in the act of deglutition, he was causing his digestive organs to receive the substances which he (wisely or unwisely) deemed necessary or desirable for the sustentation of his physical system. Mark, my brethren, *his*, not yours, not mine, nor the physical system of any one else, not of one of our posterity, but simply, solely, entirely (may I not say only?) *his own*.

True—it was a *Christmas* pie he was eating, and we do not wish to condemn him for indulging in a perhaps pardonable luxury at such a joyful season, but brethren that season should be one of *shared*, not *selfish* enjoyment, yet we have no hint that he of whom we speak offered to share his pie with any one else, we find him simply sitting and eating: selfish, utterly selfish.

And now lastly, this selfishness, I fear, is not free from egotism, for we read that when Jack Horner had succeeded in extracting a plum from the pie, which, as we have already seen, he was so covetously appropriating to himself, he exclaimed "What a good boy am I."

Brethren! how often do we act in this fashion! We just suit our own tastes, indulge our own fancies, and then because we have not harmed any one by our own action, we practically exclaim in the words of our text "What a good boy am I."

Brethren! be not idle—do not selfishly sit in a corner—eating—alone—lay not yourselves open to a charge of egotism by pluming yourselves on having gratified your own wishes. Share your pie with some needy brother; and then, in the words of the great poet—

"May good digestion wait on appetite."

If this happy result accrue from the consideration of this story, we shall feel how truly that same poet has said elsewhere that we may find

"Sermons in (plum) stones
And good in everything."

GHOST OF AN OLD LOVE.

E. VIVIAN PRENTICE.

SPEAKER: BRIDEGROOM.

PLACE: Theatre.

THE lady there in the box across?
Why, yes, I know her—or used to know.
Beautiful, you say? No, hardly that,
Though many perhaps have thought her so.
You do? You can be generous, dear,
You, scarce eighteen, with your curls of gold,
Can grant the gift of compassion here
To those who e'en now are growing old.
Not old? Ah, there you are wrong again;
She's older than I, almost a year.
Have I known her long? Well, rather—yes.
But there goes the curtain up, my dear.

Tired of the play! Why, it's just begun!
Only the second act, don't you know,
The playing good and the scenery fine;
See the moonlight on the water's flow.
It calls to my mind our last boat ride,
A charming affair—but, let me see,
I think of others I much preferred,
When the boat held only you and me.

And the lady there? What of her, dear?
She's very lovely? Why, on my word!
She seems to have taken you by storm;
She is good at that—or so I've heard.
When did I know her? Well, let me see,
I think 'twas fully ten years ago,
Or maybe longer. There's much behind
When one has reached thirty-five, you know.

Yes, nearer fifteen. How fast time flies!

But then I was rather young, you see,
And now—. You tell me I don't look old?

You've prejudiced eyes, little girl, for me.
Well, what of the dark-eyed lady there—

You fancy she looks as young as you?
You fancy? But no, as well compare

The noontide dust to the morning dew.
But we won't dispute the point tonight.

I, too, will admit she's passing fair,
Though for my part I do not affect

Such hectic color and coal-black hair;
But she does it well, and then her eyes,—

There is some charm in her eyes, I trow
They'd lure some men to the gates of hell,
If thither she choose to have them go.

But she wouldn't choose; these sirens fair

Can calculate well their tether's length
And know how to drop each victim there,

Gauging the scales of weakness and strength.
That youth she is bending her eyes on now

Will live in their light till its warmth congeals,
And she lets him down. 'Tis a way she has

Of dangling men at her chariot wheels.

Then her form is fine—too tall, perhaps,
And statuesque for every taste.

She would rather dwarf your fragile form
And dainty shoulders and slender waist.

She bears herself with the port of pride

And holds her head with a queenly lift;
I used to admire such striking style—

Ah, see how our youthful fancies shift!

Long time ago—do you care to hear?

When you were perhaps a child of three,

And I a poverty-stricken youth
Striving for all that was yet to be,
I thought much more than I think today
Of her charms. She was young then, you see,—
Slender, graceful, always full of life,
Her beauty seemed passing fair to me;
And her sparkling wit and quick retort
Might have charmed the ear if eyes were blind,
And 'twas something to know others sought,
Something to fancy her more than kind.
What then? Ah, yes—I had half forgot,
That scene is good where the plotters fail,
Too strong, perhaps. Let me hand your wrap;
You shivered, I think; your cheeks are pale.

Mrs. Vernon seems not so impressed,
But then she rarely affects the stage;
The fact that she laughs while you grow pale
Is not a sign of her passion's gauge.
She has her own little part to play,
Her box for the stage, her company—
Just now a judge and a diplomat
And the youth who seems favored to be.
When I knew her a long time ago?
Well, no, not the same she is today.
Our friendship? There was no friendship, dear,
'Twas a puppet stage,—a wretched play.

Ah, yes, she married one day a charming mate,
Mr. Silas Vernon, rich, crabbed, and old;
'Twas the greed that could barter a soul to hell
If it balanced a coveted weight of gold.
When he died,—as he had the grace to do,
She soon came back again, a social prize,
And there were still found men so weak and blind
To trust the false light in her siren's eyes.

She is looking this way? I fancied so,
 Though couldn't have sworn. You're so impressed;
 Would you like to meet her? to have her call?
 What! you wouldn't really? then have your way.
 I shouldn't desire it for old time's sake.
 Suppose for a while we admire the stage.

The players are doing their best I think,
 And Madame Duse is still quite the rage.
 Will I take you home? You are very tired?
 Why, what is it, darling? your cheeks are white,—
 How blind I've been not to see it before!
 Yes, the play is deucedly poor tonight!

BILLY'S BEDTIME.

AGNES MARY SMITH.

TIME: Seven P. M.
 PLACE: BILLY's bedroom.
 PEOPLE: BILLY and his MOTHER.

FINISH your prayers, Billy, dear. You have forgotten?
 "And deliver us from"—no, child, not "Mabel" —"deliver
 us from *evil*." That's right. That was very good indeed. Now
 you can play for five minutes. Acrobat? Yes, you may play
 acrobat, only be careful not to hurt yourself. Yes, that was fine,
 only you fell over on my hat, dear. *Please* don't go so near the
 edge of the bed, Billy. Yes, that will make you a very strong
 man, I am sure. No, there isn't time to get your train out now;
 it is time to go to bed. Why, *Billy*, you just had your supper, you
 can't be hungry. Well, you can have one or two crackers, but
 you must hurry because I will have to brush your teeth again
 after you get through. No, that tooth isn't loose, it is the one
 next to it. Barbara Frietchie? All right, dear, I will say it for
 you. . . . How far out on the window-sill did she lean? I really
 don't know, Billy; just far enough to be able to wave the flag
 well, I suppose. How do dogs die? Well, they are sometimes

shot, and when the leader said "Dies like a dog," he meant that any soldier who hurt Barbara Frietchie would be shot. Come, dear, sit on my lap for just a minute, I have let you play a long time tonight. *Billy!* you have seen that boy this entire afternoon; why do you want to climb up on a chair and look out of the window at him now? You *must* get into bed. No, not any more crackers. Well, I can't help it; if you had eaten all of your apple-sauce you wouldn't be so hungry now. . . . God made them that way, with those long necks. . . . Oh, no! you wouldn't like to be a giraffe. I couldn't hold you on my lap. Yes, boys are much nicer. *Billy!* Where is your slipper? The clock? How did you ever shake it off your foot so it landed on the clock? Run and get it. Why, you *said* your prayers, dear, don't you remember? A conductor! I thought you wanted to be a doctor. Now hop into bed. You can't possibly need that other blanket! Well—all right, but I know you will be too hot. You *like* to be? No, you can't look out of the window again.

Good-night, little boy. Yes, you came when you were a very small boy. What, dear? Oh—Mother was very tired, and when she opened her eyes she saw you very close to her. Good-night, dear, go right to sleep, won't you? You had a drink just before you got into bed. Your legs ache? These are growing pains; all children have them. *Billy*, I don't like this at all. What was that noise? It was probably the shade flapping. It was a sissing sound? Then it came from the water-pipes in the bathroom. It is all right. Now you must go to sleep, *Billy*.

Your head? If you will go to sleep and give your head a rest, it won't ache any more. If I rub it, I will give you a good spanking. Your pillow is the same one you have had for months, and it's perfectly comfortable.

Your finger-nails hurt! I have had enough of this and I am going to punish you. Are you my boy? Yes, you are my boy. You love me? You have been a very naughty boy—don't cry—dear. Yes, you are still my boy. So sit in my lap for just a minute? Well—just a minute.

Bless him! Fast asleep, and I never spanked him!

MAN WHO KICKED.

TOM MASSON.

SPEAKER: MR. EASYMARK.

PLACE: His house.

[To his wife.]

MY dear, I've been thinking over what you said to me last night about being too meek and mild, about never asserting myself, and about being continually taken advantage of, and I have come to the conclusion you are right. I've been too easy. I'll turn over a new leaf. By the way, where did you get these miserable little oranges? From the grocer's? Umph! we've been trading with that man for nearly four years, haven't we?

[Goes to 'phone.] Give me 482 Jones. Hello, Central! I said 482 Jones. What did you think I said?—What's that? Eh?—Well, you needn't give me 482 Jones. Give me the chief operator.—Yes—is this the chief operator? Well, my name is Von Blumer. I want you to understand that I don't propose to take any back talk from any of your employees—eh, there? The trouble is that I've been standing at this telephone fully an hour trying to get 482 Jones, and there isn't any one in your whole establishment who has human intelligence enough to give it to me! I'll see the manager. I'll make trouble for you. *[Pauses.]*

Is this 482 Jones? Is this Dibber's Grocery Store? Is Dibber there? Is this you, Mr. Dibber? Well, I want you to know that this is Mr. Von Blumer—yes, sir, Von Blumer. I've been buying goods of you for several years, I believe—yes, sir, that's right—one of your best customers. Very well. Now, sir, I want to say to you right now that when I order oranges, I want oranges. I don't want yellow excrescences with about as much juice to them as a golf-ball. This isn't the first time it's occurred, either, sir. My wife tells me you've been imposing upon us for years. You charge twice as much as anyone else. Yes, you do. I know you. Poor butter, poor——

Prunes! The very worst I ever saw or ate. Why, sir, I wouldn't feed those prunes of yours to a cat. No, sir. That's all, Mr. Dibber. Just send me your bill. I'll close my account at once.

That settles him. By the gods of war! when I think of how we've been treated by these people it makes my blood fairly boil. There's that infernal butcher. I'll fix him. Just look at this steak!

[*Going again to 'phone.*] Beckel. Yes, this is Mr. Von Blumer. Mr. Beckel, you can have that steak you sent me. I'll make you a present of it. That's all right, sir. I'm on to your game. You thought I was an easy-mark, didn't you? Well, send me your bill at once and stop your visits. There!

[*Hangs up 'phone and goes to table. Scarcely sits when he discovers letters at his plate. He opens each in turn and then picking up bunch goes to 'phone.*]

1148 Cherry—I say, 1148 Cherry—no, I didn't say gooseberry, young lady, and don't try being funny. I'm a married man, and I certainly don't feel funny. You know it? Give me 1148 Cherry, and no back talk. [*Pauses.*] Who do I want? I want the manager of the gas company! Are you the manager of the gas company? Well, I'd like to know why you give us such poor gas, and then charge us such an exorbitant bill—I won't pay it, do you hear! I won't pay it! Cut it off? I'll sue you for damage, I will!

[*Shuts off 'phone; waits a moment, rings again.*]

246 Green—Green 246—Are you Flood & Freezem? Oh, it's you, Mr. Freezem? You're the very man I want. What do you mean to send me a bill for eleven dollars for ice when you bring scarcely five cents worth a day! Two months? I want you to understand I pay my bills daily—no, every month—yes, I do, every month. You needn't send any more of your dirty ice! I don't want it! I won't have it! [*Slams 'phone on rest; waits a moment; rings up.*]

Bank 118—No, I don't want a bank—I said Bank 118! Mr. Leadcinch? It's time I heard your voice, and now I want you to

hear mine. I've paid your outrageous plumbing bills long enough. Don't you ever set foot in my house again! You don't understand? Well, I do—"tank repairs and three washers, fifteen dollars!" What do you think I am, a millionaire? Good-bye!

[Slams down 'phone.]

Now, my dear, dinner is spoiled, and I am tired to death; but I fixed them all right.

[Drops into chair, fans vigorously with newspaper, jumps up and pulls off coat, sinks into chair, sighs, closes eyes and leans back in exhausted condition; opens eyes suddenly, rises hastily to feet, glares about him, shoves out both hands as if trying to push away a crowd of annoyance.]

Who let you in here? What do you want? Brought your books to show you never cheated me? Like to go over your accounts?—the grocer? You'd like to go over yours too? Who? The butcher? Time-slips?—Time-slips? The plumber? Test the meter and fix the gas-tips? *[Looks helplessly about.]* If you'll only all go away, gentlemen, I'll take your word for it. I'll believe you all. Only give me time. Give me until tomorrow.

Thank heaven, they're all gone. Now, my dear, don't cry. I'll never try it again. You know you started it. Yes, you did. You certainly did. Didn't you tell me I was a victim? Oh, yes, I was a trifle mild and—have I really been going on like a wild man? *[Puts arms around wife.]* My dear girl, forgive me. I'll never do it again. I've had my lesson. I'll be peaceable and meek and an easy-mark for everybody. It pays in the long run.

SPELLER'S FATE.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
And an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I;
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then, if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell cide;
There is nothing left for a speller to do,
But to go commit Sioux-eye-sighed.

WIDOW'S WOOING.

SPEAKER: THE WIDOW.

PLACE: Drawing-room.

I AM a young widow, and I have seen in the frank mirror of men's eyes that I am beautiful. Do I look my best today? This hand-glass (poor Dick bought it in Dresden) will tell me. How dainty it is, with rosy little Cupids round it! They have downy winglets and blue eyes; there are six of them; some are peeping in the glass, while others look on with roguish smiles. Now, this glass could not deceive me, and it says emphatically that I am very, *very* pretty. My chestnut-brown hair falls in rich abandon over my white forehead. My eyebrows are most delicately arched, and penciled by nature alone. My eyes are a deep hazel, with wonderful lights and shadows in them; they seem so calm, and yet there is something secretly alert in them, that will reveal itself and flash with light as unexpectedly as a star bursting through a cloud. My nose is as straight as Juno's—well, perhaps not quite as straight. But my mouth—how poor Dick worried me with his wellnigh eternal kisses!—is perfectly lovely; my upper lip is ridiculously like a Cupid's bow, and the other one is a sweet sister to it.

Young Lord Sheykmore is coming today. Shall I accept him? Nonsense! Will he propose? The poor boy—he is only two-and-twenty—is dying to have me, but he has not the courage to say so. Well, I suppose I must make him; and, indeed, this “hope deferred” element is not good for me. He must, he *shall* fill this aching void with his coronet and what I suppose he calls his love, with a big, big “L.”

Good gracious, this must be he! It is! How nervous he looks—his hand trembles as he takes mine. He asks how I am.

“I am not very well,” I say, looking at him under my long, dark lashes with a triste expression.

I have overdone it; I have difficulty in restraining him from rushing for a doctor. He has nothing to say; the fountain of conversation is frozen. His hands seem a positive plague to him: he

does not know what to do with them. I assume a pensive attitude, and pull a rose to pieces, petal by petal. He sighs. I think he is now in a favorable condition for the witchery of my eyes to hypnotize him into proposing. I raise them slowly; beginning with the penultimate button of his waistcoat, and gradually working up, I reach his face; he feels the electric current quiver in every nerve. I gaze into his eyes with a soft, dreamy, far-off look at first; then our souls flash recognition, and he is *mine*!

"May I hope?" he asks in a husky voice.

My heart beats exultingly; but I must enjoy the sweet suspense a little longer. He blushes like a school-girl when I repeat:

"May I hope?"

"Yes."

"By all means; it is the elixir of life."

He rises. I suppose he is going to sprawl at my feet; I hate that sort of thing, and say:

"Pray sit down."

"I cannot; I love you madly, fondly! You are the only woman I ever loved."

"Really?" with my most bewitching glance.

"Will you be my wife?"

I smile over the top of my fan, and, before I can protest, he embraces me and kisses me at least seven times. Too bad, you know. I am quite angry.

"How dare you, Lord Sheykmore!"

"Forgive me, Nina!"

"Pardon me, I am Mrs. Balmaine to you, Lord Sheykmore."

"Oh, you don't mean that! Say you will be my wife!"

"Certainly not," I say, as Mrs. Haidée Waldemar walks in, with a charming I-don't-see-anything-unusual air.

Now this is too provoking. I recover myself perfectly; but, just like a man, he looks glum, and darts a reproachful glance at me. Really, men have no tact. Haidée will think I have rejected him, and she would jump at him! I wish he would put his hands behind his back, or sit upon them; anything would be better than his nervous fidgeting. I hope I have not gone too far. He is

sure to see Haidée to her carriage, and she will do her utmost to catch him. She looks superb, divinely tall and most divinely dark, and her furs are gorgeous. She leaves, and my lordling, also. He gives me a most harrowing look, and there are tears in his eyes. Poor boy!

What have I done? Will he come back? If he were to marry Haidée Waldemar I should die! Half an hour passes. Joy! Joy! Here is a note from him with, no doubt, a formal proposal. My eyes must be getting weak. I can hardly read; the words telescope into each other. He writes:

"DEAR MRS. BALMAINE: I am awfully sorry for what I did, but I thought you meant 'yes.' I never proposed before, and I don't think I ever shall again. I really think if you knew how much I loved you, you would forgive me. I shall leave England at once; I cannot endure it now. As I may not see you again anywhere on earth, I should like to say that I love you with all my heart and soul, and I hope that you will sometimes think, when I am far away, of bygone days and me. Believe me, yours to all eternity,
SHEYKMORE."

Thank goodness, Haidée did not ensnare him! I will write at once; but I must dissemble a little, if only as a concession to womanly modesty.

I write:

"DEAR LORD SHEYKMORE: I do forgive you. There, am I not magnanimous? I am so sorry you are going away.

"I can only say that I shall be delighted to see *you* 'anywhere on earth,' or, if you like—in the awfully distant future—"betwixt the palms of Paradise.' At least I shall be there. Farewell! and if forever, still forever fare thee well! Yours sincerely,

"NINA BALMAINE.

"P. S.—Did I reject you? I really forget."

I thought so! Here is another note:

"DEAR MRS. BALMAINE: Your letter has put new life into me. I prefer to see you on earth. You are too glorious ever to die; as the poet (Tennyson or Longfellow, I forget which) says:

"You are too sweet for——(ahem!) to hold,
And heaven would *tire* you so!"

"My fancy will seriously turn to thoughts of love soon after you get this note. Yours to all eternity,
SHEYKMORE."

Now, I call that distinctly neat. That surely is his springy step on the stair. It is he! how radiant he looks! I really begin to like him. I entrench myself behind a small ebony and mother-of-pearl table. He is abashed at the dignity with which I receive him.

"I er—er—ah—er——"

"Yes?" I say, with irritating sweetness.

"Oh, Nina!"

"Lord Sheykmore!"

"Oh! Mrs. Balmaine, you know what I am going to say."

"Is that not a perfect reason for not saying it?"

He comes quite close to me; I try to look severe, but I fancy my eyes and mouth betray me.

"You are most heartless."

"Quite."

"Do you mean that your heart is mine?" he asks, with radiant inspiration, and bends over me.

"Yes."

Transport!

'POSSUM AN' WATERMILIN.

SPEAKER: COLORED MAN.

BRUDDER JOHNSON, I hezn't seen Jim Jenkins 'bout hyar fur sum time. I ain't gwine tu see him 'bout hyar fur sum time longer yit? Yo' don't tell me! Nuthin' wrong, I hope?

No? Jim's just dead, dat's all? Umph, I is sartinly sorry tu hyar dat. What wuz 'cashun uf Jim's removal, Brudder Johnson?

Confushun uf de stummick? Well, dat beats me, Brudder Johnson. What wuz de 'cashun uf dis confushun?

'Possum an' watermilin? What's dat you say? 'Possum an' watermilin?

Two tuggedder tu much? Dar ain't no mistake 'bout dat 'clushun, Brudder Johnson. An' it duz seem like folks nowadays is a-git-tin' so dat dey rushes right in de face uf Providence. 'Possum an' watermilin!

Runnin' down 'possum an' watermilin? Luk hyar, Brudder Johnson, is I cullud or is I white?

Cullud? Well, den, did yo' ebber hyar tell uf any cullud pusson runnin' down 'possum an' watermilin?

No, sah? Dat's right, an' yo' ain't likely tu, sah.

Doan' know dat yo' unnerstan' den? Den I'll try tu 'splain, Brudder Johnson. Dar ain't no doubt in de wurl but dat 'possum an' watermilin wuz made 'clusively fur de cullud folks, is dar?

Uf course, dar ain't. Uf course, I 'cognizes de fac' dat de white folks eats bof uf 'em, but dat is jus' annudder 'cashun uf dere a-tramplin' on de purrogatives uf de cullud race. But, tu pursume de subjec'. Dar's a time fur dis, an' dar's a time fur dat, an' dat's jus' whar Jim Jenkins los' his 'membrance.

How's dat? Why, sah, a pursumin' tu tempt de wrath uf de Lawd de way he did. When de good Lawd gib de cullud peoples 'possum an' watermilin He never 'maged dat dey'd be eaten tugeder. No, sah, He nebber 'tended dat dey shud be.

Why? Brudder Johnson, is yo' los' all yur reasonin'?

Yo' isn't? Well, den, yo' talks mighty like it, Brudder Johnson. When de Lawd made de 'possum an' sot it aside fur de cullud man, an' when He made de watermilin an' sot dat aside fur de cullud man, He specially fit de cullud man's stummick fur dem blessin's uf His. But He fit 'em so dat one wuz to be eaten' dis time uf de y'ar an' de udder wuz tu be eaten dat time uf de y'ar. An' so it is, Brudder Johnson, dat when de cullud man furgits tu 'joy dese blessin's uf de Lawd one at a time an' in dere partickler season, den it is dat he rushes, ez I say, intu de bery face uf Providence an' calls down on him de righteous wrath uf Gawd.

Yes, sah, I is a-talkin' now. Dat I is. An' sah, I'se got de Good Book fur my foundashun. Unnerstan' me, Brudder Johnson, I duzn't say dat yo'll find dese bery words dar, but I duz say dis—dat de Lawd said untu de cullud man: "In de time uf de 'possum eat 'possum, an' in de time uf de watermilin eat watermilin, and fear de Lawd dy God." So, sah, when de cullud man furgits dat, an' rushes de blessin's uf de Lawd out uf dere season, den yo' kin luk fur confushun uf de stummick ebery time, Brudder Johnson.

NEW ORGAN.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

[From the *Cosmopolitan*, by permission of the publishers.]

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYWOMAN.

GITTIN' a new organ is a mighty different thing nowadays from what it was when I was young. An' gittin' religion, too, is a heap easier. Organs are better, but I don't know whether the religion is better or not.

You know my daughter Mary Frances? Well, I went up to see her last week. The folks up there have got a fine new organ in their Tabernicle, an' Mary Frances was tellin' me how they paid for it. One man give five hundred dollars, another give three hundred; then they collected four or five hundred amongst the other members an' give a lawn-party an' a strawberry festival an' raised another hundred. It set me to thinkin' o' the time us women got the organ for the Goshen Church. It warn't no light matter; it took us nearly three years to raise the money, there was such opposition. There was more opposition than money.

An organ in them days was just a wedge to split the church half in two. The men was against our organ from the start; Silas Petty was foremost. Silas made a p'int o' goin' ag'inst everything that women favored. Sally Ann used to say that if a woman was to come up to him an' say, "Let's go to heaven," Silas would start off towards the other place at once.

Of course, Uncle Jim Matthews didn't want the organ; he was afraid it might interfere with his singin'. We had a right good choir for them days; the only trouble was that everybody wanted to be leader. Milly Amos sung soprano, my Jane was the alto, John Petty sung bass, an' young Jim Crawford tenor; an' as for Uncle Jim Matthews, he sung everything an' plenty of it, too. It wouldn't 'a' been so bad, if he'd had any sort o' voice; but he'd been singin' all his life an' hollerin' at protracted meetin's ever since he got religion, till he'd sung an' hollered all the music out o' his voice an' there wasn't nothin' left but the old creakin' ma-

chinery. Parson Page never opened his mouth one way ner t'other. He was one o' those men that tries to set on both sides o' the fence at once, an' he was a mighty good hand at balancin' himself.

Us women didn't say much, but we went to work in the Mite Society, an' in less'n three years we had enough money to git it.

Abram, my husband, went to Louisville, with his two-horse wagon, an' brought the organ out an' set it up in our parlor. Abram had brought it out Tuesday, an' Wednesday, as soon as prayer-meetin' broke, Parson Page says, says he: "Brethren, there's a little business to be transacted." An' then he went on to say that he would like to have the matter of the new organ discussed. Uncle Jim was the first one to git up.

"Why, brethren," says he, "when John saw the heavens open there wasn't no organs up there, an' the angels ain't a-keerin' nuthin' about such new-fangled worldly instruments. But they stop to listen when a lot o' sweet human voices gits to praisin' Him."

Silas Petty was the next one to git up, an' says he: "I never was in favor o' doin' things half way, brethren, an' if we've got to have the organ, jest as well git a monkey an' be done with it. I shall have to withdraw from this church if sich Satan's music-box is set up in this holy place."

Sally Ann turned round an' whispered to me: "La, we ought to have got that organ long ago."

Just then I looked around an' there was Abram standin' up. Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Abram was a close-mouthed man, but there he was, talkin' as glib as Uncle Jim himself.

Says he: "Brethren, I don't know how the angels feel about it, not havin' as much acquaintance with 'em as Uncle Jim has, but I do know this much about women,—there ain't no use tryin' to stop 'em when they git their heads set on a thing, an' I'm goin' to haul that organ over here tomorrow mornin'. I reckon I've got all the men ag'inst me in this matter, but then I've got all the women on my side, an' I reckon all the women and one man is a pretty good majority."

I tell you I felt proud of Abram. Parson Page said that it seem'd to him that it would be better to let the sisters have their way an' give the organ a trial; if it was found to be hurtful to the church, it would be an easy matter to remove it.

When the choir met Friday night Milly Amos come in, all in a flurry, an' says she: "All the Baptists are comin' to our church Sunday because their preacher has gone to the 'Sociation. Now, I want to show 'em, for once, what good singin' is. Uncle Jim is laid up with rheumatiz; now if that ain't a special providence I never saw one. An' Miss Penelope, Squire Elrod's niece from Louisville, has promised to sing a voluntary."

Well, Sunday morning came; but special providence was on Uncle Jim's side that time, an' there he was as smilin' as a basket o' chips. Miss Penelope was settin' at the organ, an' all at once she laid her hands on the keys an' begun to play an sing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." We'd heard that hymn all our lives, but we hadn't no idea how it could sound until Miss Penelope sung it all by herself that day. We clean forgot all about the new organ an' the Baptists. I really believe we was feelin' nearer to God than we'd ever felt before. When she got through with the first verse she played somethin' soft and sweet an' begun ag'in; when, right in the middle o' the first line, Uncle Jim j'ined in like an old squakin' jay-bird an' sung like he was tryin' to drown out Miss Penelope an' the new organ, too. Everybody give a jump an' the young folks giggled behind their fans, an' I was so mad, goodness knows what I would have done, but Abram grabbed my dress and says, "Steady, Jane!" jest like he was talkin' to the old mare. Miss Penelope sung right on as if she'd been singin' hymns with Uncle Jim all her life, an' when she got through an' Uncle Jim was lumberin' along on the last note, she folded her hands an' set there lookin' out the window where the sun was shinin' on the silver poplars, jest as calm an' peaceful as an angel.

No one objected to the new organ after that, an' every one agreed it was Miss Penelope's presence o' mind that won the men over.

NO RULES IN CO'TSHIP.

SPEAKER: SOUTHERN COUNTRYMAN.

HERE'S a adver-tisement of a book that tells you how to do your courtin'. [*Looks up from weekly paper.*] You ought to get that Jim. Don't want it? Wall, you got sense. You know what some smart young fellers hain't no idea of, that courtin's a game where there ain't no rules. It's ketch-as-ketch-can.

That remines me of Jase Pickett. Jase was workin' for Abe Peederberry one summer an' he took a shine to Abe's daughter, Clarissy, but he didn't jist exactly know how to let her know about it, so he finerly went to an' ol' bach, name o' Pete Higginson. Pete was a kine of a shif'less ol' rat with a loose lip an' buttermilk eyes; didn't do no more'n he had to an' the rest o' the time he was readin' paper-back novels.

"One of the bestest ways is to let on that you don't care a continental cuss about her, one way 'r 'nuther," says Pete.

"How'll I do that?" Jase asts him.

"Don't have nothin' to say to her, more'n bein' perlite," says Pete.

"I don't," says Jase. "I hain't got the gall to."

"Keep out of her way," Pete tells him.

"I ain't no chance to," says Jase. "She keeps out o' my way."

Pete pulls his whiskers an' strokes his bald haid sorter studyin'. "'S'posen you put on your good clo'es an' go see some other gal," he says finerly.

"Shucks! I don't know no other gal," says Jase, "an' if I did," he says, "I wouldn't know what to say to her no more'n I do to Clarissy."

"It hain't hard," says Pete, finerly. "All you've got to do is to talk about things in gin'ral with a soupcon of airy bandage."

"A what?" says Jase.

"I allowed you'd know what that was," says Pete, "but if you don't there ain't much use explainin' to you. There was a feller done that in Lady Belinda's boudoor an' he made a right smart of a hit, that's all. You might serenade her."

"I ain't no quartet," says Jase.

"You don't have to be, you coot," says Pete. "Get you a guitar an' sing a madrigal under her casement winder, by yourse'f. If you cain't play a guitar, play suthin' else."

"On'y thing I kin play is a jewsharp," says Jase, "an' I never knowed anybody 'at could play that an' sing at the same time. I cain't sing, nohow, an' if I did raise any racket Abe 'ud turn loose on me with his shotgun. What's more, I done busted my jewsharp an' sence that goshdinged calf kicked out my two front teeth, I doubt if I could make her buzz if she wasn't busted."

"I'd like right well to he'p you out if I could, Jase," says Pete.

"Cain't you think up no other scheme?" asts Jase.

"A mighty good way is to get into a peck o' trouble," Pete allowed. "I mought have thought of that afore, but somehow it slipped me. If you could lose ever' last cent you had in the world an' go to her an' tell her that you are a beggar——"

"I ain't got but eight dollars an' sixty-three cents b'sides what's a-comin to me from Abe," says Jase. "I don't b'lieve that's enough to cut any figger with her, an' I allowed I'd buy a couple of Edmund Walker's shoats with them eight dollars. Pap, he's got swill that's a-runnin' to waste right now; an' how'm I a-goin' to get me a start if I lose it? What's more, I couldn't lose it. It's in the savin's bank an' I've gotter give sixty days' notice afore I kin draw a cent, or else forfeit the intrust on it, which 'ud be a sinful waste, an' the best they give is on'y three per cent."

"I reckon that wouldn't do, then," says Pete. "I s'pose you couldn't write no po'try?"

"Gosh, no!" says Jase.

"Ought to be able to do suthin' that 'ud make her feel right sorry for you," says Pete. "Pity is clost kin to love, as the feller says. Well, how'd it be for you to get into a fuss with Abe an' have him kick you out an' swear he'll shoot the liver out of you if you darken his door ag'in? Girls is 'most always contrary an' that mought do the business with Clarissy."

"It 'us turrible easy to get Abe started, but it's hard to make him quit," Jase objects. "He'd be as apt to bite off my ear as

not, or lay me out with a neckyoke if he got worked up. Some fellers can hit a man a lick or two when they feel like it an' then stop 'thout makin' hawgs of theyse'ves, but that ain't Abe," says Jase.

"If you had a dark, myster'us past," says Pete.

"Born an' raised right here in Hooppole township," says Jase.

"You could jump out an' dissipate to beat the cars," Pete suggested. "Drink an' gamble an' raise partickler Ned. Get a reckless gleam in your eyes, or—say, there's three cases of typhus in Frog Holler. Go out an' ketch you a case an' let Clarissy nurse you back to life an' stren'th with the cool touch of her hand on your fevered brow. That's a winner ever' time. Oncet a gal gently pushes back the masses of dark hair that's strayed down a feller's pallid forrid it's a four-ace bet."

"Oh, shucks!" says Jase.

"Then go hang yourse'f," says Pete, walkin' off. "Mabbe she'll tote the fust blooms of spring to the grassy mound that kivers all she loved best on airth. Trouble is, you don't want to foller no advice."

Wall, Jase he got riled up an' went back an' ast Clarissy if she didn't want to marry him, an' Clarissy, she allowed she didn't keer if she did.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk.

But gin you really do insist

That I should suffer to be kissed,

Gae get a license frae the priest,

And mak' me yours before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk;

And when we're ane baith flesh and bane,

Ye may tak' ten before folk.

WHO'S DEAD?

THOMAS FROST.

SPEAKER: REFORMED DRUNKARD.

EXCUSE me for stopping you here, sir; I'd like just a word, if you please;

There's crape on the front door yonder and a hearse standing under the trees.

Perhaps you're a friend of the dead, sir—I see you've a band on your hat—

And I'd like just to ask you a question, Who's dead in the Kennedy flat?

Acquaint' with the folks? Well, yes, rather; p'r'aps better than most as is there;

There's Dick, and there's Sam and there's Billy, and mother—no wonder you stare,

It slipped out afore I could help it; I ain't been myself all the day—

You may have heard tell of the bad 'un, the drunkard, as went away?

You've not? Well, it's like them three fellows to hide all they can of my shame,

And just like that dearest of mothers to let no one blacken my name;

It's soiled enough, God is my witness, but cleanse it I will if I can; I've done with the whisky forever, and come back to mother—a man!

Come, tell me, who's gone at the flat, sir? Nay, don't think by shaking your head

That you're letting a fellow down easy, for I know that there's one of 'em dead.

They all was good boys to their mother and either is bound to be missed,
 Though to tell you the truth I half fancy she'd cry more for me than the rest.

And when this new grief's a bit over I'll tell—just to show her, you know,
 That the liquor as hardened my life left my heart still as soft as the snow—
 I will tell how, wherever I wandered, her voice seemed to ring in my ears;
 How I've slept with her lips on my forehead and waked with my eyes full of tears.

For we parted, you know, not in anger; I just went away for a time,
 Telling mother my bad reputation made staying at home seem a crime.

I had no ambition, nor nothing; but soon a new life I began.
 And now I am here in her sorrow—her very ideal of a man!

Eh? What? God above! You are ghastly! Don't say—oh, I see 't in your face!
 Make way for the drunkard, good people—fit now for a mother's embrace.

* * * * * *

The same! See the smile on her face, sir; but God's kissed away every tear.
 I don't care what joys are in heaven, her angel thoughts now are right here.

WHY HE COULDN'T PAY THE RENT.

Whut's de use o' botherin' me 'bout dat rent? De grocery man wus jes' 'roun' hyuh, an' I owes a doctor's bill, an' a hull lot o' yuthuh folks. An' hyuh I is down to my last four dollahs.

Why don't I pay dat on account?

Go 'way, man! I needs dat ter pay de license foh dem two dogs.

NO EASTER FOR DEATH IN THE HEART.

MATTIE L. ADAMS.

SPEAKER: UNHAPPILY MARRIED WOMAN.

I N the splendid church, with its stained-glass paneing
That day, in my costly dress,
I knelt with the sham of the multitude, feigning
Humbly my sins to confess.

The gaze of my escort, I felt, was baptizing
My life with idolatry's plea,
And my prayer, on that Easter, no higher was rising
Than the man's who was praying to me.

He was prized and applauded by power's minions;
I, envied for being his wife,
Was trying to hide with fashion's pinions
The emptiness of life.

The choir rang out, to the organ's pealing
Its strained and classical chimes,
And over my soul, I felt there was stealing
The thought of other times.

Not that anything there bore any referring
To ought that it seemed, was the trivial above,
But fore'er and anon those times were recurring
With their fathomless depth of love.

I remembered the doom of my Gethsemanies
In the shadow of death apart,
And how seared were the blooms of the anemonies,
That I placed on the grave in my heart.

So, the flowers in the church, from perverted creation
Hurled daggers at repose;
And amidst them, as posing for admiration,
The minister uprose.

And said grand words that gave him glory
With those who had no dole,
But hungry looked the old and hoary,
And famished was my soul.

So I turned away with a cold dejection,
From worship that becomes but an art,
More darkly to feel that no resurrection
Could banish the death in my heart.

MUCH IN A NAME.

FRANCES FORRESTER.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN GRANDFATHER.

SO ye've got a baby darter now, air huntin' fer a name,
An' ye ask yer plain ole father his advice about the same.
Ye think Loyola Imogen is 'bout the nearest right,
An' b'lieve ye'll saddle all thet sound on sech a leetle mite.

Oh, Sara, whar's yer sense gone to—sense like yer mother hed?
She never hed high-flown' idees; she'd sentiments instead.
We called our darter "Sarah," dear, fer 'twuz my mother's name,
But since ye've dropped the "h" offen it, it ain't seemed quite the
same.

They called John's mother Liddy Ann; yer mother's name wuz
Jane—

In all the novel books ye've read ye'll find no sweeter name.
When I called her "Janey" the first time, one night long years ago,
The tender music of thet word set heart an' brain aglow.

Oh, choose a name fer better cause than jest its sound is nice,
An' when yer gal's a woman grown she'll thank ye fer yer ch'ice.
I'll draw my letter to a close, but jest add this one line—
Thet no Loyola Imogen will get a cent o' mine.

FOND OF THE LADIES.

SPEAKER: FICKLE MARRIED MAN.

I DON'T know if you are like me. I am so fond of the ladies! Oh! I love them like that [*spreads arms*!]! Not as big as that; no. But tremendously! With all my heart! So pretty, a woman—no, all women! Everyone of them! the thin ones—oh, the thin ones! And the fat ones! I don't know if you are like me.

Fancy! The other day I followed one—medium size, neither fat nor thin, not too tall nor too short, about like that [*shows height*]. She had light hair. I don't know if you are like me; I like fair hair—some days; other days it's dark hair. Red hair? Now and then, not too often. As I was saying, she had fair hair. I followed her—and I loved her! Oh, I loved her! You understand? I had only seen her back. Well, I hurried after. She turned—she was pretty! I don't know if you are like me. I adore pretty women! A pretty woman, a country house and nothing to do—I don't know if you are like me. So I followed her. She turned. "Excuse me, ma'am," said I; "I don't know if you are like me, but I should like to take a little walk."

"Why, sir, I'm just going."

"Ah! and where are you going?"

"Sir!"

"I beg your pardon; I only just wanted to know."

"Well! you know."

"What! I know?"

"I was going to see you!"

I don't know if you are like me. There are some things which a fellow don't expect and which stagger him!

"To see me?"

"Yes, to see you; and I'll prove to you that your collars are better starched than you say they are, and that it's not because your collars are more or less stiff that you can dismiss a poor laundress!"

"Oh! excuse me, ma'am; a laundress?"

"Yes, sir, a poor laundress who never did you any harm!"

"But, ma'am, I don't know a laundress who never did me any harm!"

"Yes, sir, my apprentice, my little apprentice, came home the other day, sobbing and crying, poor dear; and she told me that you wouldn't let her leave your collars; for let me tell you, sir, I am your head laundress!"

"My head laundress! then the little black-haired girl who—? and you are her? Have I two laundresses, a black-haired one and a fair-haired one?"

"Yes, sir! I'll go with you and we shall soon see!"

"But that was not what I——"

I don't know if you are like me, but the idea of getting a scolding from my laundress—it just completely turned my head, and I led her along, walking behind her, without noticing that she was actually taking me to my own house!

We went on for a minute, she in front and I behind, when there passed between us a woman—a superb creature! I followed her.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said I.

"Yes, sir! I understand!"

"But——"

"Things can't go on in this way forever!"

"What do you mean?"

"We can soon settle this little affair. Follow me!"

"Where to?"

"To your house?"

"To my house? But, ma'am, will you explain?"

"I tell you that those trousers fit beautifully!"

"Which trousers?"

"What! you ask which? Why, yours, sir; your new pair."

"My trousers?"

"Yes, sir, your trousers. And if my husband had a single spark of energy——"

"Energy?"

"He would have done his own errand. We are the best tailors in the world, sir! But follow me!"

I followed her—in the rear. The situation was becoming embarrassing. Two women at my house. And two pretty women, too! Oh, so pretty! I don't know if you are like me—I slipped away. I hadn't gone three steps before a pretty woman—oh, how pretty she was!—came straight up to me.

"There is not a moment to be lost," said she. "My husband is coming after me; follow me!"

"Where to?"

"To your house!"

"To my house? But——"

"Not a moment, I tell you!" And she hustled me into an empty carriage that happened to be passing. I got into it in a fearful state of confusion.

"Don't you remember me?" said she, looking straight at me. "Three years ago?"

"Three years ago?"

"Yes; on top of Mt. Blanc?"

"On top of Mt. Blanc?"

"Yes; there were two men and a woman. The two men were you——"

"Me?"

"You and my husband."

"Oh!"

"You saved my life!"

"What then?"

"Since then we have both longed to thank you. My husband will meet me at your house; we have just found out your address."

"Oh, then, ma'am, you must allow me to stop a minute just—because——"

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly!"

I slipped away. And I was left standing on the sidewalk a prey to bitter reflection. Three women at my house! Three!—and all of them pretty. You should be delighted, you say, to have three women call at your house, and all of them pretty! Well, so should I! But here's the rub. I don't know if you are like me—I am married.

MASONRY REVEALED.

PHILENA SPUCE.

SPEAKER: MARRIED WOMAN.

I S'POSE old maids have trials, but I think they're trifles compared with married women's. The hardest trial I ever had with Aminadab was when he joined the Masons. I dunno, though, as I ought to call it a trial, when 'twas the means of my finding out so much about the pestiferous Masons.

It's a leading principle with me that a man shouldn't have any secrets he can't tell his wife. Aminadab knows this, too, as well as I do, and I don't see what on earth possessed him to jine the Masons. He didn't tell me he was goin' to,—if he had I'd stopped him—but sneaked off one night, and when he come home I found he was a Mason.

Well, I thought, after a thing was done, it's no use to fret about it, but says I to myself, "I'll bet a cent I'll get all he knows about the Masons out of him, in less'n a week." It's generally pretty easy to get him to tell anything, if you don't ask him right out fair and square, but begin with him in a kind of roundabout way; and that's the way I begun with him to see if I couldn't find out something about Masons. But law, you might as well try to pump the ocean dry as to try to get anything out of him about them. Though I tried everything I could think of for weeks and weeks he was as dumb as an oyster.

Well, one mornin' after he'd been to the lodge the night before, I noticed he had a black eye, and I asked him how he got it. He halted and stammered, then took up his hat, and finally said:

"Last night when I was goin' to the lodge I met that scoundrel of a Tom Flynn. I didn't know he'd been drinkin', and was as savage as a bear, so I asked him to pay that little bill he's owed me so long, and he doubled up his fist and struck me right in the eye." Then he put on his hat and scooted.

That day I had company to dinner and to supper, so I didn't have a chance to say no more to him about his black eye. Then

some Masons come after him to go and spend the evenin' with a lodge in another town. So I was left alone that evenin', and I must say my mind was terribly exercised about Aminadab's havin' a secret he wouldn't tell me; and about his goin' off that night to cut up with a lot of men, while I was mopin' by the fire alone. Soon after Aminadab left, I begun to grow drowsy, and I guess I dropped to sleep; but suddenly the servant opened the door and in walked a mighty good-lookin' man, though I s'pose I hadn't ought to say it, seein' that Aminadab's my lawful husband.

I'm not in the habit of havin' strange men walk into my sittin'-room when I'm alone, so I riz outer my chair and said:

"Good evenin', mister. My husband's gone off with the Masons, and will you be so good as to tell me your business?"

"Oh, certainly, madam," says he, "I am the Royal Arch-Mason, and have come to tell you how your husband got that black eye."

I asked him to be seated.

"Well, your husband is a very aspirin' man, and he will never be a small fish in any fry, and when he j'ined the Masons he determined to go as high as any of 'em."

I was very glad to hear this, for if there is anythin' I have tried to impress upon Aminadab's mind, it is the idee of bein' aspirin'.

Then this man took out a box he brought with him; he unfolded a lot of things and made them into stools. These he placed around, in the form of a square.

"Now," says he, "I'm goin' to show you what they do first when they go into a Mason's Lodge."

Then he jumped on one of the corner stools, and from that to another, and so on till he had gone clear round the square. Then he hopped down and placed the stools in a straight row as far apart as they was before, then he hopped from one to the other till he got to the end of the row.

"There," said he, "my first leaps on these stools was the square and these last ones was the level. We meet upon the level, and part upon the square. To do what I've done here in a Mason's Lodge will make a man a low Mason, but to get up higher, as your husband tried to, he must do somethin' harder. The Master

of the Lodge tells two of the tallest brothers to stand together near the door, and opposite to it, with their hands held out before 'em as far as they can reach. Then the man that wants to go up highest in Masonry is led in blindfolded. The leader pauses before the two tall brothers. He's told he must climb or jump onto their shoulders, and stand there with a foot on each one's shoulder till they give him a ride round the hall six times. Each time round makes a degree, and if he falls off at any degree, he can never go any higher than that in Masonry. If the brothers feel frisky when they're givin' the man this ride, they're apt to canter round lively, and it's pretty hard for a man to hold on to their shoulders till he comes to the sixth round. Now, it happened that they did feel so when your husband took his ride, and he fell off at the fourth round, hittin' his eye on the boot toe of one of the canterin' brothers. The first time a man rides round the hall it makes him a Royal, the second a High, the third a Hob, the fourth a Gob, the fifth a Lin, the sixth a Mason. That is, he is a Royal High Hob Gob Lin Mason, and is as high as he can go until he gets into office. As your husband fell at the fourth round, he can never, no never, be anything but a Royal High Hob Gob."

I seemed to see Aminadab leapin' round on them stools and ridin' on them canterin' brothers' shoulders. How he ever did it, I couldn't tell for the life of me, as he's terrible clumsy.

The thought of Aminadab's danger, and his not gettin' so high as he wanted to, and of his Mason name endin' with Gob, overcome me so that at last I screamed right out. The man took up his box, hustled his stools into it and scooted outer the room. I jumped up to foller him and bid him good-night. I didn't see a chair right before me, and stumbled over it and fell sprawlin'. I had hardly got up when in come Aminadab.

I told him about the Royal Arch-Mason's visit. He looked dazed, and said:

"Stuff and nonsense! you was dreamin'."

But sayin' this could not hide his red face and guilty look, which told me, as plain as the man did his story, that I'd got the secret of Masonry.

I might have had proof that the man came in if I'd seen the servant first, the next mornin'. But Aminadab saw her first, and when I asked her to tell him about lettin' the man in, she pretended she didn't know nothin' about it. A few days after, she had a beautiful new dress that she never got herself. That dress was given her so she'd keep mum, and he could make me think I'd been dreamin'. But I guess he'll be surprised when he finds I've let this Masons' cat out of the bag.

"MY BABE'S MA'Y'D."

MARTHA YOUNG.

SPEAKER: NEGRO MAMMY.

YAS, she's ma'y'd. My babe's ma'y'd, my Liz—
 My chile's ma'y'd now—yas, dat she is.
 Jimmy-Dick's got her now for his.
 No nigger gal never befo'
 Had a weddin' lak my babe, sho.
 Ma'y'd in de white folks' Sunday-school,
 Ma'y'd by de white folks' Pra'r-Book rule.
 My young master, de bishop, yes—
 Ma'y'd her in his black satin dress!
 I hardly knowed my li'l' Marse John:
 Had s'much black satin dress on—
 He also wo' some scarfs of lace—
 But he had de same sweet smilin' face.
 Of co'se he ma'y'd his mammy's babe
 (Lak he'll lay mammy in her grave);
 But I wisht you had seed my chile,
 Drest in white and flowers dat while.
 Ma'y'd she was wid a rale gole ring—
 Marched in while de white folks sing—
 You say she ma'y'd wid great élat.
 Naw, she ain't ma'y'd by no élat—
 'Twas a 'Piscopal Bishop done it, sah!

VISIT TO HER ANCESTORS.

SPEAKER: AMERICAN GIRL.

COSTUME: Any quaint old character of olden time, powdered hair, brocaded dress and high stomacher.

[Enter SPEAKER, holding large piece of parchment folded as letter. Opens it, sits in chair, takes up magazine, and soliloquizes:]

IF this is not the strangest adventure in this prosaic, practical age! Visiting for the first time near the old family mansion of my great-great-grandfather, I beg of my friend Kate, as we are driving, to take me to the old family home where my ancestors first saw the light, and which has been in the family for ages. We follow an almost pathless road, and finally I see the old stone home, shades of my defunct grandfathers! The roof has fallen in; birds and bats whirl about our heads, and only one or two rooms in the old stone pile are safe and tenantable.

See! This must have been the picture-gallery. See these old heavy doors studded with iron. See the long, empty corridor, once crowded, no doubt, by a merry crowd of periwigged and pompadoured ancestors. Listen! I hear the twanging of a clavi-chord! And look, yonder gentleman in black knee-breeches and blue-tied queue, is actually winking at me! [*Goes up to imaginary portrait.*] I declare! I am actually frightened! This old ancestor in silken hose and doublet is really rolling his eyes, and—hark! what words issue from his lips:

"Welcome, faire descendant! Certes, our New World descendant is right welcome. We are pleased to see the effect of America's climate and food upon our blood. But do not blame me, faire cousin, if I tell you that you have much deteriorated."

Deteriorated! Oh, no! I guess not. I'll refer to this plump female ancestress of mine, in a high-feathered pompadour and with eyes that smile at me. Listen, this portrait speaks as well. [*Turns to imaginary portrait of elderly lady.*]

"I would not mind your ancestor's remarks, my dear. He is a

man, though a gallant squire was he in King George I.'s time, my dear. You retain the family blue in your eyes—that is well. Your features are smaller and more regular than our type; you do not show our amount of physical force; your cheek-bones are not so high as ours; your shoulders are soft and sloping, not high and square-set. Here, next to me, *faire cousin*, is our *faire maide* Laura. She is the very latest of our line who withstood emigration, and grew up in the line of her ancestors."

[*Turns to imaginary portrait of girl and looks intently.*] "I am very sorry if I have deteriorated, but I can't say that I regret it."

"Regret it!" answered my pompadoured ancestress, "I should think not! Laura is a *faire*, sweet *maide* and close upon the family type, but thy face and figure show a new beauty and grace, only to be attributed to this transplanting to new soil. It has worked miracles! It has made practical our ethereal maidens. Could I live again I would surely choose ye New World to be born and grow up in, and this with no offence to Laura, be it said."

I must really inspect some more of my old ancestors. [*Walks around, rubs hands over eyes.*] But what do I see! The face of Laura has vanished! The portrait of my grim old ancestor is slipping away backwards! Am I really among the ruins of the old gallery, or have I been only dreaming all this from my easy chair? What was the book I was reading just before I fell asleep? Asleep? Yes, that must have been it! And I have dreamed all this! [*Stoops and picks up book.*] Asleep! Of course, I have been; and this old English periodical has been making very odious and uncomplimentary comparisons between English girls and American girls! But wasn't my dream realistic, though! [*Bows and walks off.*]

Hail, bounteous May, thou dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

—Milton.

SAMBO'S PRAYER.

S. W. Foss.

SPEAKER: COLORED MAN.

YO' says it ain't no good to pray?
 It's coz yo' doan pray right.
 Jes' pray de way yo' oughter pray
 An' pray wiv all yo' might.
 Doan ask de Lawd to guv yer things,
 But ask him to he'p yo',
 He'p yo' yo'self to git de things,
 An' he will pull yo' froo.
 Jes' ask in humbleness of spi't
 An' yo'll git w'at yo' ask to git.

I prayed myse'f fo' t'ree long weeks
 Wiv mos' tremendous viggah:
 "Lawd, sen' a chick'n, oh, good Lawd!
 To dis mos' hungry niggah.
 Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, be quick!"
 But de good Lawd didn' quick'n'
 An' though I wrastled long in pray'r
 I nevah seen no chick'n.
 I didn't pray right, I wasted bref,
 An' so I almos' starved to def.

"Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, to me,"
 I prayed wiv tears an' plead'n';
 "Oh, sen' a chick'n, Lawd, an' heah
 Thy servant's interced'n'."
 But we'n no chick'n come, I prayed
 My heart wiv sorrer strick'n:
 "Sen' me, oh, sen' dis niggah, Lawd,
 Oh, sen' him to a chick'n."
 Yo' say it ain't no good to pray?
 Waal—we had chick'n-pie nex' day.

ENGAGEMENT THRILLS.

("WAITING FOR THE RING.")

TUDOR JENKS.

SPEAKER: YOUNG LADY, engaged to be married.

SCENE: Lady's sitting-room. YOUNG LADY seated in easy-chair with feet on footstool leaning back as if reveling in comfort and thoughts.

O H, how silly he did look! How silly he did look! A great, broad-shouldered young fellow like Raymond to get down on his knees before little me, and to beg that [*imitating*] he might call me his own! And yet it was lovely of him, too. So many of them—[*Breaks off abruptly, with reminiscent smile.*]

I do like romance; it does make books seem so real. Why, when I was listening to Raymond it was just like getting to that delicious last chapter where all the love-making comes, without any of the trouble of wading through the horrid descriptions and character-stuff. Not that I do read much of that, anyhow. Those writing-persons could save themselves an awful lot of work if they knew what *I* read of their old books. Of course, you have to gallop through some of it—enough to know whether the hero is tall and dark and raven-haired, and kind of melancholy grand, you know, or whether he's the blond Hercules kind, that is going to have things his own way because he's big and strong and fighty—like Raymond.

I must say it's nice to have a good strong man around the house. I'd just hate to marry a smart young man with a bulging forehead who couldn't shove the piano around when you wanted it put into the middle of the room for a musicale or an afternoon tea. Raymond has just elegant shoulders! I saw a prize-fighter once, and I believe his coat would have fitted Raymond without a bit of making over.

And to see a man like that on his knees before you! Well, it's like a novel, or a play. It gives you thrills—don't you know? I remember one play where the hero—it was elegant Fitzmorrice,

the one all the girls went wild over the year I came out—where he used to propose to the heroine just after he'd thrown the blacksmith out of the window. That was a scene, I tell you! I wish I could act like Fitzmorrice. [*Lowering voice and imitating.*] “Miss Radcliffe—Blanche!—forgive me for this act of violence in *your* presence. Alas! I fear that you will think me a ruffianly fellow, coarse and insensitive to the higher, nobler——” [*Breaks off, and resumes own voice.*] Why, when Raymond got down on his knees this afternoon I couldn't get Fitzmorrice out of my head for a moment. It was just like a play. Oh, I wish he'd do it all over again! What a good idea!—maybe he would, if I refused him. And next time I could do my own part ever so much better. I acted like a little fool, I really did. Just think of my saying—I blush when I think of it, but I really didn't think then, and I said [*laughs hysterically*—I said, “This is so sudden.” How I came to be such a ninny I don't know; but I suppose it was reading it so often in newspaper jokes. He must have thought me a regular fool. For it wasn't so 'specially sudden, you know; rather slow than otherwise. The idea of his asking me if I had seen the conservatory! Why, it *is* a proposal to ask a girl to visit the conservatory with you. No man would ever go so far as *that* unless he had the most serious intentions.

In fact, when we got there, we found that odious Miss Anderson showing the orchids to Van Sutphen, who knows about as much about orchids as he does about—well, about anything. So, then, Raymond had to ask me whether I knew what a pretty view there was from the billiard-room, and then we had to drop all the pretty things we had thought up about flowers, and get ready to talk about landscapes. When we reached the billiard-room, there was a couple in each window, and Raymond was so mad I heard him say something sudden to himself.

I think it's only fair to help a man sometimes—if it's the *right* man, of course; and so then I asked whether he didn't think it would be pleasanter out on the piazza. You should have seen the poor boy's gratitude; you would have thought he was a shipwrecked mariner, perishing for a piazza. So off we went, neither

of us saying a word, for *he* was thinking what he'd say, and I was wondering whether we'd run into any more people.

It was really funny, but when we opened the door to go outside, we saw a maid sweeping, and we had to go back again.

"It's really too chilly to go outside," I remarked; and Raymond said he thought so too, and when, in despair, I led the way to the library, he followed like a lamb. I didn't say a thing. It was too absurd! When I build my house, I shall have a proposing-room for young lovers, and it shall always be ready.

There was nobody in the library, but we had been so bothered that Raymond was in no mood for proposing just then, and so we sat down before the fire and talked about books and things. I believe he asked me whether I was fond of reading, and I told him that it depended. Of course, there were some books I liked, and some I didn't. And he said that it was queer, but that he was just like me in that, and he liked some books a great deal better than others, and others not so well. Then I said I thought as he did, and that some girls seemed to read anything that came along. He said Thackeray was a little cynical at times; and from that we began to talk about love-stories. He said he used to think them silly, but that was before—before he met me. So then I asked him what difference that made, and then he was fairly started.

Oh, the silly things that boy said! But when he fairly went down on his knees to me, then I knew it was *real*.

So now we're engaged, I suppose, though I can't realize it. When I put on the ring—oh, I do think an engagement-ring is just the very sweetest thing in the whole wide world! [*Bell rings.*] Here it is, I'm sure, now I'll *know* I'm engaged.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—"good-bye for aye and aye." And I put her hands off harshly, and turned my face away; And conscience, smitten sorely, returned not from that day. But a time came when my spirit grew weary of its pace; And I cried: "Come back, my conscience, and I long to see thy face."

But conscience cried: "I cannot; remorse sits in my place."

—*Dunbar.*

PROBLEM IN BOY TRAINING.

 E. HARRIET PALMER.

SPEAKER: IRISH WOMAN.

SCENE: O'BRIEN home.

WELL, if iver 'I go-o a thravelin' aga-ain, Pathrick O'Brien, wuth thot bye av you-ers, 'twill be whin he's manny a year oldther than he is at the prisint toime.

An' phwat's the matther wuth Patsy? Hear the mon ast the fulish question! Luke at the black oye av him! Behould the rags his clothes are rajuced to! Sa-ay the bruises on his bare ligs, as big as yer fist, an' tell me, pra-ay, phwat has baycome av his other shoe an' stockin'? If ye have oyes in yer hid, Pathrick O'Brien, ye can sa-ay enough the matther, wuth me a-sa-ayin' niver a wur-red.

Sure, it's yersilf that shpiles the bye. Ivery wan is talkin' about it. Here yez are now, a-comfortin' an' a-coddlin' him, whin yez ought to be a-wallopin' him instid. Whin yez wants him to go-o on a thrip aga-ain, ye can ta-ake him yersilf.

To begin at the furrest av it, ye kno-ows I niver wanted to ta-ake him wuth me the da-ay. Yez insisted, an' he tazed, till at lasht I consinted.

We had no sooner lift the house than me throubles began. Whin I rached the shtrate, Patsy had dishappeared around the corner. Whin I got round the corner, he wus at the shta-ation. Whin I arrived at the shta-ation, he wus undther the front wha-ales av the ca-ar. I pulled him out av that, an' he clum up on the lo-ocy-mo-otive. Whin I got him aga-ain, I jer-ruked him abo-oard the ca-ar, an' thaught I had him sa-afe fer a mo-oment. I wus lukin' round to sa-ay if there wus anny wan I kno-owed abo-oard an' in a second that Patsy wuz gone. I found him in the schmokin'-ca-ar, an' whin I got him back, I set him down har-rud, an' tould him to shtay there. So he did fer a minute, phwile the thrain shtarted. Thin, all av a suddint he jumped up, an' before I could shtop him, he wus a kissin' the top of the hid av a bald-headed man, occupyin' the sa-ate in front av us. Ivery wan that saw the

parfarmance, laffed, av coorse. I gives Patsy a sha-ake, an' he sa-ayed, as loud as he could:

"I couldn't hel-lup it. It looked so nice an' clane."

Thin, av coorse, ivery wan bur-rest out laffin' aga-ain, an' the bald-headed man got as red as a beet, an' grabbed his hat an' wint off into the schmokin'-ca-ar. I shlapped Patsy, an' tould him that whin I got him ho-ome I'd have ye larrup him. Sure, he jist laffed in me fa-ace. Wuth that he jumped over the back av the sa-ate, an' wint a shtruttin' down the oile av the ca-ar, he purtinden he wanted a dur-rink av wather. He got it. He shpilled it all over his new toie. Thin he came back a shwingin' on the backs of the sa-ates, an' a shtarin' in the fa-aces of the pa-able, till I wus that ashamed that I didn't know what to do. Mrs. O'Flaugherty wus a settin' opposite to me. She took her thirteen-year-old Mary Ann on her lap, an' tould her to scrooge down shmall an' kape shtill till the conducthor wint by. Just thin him an' Patsy come long thegither.

"How ould is the little gur-rel?" sa-ays he.

"Sure she's foive," sa-ays Mrs. O'Flaugherty, as bould as brass.

The conducthor wus a pas-sin' on, thinkin' nothin' at all about it, whin that Patsy bawls out:

"Naw, she's not. She's thirteen. She tould me so yisterday. Her ma, she's a-lyin'."

Well, yez aught to ha' seen Mrs. O'Flaugherty's fa-ace. It tur-rend ivery color av the ra-ain-bow.

Always a-laffin' at that bye, whin yez should be a-wallopin' him? That's the wa-ay yer a-shpilin' him.

Well, she had to pa-ay Mary Ann's fare, av coorse. All the pa-able in the ca-ar laffed aga-ain, an' Patsy thought he had done somethin' shma-art. "Jist ye wa-ait till I gets ye ho-ome," sa-ays I, "I'll ta-ache ye to be moindin' other pa-able's business."

He clum up to the windy thin, an' all the toime he shtayed there I had to hang on to the sa-ate av his pants to lape him from fallin' out. Thin whin he got toired av that he shlid down to the flure, an' put his head aga-ainst me knee. He samed so quiet an' shwate, I thaught he had-gone to shlope. He had not. He wus

jist a-layin' there, an' a-ra-achin' undther the sa-ate, an' a-shta-alin' ca-ake an' jelly from a basket there. It belonged to the la-ady behind us. She wus a-tellin' me av her sick sister, an' how she had be-en a-ba-akin' good things to ta-ake to her. The mo-oment Patsy got up, I kno-owed. His fa-ace was all shtuck up with the jelly. The la-ady did not ta-ake notice, an' I tur-rend me back to her, an' loked out av the windy.

I sint Patsy to wash his fa-ace. As he come back, he shtopped before a thin la-ady with very prommynint ta-athe.

"I want to kno-ow," sa-ays he, "wuz yez bor-ren with all thim ta-athe in yer mouth?"

The pure la-ady kind av colored up, an' tuk Patsy up in her lap, an' tal-luked to him that swate it braught the tears to me oyes. She tould him shtories, an' I heered her sa-ay, that she wus toired av havin' ta-athe that attracted so much attintion. She wus on her wa-ay to the occylist's to have them extracted.

From the mo-oment we left that ca-ar, an' set fut in the town, till I wus boardin' it aga-ain to come ho-ome, I niver set eyes on that bye. I wus gettin' on the ca-ar, nigh about cra-azy, whin a big policeman come up, an' sa-ays, "Here, mum, here's yer bye. He's fit half the kids in town, an' I wus fer puttin' him in the lockup, but he begged so pitiful fer his ma that I brought him to the thrain. It's lucky fer yez that ye gets him back aloive."

Sure, Pathrick, I wus so glad to see him aga-ain, an' find he wus not killed that I niver said a wur-red.

I thought he would be so toired out wid his pranks that I should have pa-ace at lasht. Niver wus I more mishtaken. Whin we got to the shta-ation, on our wa-ay ho-ome, it wus dar-ruk as pitch. He wus off loike a flash. Father McGinnis happened to be aboard, an' he wus condescendin' enough to wal-luk along wuth me. He wus a-tal-lukin' that gur-rand about the shtars, an' a-lukin' up at the skoy, an' pa-ayin' no attintion to where he wus a-goin', an'—well—that Patsy! He jist laid himself down in the road, cross-a-wa-ays. Jist where the father would wal-luk. Av coorse, he thripped on him. Av coorse, he went shprawlin' right on to his fat shtomic'. Right into the big mud puddle, just beyant the

ga-ate. Think of that, Pathrick! Thrown down by yer own bye! When the father got up, an' I heerd phwat he sa-ayed, I thaught I should sink through the earth. He wint afther Patsy. Patsy wus quicker nor him an' hid behint the house. The father followed, an' fell arms farhinst him in the barrel o' soft soap I'm makin'! Arrah, it's disgraced forever we be, an' all because ye're chicken-hearted, an' I'm hen-hearted, an' that imp of a boy of ours, he's—he's a regular rooster.

W'EN THE KITTLE'S ON THE BILE.

EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

I'M a man thet's fond o' music, an' w'en folks are not eround, I kin make our old accorjun squeak a mighty takin' sound; An' thet banjer hangin' yander, with its gentle plink, plank, plink, 'Pyears to git plumb at the bottom o' the deepes' thoughts I think.

Does me heaps o' good on Sundays 'fore the pray'r at church is said,

Jes' to stand an' hyear "Old Hundred" soarin' fur up overhead! An' I 'most kin spy the angels leanin' 'crost the gate up thar, W'en old Abrum Blackburn's darter leads us in "Sweet Your o' Pray'r."

But ef you shu'd want to see me we'n I hev my broades' smile, You must ketch me in the kitchen, w'en the kittle's on the bile! Fer I claim thar ain't no warblin' ever riz on red-birds' wings Thet kin holt a taller candle to the song the kittle sings.

Seems ez ef my soul gits meller in the kittle's first sweet note, Till I fancy weddin'-music screakin' f'om the iron th'oot. Sech times, ef I squent my eyes up, I kin fahly 'pyear to see Old man Abrum Blackburn's darter smilin' thoo the steam at me!

SKEPTICAL CHICKEN.

SPEAKER: RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

S HALL a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
This problem's very heavy on my mind;
And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;
I won't be blinded, and I won't be blind!
Now, let me see:
First, I would know how did I get in there?
Then, where was I of yore?
Besides, why didn't I get out before?
Dear me!

Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more),
Enough to give me pip upon the brain!

But let me think again!
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.

Of course, I couldn't! How could I have lain—
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings—

In there?
I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),
What I can't understand I won't believe!

Where did I come from, then? Ah, where indeed?
This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.

I have it! Why, of course,
All things are molded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,

Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.

There now!

That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?

My mother cackling at me—just her way,

So prejudiced and ignorant, I say,

So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I can't revere.

Hark at her. "You're a silly chick, my dear,

That's quite as plain, alack!

As is the piece of shell upon your back!"

How bigoted! Upon my back, indeed!

I don't believe it's there;

For I can't see it; and I do declare,

For all her fond deceivin',

What I can't see I never will believe in!

I AM AN ACTOR.

WHO am I, gentlemen? I am Alexander the Great; I am a doge, a king, a councilor, a lackey. I am the constable who seizes the beggar; nay, I am the beggar seized by the constable. I feast, starving. I starve, feasting. Beware of me, for I am a rogue, a swaggering roysterer, with hat a-cock and bilbo ready. A rogue, said I? Nay, a highwayman, a housebreaker, a murderer. But take heart. I am the best of men. I love good, I give purses, I bless all. Yet do I curse freely, and, purses notwithstanding, I am but a greedy, griping, grasping, miserly curmudgeon, who would die in the dark to save a farthing rush-light. I die thrice a night, but they bury me not! Nay, I am a ghost with none to lay me, and yet no ghost, but a very observable and most mortal man, with a pretty taste in flagons and an eye for a plump wench. I command, I obey. I am rich, nay, I am poor. I am proud and humble. I laugh, and I weep. I am everybody. I am nobody. Go to, I am a bundle of contradictions, a mass of incongruities. Here today, gone tomorrow. A thing of no moment, a breath, a puff-ball,—a gossamer,—good sirs, I am an *actor*!

EVERY CAT HAS HIS NIGHT.

ANTHONY EUWER.

SPEAKER: FANTASTIC PHILOSOPHER.

CATS is different from horses because they have kittens. The reason they make most noise at night is because in the daytime there's so much else goin' on that people won't listen to them.

Cats talk to each other by mewin', from whence we get the word "commewinicat." Some gets what's called "cataleapsy," and when very joyous jump themselves into the surroundin' atmosphere. Purrin' indicates the state of happiness of the purrer. Plain purrin' means they've got no particular objection to anything so long as they're 'lowed to purr—but you've got to look out for over sixty purrs a minute 'cause that means their pleasure's rousin', and that cataleapsy's settin' in unless they're saddened sufficient in time.

Some comes and rubs against you, which means will you scratch them where they itch, while others is so mean all through, they like lots better scratchin' you. The cat's a four-legged quadruped—not countin' his tail. No cat has five legs.

Cats are different breeds, accordin' to their dispositions. When they have very deep feelin's they're called feline cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorrie cats. Angorrie cats ush'ly go round with Angorrie goats, but you can't see their goats till you get them. Cats has saved the entire lives of infants by not allowin' them to swaller their fur and ticklin' 'em to death. Cats are very musical, bein' filled with viclin strings coiled up inside 'em.

Some cats is very bigoted in their religions. Now, Anti-baptists, they don't believe in allowin' themselves to be drowned if they can help it. Course, killin' cats is considered unlucky—spesh'ly by cats. Then there is Roaminists, that don't believe in stayin' in the same place longer than they have to. Roosevelt cats believe in havin' lots of children providin' you keep 'em all in one place; and then there's Mormon cats, who believe in havin' lots of wives providin' you keep 'em all separated.

Some's always lickin' at their fur and some's not so particular. Some likes to lick everything in sight and some won't even lick themselves. Course then they've got to be cleaned—either dry-cleaned or soused. Soused cats is different from soused mackerel because they come in tubs.

Cats has wonderful bumps of directions and can tell which way the earth is no matter how far they've been fallin' frum. Chinese sailors used to use cats instead of compasses, the cat bein' placed on the behind end of the boat, and whichever way he pointed his tail, they steered their ships. Course, sometimes the ship was wrecked, but that wasn't the cat's fault, because sometimes the wind would blow his tail different frum the way he had it pointin'.

The 'Gyptians was very fond of cats; sometimes they jest worshipped them, and often cats was found the color of red sacks that they kept coffee in, and these was called sack-red cats and was buried alive with the dead kings and things as a great honor.

Cats are very proud of their catilage and would rather be taken for cats than almost anything else. That's why they don't bark, 'cause they're afraid they might be taken for dogs. Some New York cats are of very high descent. I knew one that was descended from the top of a sixty-seven story building. Every time he had an engagement he had to start out the day before. Sometimes he'd get up so early in the mornin' he'd meet himself comin' back at night.

The pole-cat doesn't live very long, because he usually howls all through the night, and as the nights are six months long at the Pole he's pretty near dead by mornin'.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot. What is it that looks like a cat and has a tail like a cat, and makes a noise like a cat and walks jest like a cat, but 'tisin't a cat? It's a kitten. Uncle Ben says kittens always put him in mind of wounded soldiers the way they're both born in litters. Some people believe in drownin' kittens before their eyes is open so's they won't be able to recognize their murderers if they should meet 'em in another world.

Every dog has his day, and that's why cats take the night. Mew! Good-night!

COLORED ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

SPEAKER: COLORED WOMAN.

PLACE: Southern Lady's Room.

MISS LUCY, 'fore Gawd dat man, dat 'Nesimus, ought a been named Sapphire, arter dat big liar een de Testament. Fo' he des nuttin' but a deceiver, Miss Lucy, a reg'lar deceiver. He done deceive me arter we been married twenty yeahs!

Now, Miss Lucy, honey, doan you try to 'scuse dat rapscaillon, kase I gwine tell you all about it, an' you can des pintedly judge fo' yo'self. It all come ob dat gingerbread nigger fum New York, dat sarpint Lucinda, Miss Lucy. Nigger! Dat gal ain't good 'nough to be call "nigger." She des a freckle piece ob yaller mischief, des a blood mixture ob pure meanness! She de one got up dat bawl masky.

Maybe some ob dem young folks thought to enjoy dat thing, some dat ain't no thoughts 'ceptin' on foolishness. But de onliest reason folks like myse'f went into it, wuz kase we seed dem young ones would need steadyin'. Dat gingerbread gal she gin out, des lak she wuz runnin' de whole thin', dat ever'body mus' go een character. I say, "Look here, woman, I got my character wid me all de time. I let you know, I doan hab to go dressin' up to prove it, needer." But she des laugh an' say, in dat aggravatin', superior way ob hers, "Deah me, Aunt Austria, we des mean fancy characters, lak somp'n out ob Shakespere," she says. An' I say, "Doan you 'aunt' me, Lucinda! I ain't got a wrinkle in mer face ef I is been married twenty yeahs, an' yo' temples is full ob crow's-foot kase ob dem plasters you sleeps in ebbery night."

It's a fac', Miss Lucy. Dat yaller gal puts cole-cream on her face ebbery night twell she des lak a fly in a milk-jug. But dat ain't whut I wuz tellin'. Well, honey, dat gal kep' on twell ever'body agree to come in fancy, lak dey wuz some one else, an' folks began suggestin' costumes. Dat Lucinda, she say to me in dat

gigly voice ob hers (I des pintedly hates a gigly voice—I druther heah a owl), she says:

“Mis’ Nelson, you kin come as Night, kase yo’ face plenty wide an’ black to persent it, an’ I’ll len’ yo’ some spangle stars to pas’e on it.”

“Miss Lucy, dat gal ain’t no older dan my July! I wuz des goin’ to slap her face when she slide off somewheres else, an’ I nebber see her twell de night ob de bawl masky. We wuz to weah our masques tell twelve o’clock, an’ den teke ’em off an’ hab supper.

Whut did I go as? Honey, I wuz des lubly! I went as Charity, an’, ob co’sse, representin’ a religious subjec’, I had to dress to suit. So I got out mer weddin’-gownd an’ I put a piece een de front (bless Gawd it had to run fum de collar all de way down—I useter be sech a slip ob a thin’), an’ den I buyed a long piece ob white skeeter-net an’ fasten it down de back, droppin’ fum mer head lak er vail. But ’Nesimus he ’say folks gwine teke it fo’ a bride’s costume ’cept I put on sompin’ mo’ sanctified on it, an’ so I git some silver paper, and July, she dat smart wid her needle, she mek me de beautifullest pair ob wings an’ stick ’em on mer shoulders.

’Nesimus he wouldn’t tell me whut he gwine weah tell de las’ minute, an’ den, when I wuz waitin’ fo’ him, July an’ me bofe raidy, in come dat nigger een de most outrageous dress you ebber dream about! I mos’ shame to excribe it. Miss Lucy, honey, dat man, who had allers been a ’spectable man, had on a long colored garment shape sorter lak a chemise, an’ he call it a toga! De shape wuz bad enough, but whut wuz wuss still dat gyarment nebber come funder dan de knees. Bofe dem bandy laigs ob his’n wuz dressed in a pa’r ob my berry best stockin’s—an’ dat wuz all! He had two leetle bits ob b’od tied to de bottoms ob his feets. He done punched holes thoo de b’ods an’ run some ob July’s ribbon thoo de holes to fasten roun’ his ankles. De toga wuz low neck an’ short sleeves—now, Miss Lucy, ef you gwine laugh—weell, I doan blame ye!

He done had de decency to cover up his arms wid some sort ob skin-tight stuff. Fo’ Gawd, Miss Lucy, he didn’t hab no hat.

Nuttin' but a green ribbon, a green ribbon, ef you please, tied spang 'round de middle ob his forehead! I come mos' near faintin', but I 'membered in time dat I couldn't scrush dem wings, an' so I roused merse'f.

"De irascibility ob you appearance," I says, "is simply appalin'! 'Nesimus, whut does dis mean? Is yo' crazy, nigger?"

"Doan you call me nigger," he says. "No, I ain't crazy, an' my character is quite as 'storical as yours. I is Antony."

"Now, who ebber heah tell ob sich a man as dat? Antony! Who under de yearth wuz Antony dat you teke him as 'scuse fo' mekkin' yo'se'f sich a objec' as dat?"

Miss Lucy, dat man des look down at hisse'f an' simper! I do b'lieve he thought dem laigs wuz a fine sight. "Antony," he say, "wuz de nobles' Roman ob dem all, an' he dress des lak dis. I am goin' in character an' I got to copy de costume exact."

"Nesimus," I say, "you heah me! You go an' put on a pa'r ob trousers under dat toga, else nary step eeder ob us will stir. You can weah a toga for a top coat ef you a mind to, but you doan go nowhar in dem laigs—dat you doan!"

We git dar on good time, weahin' our masques, an' I will say some ob dem niggers wuz mos' as bad a sight as 'Nesimus, so dat nobody respesially noticed him. Some ob de costumes wuz lubly. Ginerally you couldn't tell who wuz who. My pardner in de square dance wuz dressed up to represent de debbil, an' he wuz a horri-fyin' sight. I didn't want to hab nuttin' to do wid him, but he say, "Charity allers gits as clost to wicke'ness as she kin, so's to look all de whiter." An' he would set by me.

But dancin' or nuttin', I wuz bound to keep an eye on 'Nesimus. I done cautioned July to do de same an' report ef he wuz gittin' into mischief. An' sure 'nough, jest half a hour befo' unmaskin' time she whisper me to go out on de po'ch an' I went.

Dar wuz 'Nesimus an' dar wuz dat sarpint fum New York. I knowed her, yes, I did, do' she wuz all scaryfied up wid ornaments an' had a paper snake quoiled roun' one arm. Dat snake give me a turn, it wuz so nat'ral. But de nex' minute I forgit de snake, fo' I heah 'Nesimus sayin',

"Las! De tearin' moon
Is now eclipsed, an' it pretends alone
De fall of Antony!"

I couldn't mek nuttin' ob dat, so I des listen' an' she say—

"Not know me yet?"

An' I say to merse'f, "Ef he doan know you, I does, an' I'se gwine mek you know me fo' I gits done!" Den det owdacious 'Nesimus he ansah:

"Cole-hearted to'rds meh?"

Wid dat, dat yaller sarpint strike a attitude so dat dem bits ob glass she wearin' shimmer an' snatch de light, an' she say:

"Ah, deah, ef I be so
Fum my cole heart let hebben gadder hail
And pizon it!"

Now, Miss Lucy, I axes you, I des axes you, ef you ebber heah de equal ob dat? I bounce up an' I say, "Pizen! Pizen too good fo' you, you sarpint!" An' I teah de masque fum her face, an' dar she stand—de very yaller meanness I thought she wuz. I wuz des about to set my nails in her face,—yes, I wuz, Miss Lucy!—I couldn't he'p it, thinkin' all she'd done to 'Nesimus,—when dat man caught my hands an' he say:

"Austria, fo' de lub ob heaven, don't! 'Twas jes a cotation," he says. "It didn't come offen my tongue ner hers."

I wuz des pintedly speechless at dat nigger's brass. But he go on: "Deed, an' deed, Austria, 'twas jes to keep in character. She said ef I learn de piece she would dance wid me, an' she wrote it out fo' me." I gadder dat Charity dress roun' me an' I could feel dem wings shakin' wid rage, an' I say:

"Ef you reckon a lie lak dat gwine he'p you, 'Nesimus, you powerful mistaken. Nebber you darken my do' again, 'Nesimus! I done been a good wife to you dese twenty yeahs, an' to heah you talkin' lak dat to dis copper-colored sinner is mo' dan I ebber will bear. Dem speeches wuz no cotations. Dem wuz you own words! Doan you nebber come neah me again!"

By dis time dere wuz a crowd round us an' dat yaller gal wuz tryin' to sneak away, but I caught holt to her fine dress an' I says, "I leab you to her, 'Nesimus. I leab you to fin' out whedder

a Yankee nigger gwine suppo't a husban' as I has done! Look at dem trousers you didn't want to weah—de bes' ob broadcloth! Will she furnish you wid clo'es lak dem, I axe? Go long," I say; "go lib in togas, an' when de winter comes wid yo' laigs stickin' out in de cole den you remember Austria."

What dat you say, Miss Lucy? 'Nesimus didn't lie? Dem words is writ out in a book call' "Antony and Cleopatry?" Miss Lucy, honey, you is Gawd's own angel! Dey wuz des repeatin' it, same lak de chillern do wid deir Friday pieces at school? Des mekkin' b'lieve dey wuz dem two folks een de book? An' dat sarpint is gone, you say, gone back to New York as Mis' Schuyler's maid? An' 'Nesimus baig you to explain? Oh, Miss Lucy, I des pintedly shame ob merse'f! Do' I say dis, ef dat 'Nesimus go to a bawl masky again, I gwine bus' he haid open—I is!

IN APPLE-TIME.

ERNEST NEAL LYON.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

IN apple-pickin', years ago, my father'd say to me, "There's jest a few big fellows, Jim, away up in the tree. You shinny up 'n' git 'em, don't let any of 'em fall, Fur fallen fruit is skersely wuth the getherin' at all." Then I'd climb up to the very top o' that old apple-tree, 'N' find them apples waitin'.—My! What bouncin' ones they'd be! 'N', with the biggest in my mouth, I'd clamber down again, 'N' if I tore my pantaloons, it didn't matter—then!

Sence then, in all my ups 'n' downs 'n' travelin' around I never saw good apples, boys, a-lyin' on the ground. Sometimes, of course, they look all right—the outside may be fair; But when you come to sample 'em, you'll find a worm-hole there. Then leave behind the wind-fall, 'n' fruit on branches low. The crowd gits smaller all the time the higher up you go. The top has many prizes that are temptin' you 'n' me, But if we want to taste 'em, we've got to climb the tree!

MR. DOOLEY ON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

FINDLAY P. DUNNE.

SPEAKER: IRISHMAN.

[From "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War," by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. Copyright, 1898, 1899, by Small, Maynard & Co.]

'T IS a bad spell iv weather we're havin'? Faith, it is, or else we mind it more thin we did. I can't remimber wan day fr'm another. Whin I was young, I niver thought iv rain or snow, cold or heat. But now th' heat stings, an' th' cold wrenches me bones; an', if I go out in th' rain with less on me thin a ton iv rubber, I'll pay dear f'r it in achin' j'int's, so I will. That's what old age means; an' now another year has been put on to what we had before, an' we're expected to be gay. "Ring out th' old," says a guy at th' Brothers' School. "Ring out th' old, ring in th' new," he says. "Ring out th' false, ring in th' thrue," says he. It's a pretty sintimint, but how ar-re we goin' to do it? Nawthin'd please me betther thin to turn me back on th' wicked an' inglorious past, rayform me life, an' live at peace with th' wurruld to th' end iv me days. But how th' divvle can I do it? As th' fellow says, "Can th' leopard change his spots," or can't he?

You know Dorsey, iv course, th' cross-eyed May-o man that come to this counthry about wan day in advance iv a warrant f'r sheep-stealin'? Ye know what he done to me, tellin' people I was caught in me cellar poorin' wather into a bar'l? Well, last night says I to mesilf, thinkin' iv Dorsey, I says: "I swear that henceforth I'll keep me temper with me fellow-men. I'll not let anger or jealousy get th' betther iv me," I says. "I'll lave off all me old feuds; an', if I meet me inimy goin' down th' sthreet, I'll go up an' shake him be th' hand, if I'm sure he hasn't a brick in th' other hand." Oh, I was mighty complimenthry to mesilf. I set be th' stove dhrinkin' hot wans, an' ivry wan I dhrunk made me more iv a pote. 'Tis th' way with th' stuff. Whin I'm in dhrink, I have manny a fine thought; an' if I wasn't too comfortable to go an' look f'r th' ink-bottle, I cud write pomes that'd make Shakespeare

an' Mike Scanlan think they were wur-rkin' on a dredge. "Why," says I, "carry into th' new year th' hathreds iv th' old?" I says. "Let th' dead past bury its dead," says I. "Tur-rn ye'er lamps up to th' blue sky," I says. (It was rainin' like th' divvle, an' th' hour was midnight; but I give no heed to that, bein' comfortable with th' hot wans.) An' I wint to th' dure, an', whin Mike Duffy come by on number wan hunderd an' five, ringin' th' gong iv th' ca-ar, I hollered to him: "Ring out th' old, ring in th' new." "Go back into ye'er stall," he says, "an' wring ye-ersilf out," he says. "Ye'er wet through," he says.

Whin I woke up this mornin', th' pothry had all disappeared, an' I began to think th' las' hot wan I took had somethin' wrong with it. Besides, th' lumbago was grippin' me till I cud hardly put wan foot before th' other. But I remimbered me promises to mesilf, an' I wint out on th' sthreet, intindin' to wish ivry wan a "Happy New Year," an' hopin in me hear-rt that th' first wan I wished it to'd tell me to go to th' divvle, so I cud hit him in th' eye. I hadn't gone half a block before I spied Dorsey acrost th' sthreet. I picked up a half a brick an' put it in me pocket, an' Dorsey done th' same. Thin we wint up to each other. "A Happy New Year," says I. "Th' same to you," says he, "an' manny iv thim," he says. "Ye have a brick in ye'er hand," says I. "I was thinkin' iv givin' ye a New Year's gift," says he. "Th' same to you, an' manny iv thim," says I, fondlin' me own ammunition. "'Tis even all around," says he. "It is," says I. "I was thinkin' las' night I'd give up me gredge again ye," says he. "I had th' same thought mesilf," says I. "But, since I seen ye'er face," he says, "I've con-cluded that I'd be more comfortable hatin' ye thin havin' ye f'r a frind," says he. "Ye're a man iv taste," says I. An' we backed away fr'm each other. He's a Tip, an' can throw a stone like a rifleman; an' I'm somethin' iv an amachoor shot with a half-brick mesilf.

Well, I've been thinkin' it over, an' I've argied it out that life'd not be worth livin' if we didn't keep our inimies. I can have all th' frinds I need. Anny man can that keeps a liquor sthore. But a rale sthrong inimy, specially a May-o inimy,—wan that hates ye

ha-ard, an' that ye'd take th' coat off yer back to do a bad tur-rn to,—is a luxury that I can't go without in me ol' days. Dorsey is th' right sort. I can't go by his house without bein' in fear he'll spill th' chimbly down on me head; an', whin he passes my place, he walks in th' middle iv th' sthreet, an' crosses himself. I'll swear off on annything but Dorsey. He's a good man, an' I despise him. Here's a long life to him.

LITTLE STITCHER.

SPEAKER: SMALL GIRL.

I'M learning how to sew, and I'm eager to learn;
 I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
 I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
 And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
 It's over-and-over, do you know
 How over-and-over stitches go?

I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge
 And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
 It has Greenaway children on it, stepping staidly by a hedge;
 I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
 And that is the way I learn to hem
 With hemming stitches,—do you know them?

Next, I shall learn to run and darn, and backstitch, too, I guess;
 It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 'twasn't for the thread.
 But the knots keep coming; and, besides, I shall have to confess,
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off and use my thumb instead.
 When your thread knots, what do you do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?

My papa, he's a great, big man, as much as six feet high;
 He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
 Well, he can't sew, he can't begin to sew as well as I!
 If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back.
 You mustn't think me proud, you know,
 But I'm seven, and I can sew!

SAMSONALIS AND ITS DEMONSTRATOR.

ELENE FOSTER.

SPEAKER: WOMAN DEMONSTRATOR.

SCENE: Department Store. On imaginary counter are imaginary dish with samples of food, packages of food in ornamental piles, gas-stove with kettle of hot water. DEMONSTRATOR is alert behind counter watching for customers. As a lady approaches, DEMONSTRATOR leans eagerly forward and speaks.

WE are giving away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Samsonalis, twenty-five cents a package, and one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps thrown in.

[Leans forward still more and smiles enticingly.]

Will you try it, madam? *[Stands erect, takes saucer and spoon.]* How will you have it? With cream and sugar or without? Hot or cold? *[Offers dish with spoon in it to customer—watches her eat a moment.]* Yes, ma'am, that is the beauty of Samsonalis—you can prepare it in forty-nine different ways, and any one of them makes an elegant dish.

[Turns suddenly to other end of counter.]

Hullo, Annie! Say, I ain't seen you for an age! You're lookin' fine. Wait 2 minute, will you?

[Turns to customer and speaks earnestly.]

If anybody understood how to use Samsonalis, they could give a course dinner of dishes made from it. It makes lovely soup. You wouldn't believe it, but boiled up with milk and seasoned with celery-salt, it tastes most like cream of celery. Then you can mix it with salt fish and make fish-balls. A lady that was in here yesterday—a lovely lady she is, too; lives in Newark—well, she told me that she puts cheese and nuts with it, and covers it with salad-dressin', and it makes up a fine salad. She says nobody'd know what they're eatin'. There ain't no end to the desserts that you can make with it.

[Smiles patronizingly at customer—waits a moment—then turns to ANNIE.]

How's Jim, Annie?—Ah, go on! You can't bluff me. I see you at the Berkeley Square Theatre with him last Tuesday night.

[Turns suddenly to customer—waves hand.]

One minute, lady. I was tellin' you about desserts; you can make anything from plum-pudd'n' down—you won't take a package? Good-morning!

[Turns to ANNIE again, as if disgusted.]

Seen Sue lately? Say, she's got a fine job. Well, I'm glad of it. Anybody as homely as her deserves to have something to make up for it.

[Moves to another customer—urgently speaks.]

Like to try it, madam? Will you have it as a breakfast dish, as a "food for infants and invalids," as a "dainty bite between meals," or as a "real dessert"? You can try it, anyway, and it won't cost you a cent.

[Does up package, takes money, hands goods to customer—turns to ANNIE.]

Say, Annie, it's good you left. It's terrible here; the boss give us all new books that you have to put down your whole family history in; they'd make you tired. Do you like your place?

[Turns smilingly to new customers. Offers saucers of the food.]

I am givin' away free samples of Samsonalis, the new breakfast food. Walk right up, ladies! Did you like it, madam? Have a package for ten cents? Well, you are the first one that ain't liked the taste of it. Must be something wrong with your taste, then; you had better see the doctor. Everybody thinks it is elegant.

[Turns to ANNIE.]

Say, Annie, see that woman! She comes in here every day for her lunch, and she never bought so much as a ten-cent package.

She's got sense, though. She knows where she can get the most fillin' free lunch. She goes right by the "Gelatino" and the "Salad-dressin'" and the substitute for coffee, and comes straight for Samsonalis.

[Turns and glares off front—then wears hypocritical smile.]

How do you do? I was jest tellin' my friend that you like Samsonalis so well that you come in here every noon to get some. I ain't givin' away no samples now. My! ain't you improved since you've been eatin' Samsonalis reg'lar! You look years younger than you did two weeks ago. Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis, would be real pleased to get a picture of you before and after usin'; it would be a fine "ad" for him. Can't I sell you a package today? No, I ain't givin' away no free samples today—I'd advise you try the Barlilio coffee at the next stand. I should say that is jest what you want. The sign says that it is "a great nerve-maker."

[Stares boldly at customer—turns away with a smile.]

There! I guess that will keep her for a while. Have some, Annie? Well, I don't blame you.

[Turns to another prospective customer.]

Try a sample, madam?

[Gives sample in saucer to customer. Turns to ANNIE.]

Don't go, Annie.

[Turns smilingly to customer.]

There you are. Don't that taste like pop-corn and Injun-pudd'n' and molasses candy all boiled up together? Try a package today? We are givin' away a dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every twenty-five-cent package of Samsonalis.

[Does up package, takes money, gives change. Turns to ANNIE.]

They say that Mame is goin' to New York. Say, look at the woman with the dog. Don't that make you tired?—luggin' a dog in a store like this!

[Looks up front and speaks persuasively to people about to pass.]

Samsonalis! The new food for man and beast! Won't you try a sample, madam? That is, won't you give your dog a sample? Only twenty-five cents a package, and we give away one dollar and ten cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps with every package. Will he bite? I am scared of dogs, anyway. Don't let him get near me, will you? This is fine for them. Sorry!

[Tries persuasion on new people. Turns to one that stops.]

Here you are! Free samples of Samsonalis, the new health and breakfast food! No one should pass it by; made from pure grain and especially prepared for delicate stomachs. Good-mornin', how did your family like Samsonalis? They never tasted anything like it? I knew it. You didn't mean it that way? Well, then, you didn't prepare it accordin' to directions. How did you fix it? Boilin' water! That was jest the trouble. *Hot water* is what the directions say. Disagreed with the children? Well, I can't believe that, when the outside of every package says, "Especially recommended for children." There is a lady comes in here,—she dresses elegant, too,—and she brought up her whole family on it, six children—you'd never think she had six children. Why, she ain't got a gray hair in her head, and she don't look half as old as you do. Well, her children ain't never had a sick day in their lives, and she jest takes a cupful of Samsonalis and pours a pint of hot water—not boilin' water—on it, and there is their breakfast all ready for them—no wonder she looks young!

[Turns and winks at ANNIE—holds out hand and shakes.]

Good-by, Annie. See you tonight.

[Speaks to approaching man in appealing fashion.]

Can I give you a sample of Samsonalis, sir? No bother at all; all the gents like it. Oh, I say, you don't want to give me a swelled head. Cream and sugar, of course. Cold out, ain't it? Do you know, you look awful familiar to me. Didn't I meet you at Mame Gillespie's surprise-party? Well, ain't that strange! I was sure I had seen you before. Say, now, I know who it is you

look like; you are the dead image of Mr. Foolem, the inventor of Samsonalis. Here's his picture on the package. Now, ain't there a resemblance? Of course, your mustache is better than his—I do like a elegant mustache myself. I can put up with anything if a feller only has a nice mustache. I suppose I'm fussy—there, now try Samsonalis.

[Gives saucer to man—turns and smiles off front.]

Hullo, Min! How's Barlilio coffee goin' today? Well, I've had lots of triers, but not many buyers.

[Looks smilingly at approaching customer.]

Have a package, sir? Oh, go on, jest a ten-cent package, with forty cents' worth of green tradin'-stamps thrown in. I knew you warn't mean. Thank you! Cash! Teller! Here, girlie! I guess that kid is froze up today. Get a move on! Teller! Forty-seven! Oh, here you are. Hurry, now, with this gent's change. Do you live in town? Oh, that is a shame! I wouldn't live out of town for anything. My chum lives in Brooklyn, and when she goes to a party in town the fellers won't go near her, for fear they'll have to go home with her. I don't blame 'em. Here's your change. Twenty, twenty-five, and twenty-five is fifty.. Here's your stamps. Come in again when you're round this way. Hope your wife will like Samsonalis. How'd I know you was married? Search me! Say, are you really? Send her in, and I'll give her a sample. Ta-ta!

[Looks across at next counter.]

Say, Min, ain't he a dandy? Do you think he's married?

[Turns to approaching person.] Samsonalis, the new breakfast food! Walk right up and get a free sample.

[Turns suddenly to MR. WALKER, supposed to be approaching.]

Oh, Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker, say, can I go to lunch a half an hour early today? I got to meet my mother.

[Smiles happily as if pleased with MR. WALKER's remarks—turns to new person—prepares a saucer and gives to person.]

Hullo, baby! Ain't she cute? Have you ever fed her on Samsonalis? Madam, oh, you ought to! Have a sample? Oh, 'twon't hurt her a mite! Oh, is it? Well, I never can tell them apart. Ain't he cute? Jest crazy for Samsonalis—here, give him some. Has he got any teeth? Well, this'll help him cut them. Let him chew it awhile.

[Shouts across to next counter.]

Say, Min, ain't he cunnin'?

[Gives some to baby—then turns to new people.]

Do you like it, baby? Here you are! Samsonalis! Greatest breakfast food on the market. Walk up and try it; won't cost you a cent.

[Waves hand across to other counter.]

Say, Min, wait for me. Am I going to lunch? Great Scott! Yes! You didn't think I'd stay in and eat this sawdust, did you?

[Puts hand over mouth quickly as if she had made mistake, turns, smiles to someone behind her, then exits.]

DAT'S MY LIL' BOY.

SPEAKER: NEGRO MOTHER.

DOAN keer how he rompin' roun'—fill de house wid joy;
 Le' 'em play en have his way; dat's my li'l boy!
 Go ter school twell holiday, wid his book an' toy;
 "Beats de lan'," de teacher say—dat's my li'l boy!
 Mammy gittin' ol'; I spec' soon she'll miss de joy
 Er his a'ms eroun' her neck; good-by, li'l boy!

"NEW THOUGHT" HYMN.

I'M healed, praise God, I'm healed,
 Through consciousness I'm healed.
 Through union with the source of life,
 I'm healed, praise God, I'm healed.
 You're healed, praise God, you're healed,
 Through the great truth you're healed.
 Through God, the everlasting life,
 You're healed, praise God, you're healed.

TRAVEL BROADENS ONE SO.

SAM GAZZAM.

CHARACTER: MR3. GUSHBY, who has "done" Europe.

PLACE: Drawing-room.

O H, do tell me about your visit to London! [*Balances herself on edge of sofa and clasps hands.*] You know, I have been just dying to know what you thought of it, because you always have such clever ideas about things, and always see them the way they aren't—although, of course, there isn't anything new to say about London, unless you went where no one else ever went, and you couldn't do that when everyone has been everywhere, could you? No, indeed! I suppose it is because the 'busses are so convenient, although I must say I never saw a sign in an American street-car like: "Passengers must remove their mackintoshes before entering," and the way women jump on and off while in motion beats everything! Frights! Perfect frights!

That's just what I said, "Frights"; and it is all because of the way they dress, for their faces are pretty, but you don't expect to see a placard in the shop windows: "This gown guaranteed the dowdiest in London." Only 2-10-6; though what the price might be I never did know, so I just said to myself, "I'll say, 'Ten pence make one shilling; ten shillings make one pound,'" and no doubt it will come near enough. I think their currency ought to be reformed or something. The idea of having penny pieces that are really two cents, and as big as a quarter of a dollar! But, of course, they are copper. It is copper, copper, copper all over Europe, and I simply couldn't eat the Paris oysters, they were so coppery. Not that I ate any in London, but the only time I asked for an English mutton chop in England the waiter just stood and stared. But, of course, all mutton chops are English mutton chops in England, although they do come from Canada or Australia.

Yes, indeed! Just stood and stared, but they are usually so polite! It's "Kew! Kew!" all the time, and the shop girls, too. It is short for "Thank you," and you can't step on them that they

don't "Kew" about it. I didn't get out there, though—where? Oh, the Kew Gardens. Excuse me, but I thought you were paying attention! They said they were lovely and all that, but the Beef-eaters were such a disappointment to me. Not at all gaudy, as I had been led to believe, but you do get so cheated over there. I got some perfectly beautiful real lace at Malines that wasn't real at all, but of course that wasn't in London. But the asparagus was simply superb. In Malines, of course. I was speaking of Malines, wasn't I? Right across from the station; and all over Europe I kept saying to myself, "Malines for lace and asparagus!" It was such a blessing to find one thing in Europe that had not been overestimated. The Frenchmen are not at all polite at heart. No, indeed! Mostly whiskers.

And I think St. Paul's was the barest looking thing I ever saw inside. I suppose it grows on one, but I was so sick of tombs. You know how tombs are for a steady diet, and there was a much better selection at that other tomb place. Westminster Abbey? Yes, that's it. We drove there from the Tower, and although I did think the Paris cabmen were the raggedest in the world we were actually stung by them in London. Indeed, yes! He took us to the wrong door, and when we asked him, in the politest way, to drive us to the right door, he charged another whole fare, and, after all, we could have gone in at the other door, and it was all tombs, anyway. Foreign travel is mostly tombs, don't you think? But, of course, it must be broadening, although it wasn't the season for going into the Paris sewers. But we went down into and up into everything else mentioned in the books.

I do think, though, there ought to be more things to go up into in London. You can be going up all the time in Paris—towers and cathedrals and things, but I suppose the English don't approve of it. It is low. Not the society, of course, for aristocracy is aristocracy, and has an uplifting effect, but all we saw of it was signs on the shops, and the poor are certainly sodden. I never saw anything so helpless in my life, except trying to find the 'bus that is going where you want to go. I just gave it up and went where I didn't want to go.

Of course, I saw all the galleries. Dozens of them! The pictures made quite an impression on me. Some of them I shall never forget until my dying day. There was that one—I simply can't remember what it was now, but you will recall it. It was in one of the galleries, and was painted by—by—I forget his name. But it was a very impressive picture. No, now I come to think of it, that wasn't in London; it was in Amsterdam, or Paris. I remember it distinctly, because the guide could not speak a word of English, and if he had been an English guide he would have. Wouldn't he? Oh, I'm so glad you agree with me on that point.

The man that rowed us up the Thames spoke English. He was a very thorough English gentleman, and came from Canada, and told us a great deal about himself while we were looking at Windsor Castle. He described his home town most thoroughly, but we forgot to have him tell us about the castle, and I dare say it was just as well, for we had become so accustomed to not understanding guides that it didn't matter. He would probably have talked tombs. They all do. His grandmother died when he was a mere child and he might have mentioned her tomb, but he didn't. It was a perfect day for me—not a tomb in it.

Oh, did you ever know that monkeys don't have fleas? I never, never knew that in all my life, and I might never have known it if I hadn't gone abroad. Travel is certainly broadening. The keeper at the Zoo assured us so time and again. About no fleas. That was one thing we learned that was not in the guide-book, but I suppose it will be in the next edition. Well, I got over trying to see anything the guide-books mentioned. I just decided to go along calmly, and if I came to the Embankment, look at it, and what I didn't come across I saw quite as well in the picture postcards, and much better colored. As far as I'm concerned, I think a person might as well stay at home and see Europe on postcards, for after all there is no telling whether the crown jewels in the Tower are real or only imitation. But I don't suppose it would be as broadening. A person might look at a thousand postcards and not broaden a bit. You certainly can't tell whether monkeys have fleas or not by looking at a postcard, can you?

Well, I'm awfully glad to hear what you thought of London. I think that is what broadens one most—coming home and comparing experiences. I don't suppose we notice in ourselves that we have broadened any, but other people do. It makes us so much pleasanter companions, don't you think? So many people have been surprised when I mentioned that monkeys don't have fleas.

Oh, must you go? Well, I have enjoyed listening to your experiences so much!

THET BOY ERASTUS.

SPEAKER: YANKEE FARMER.

I 'VE got no use fer fiddlers, 'n' singers 'n' ther kwyer,
They make me mighty weary with ther screechin' high 'n'
higher.

The men as picks on banjos 'n' guitars 'n' sich tum-tums
Hez better use, I'm thinkin', fer ther fingers 'n' their thumbs.

N' so I said five years ago, 'n' so I says ter-day,
Ther men ez is musicianers air awful slow ter pay.
'N' thar's thet boy, Erastus: I tell ye it's my plan
Ter lick the music outen him, sost he kin be er man.

My fust wife war er singer, 'n' could play the orgin, too;
She'd rassel with it handy when she'd nothin' else to do;
I 'spect Erastus tuk it up because she wuz his ma,
But I propose to sette it, ez sure ez I'm his pa.
'N' so I told Erastus thet it wuz his daddy's plan
Ter lick the music outen him, sost he could be er man.

Five years later.

The interest on the mortgage is er gittin' in its work:
I guess the farm will have ter go ter satisfy old Burke.
What's this? A letter frum my boy? Can I believe the story?
"Dear Father—I am comin' home frum the conservatory;
I've made five thousand dollars with my classes here 'n' ther,
'N' want once more ter catch a sniff of good ol' country air."
So thet's the little rascal who's quite upset my plan
Ter lick the music outen him, sost he could be er man.

SENCE IDY'S GONE.

WILL WHITE.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

S ENCE Idy's gone somehow, you see,
 The hours is longer'n they usto be,
 An' days an' skies are duller, an' the night
 Drips out in oozin' seconds drearily
 At every hollow clock-tick, till the light
 Laps up the murky fancies wearily,
 And fevered dreams 'at come 'long after dawn
 Mix up the happiness I hoped to see
 'Ith that great sorrow which is hauntin' me,
 'At Idy's gone.

Sence Idy's gone I dist can't stay
 In-doors; it seems like ev'ry way
 I look I find some doin's 'at 'uz her'n:
 Her apern mebbe, or the last croschay
 She done before she went; at ev'ry turn
 I run acrost her mem'ry. So's I say
 I keep out-doors dist kindo's if I's drawn,
 An' hang around the crick here ev'ry day,
 But even it keeps singin' in its play
 'At Idy's gone.

Go into the town er to the store
 It's all the same, I hyur the roar
 The crick is makin' as it reshes past
 The bend; I know it's sayin' somepin' more
 'N folks believe an' more'n most folks dast
 'Less they believe 'at spirits crosses o'er
 An' talks 'ith us; the housework don't git on—
 Keeps gittin' tangleder'n 'twas before,
 Dist like my head 'at's tangled to the core
 Sence Idy's gone.

MRS. DIBBLE'S REST CURE.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYWOMAN.

PLACE: Farm-house.

WELL, good-bye, Mrs. Wattis, if you must go, an' I do hope you'll enjoy yourself.

Me takin' a rest cure, with three meals a day to get, an' washin' an' ironin' an' bakin' an' cleanin' an' everything else, an' jus' my two hands an' feet to do it all! Rest cure—indeed!

There's Mrs. Wattis, who never has to stick her nose in her kitchen the whole week through. What under the canopy does *she* want with a rest cure? An' comin' here an' recommendin' it to me—the idea! Seems like the people who don't need things are always gettin' 'em. Mrs. Wattis, with a girl to do all the work about the house, can go away to a rest cure! An' here I be, wore to shreds, needin' a rest, havin' to stay where I be jus' as I be! [*Jams sock into work-basket.*] All the rest cure I want is to go to bed an' stay there! An' why shouldn't I? I guess thirty years o' slavin' entitles almost anybody to a vacation. Dan'l has his vacations. He's been to St. Louis twice since Christmas, an' even if he does say it's on busines, it's a trip an' a change, jus' the same.

[*Rises.*] I'll do it! I don't care what happens—I'll do it! I'll go now. Then I'll be there when Dan'l gets home.

[*Lies on couch.*] I declare, I don't know what he'll say or do—an' I don't care. He can get somebody in the kitchen, like he ought to have done a long while ago. I sha'n't do a hand's stroke! Here I be, an' here I stay!

[*Listens.*] Mercy! There's the grocery boy! I wonder if he brought the celery? It does seem strange to let him be in the kitchen alone, but I dare do it. And there's Dan'l. He always kicks up that rug in the sitting-room.

[*Calls.*] Here I be, Dan'l, in the bedroom.

Yes, I be in bed. An' I'm goin' to stay.

No, I'm not sick. I'm not sick a mite, 'cept o' workin'. I'm jus' tired. It suddenly come to me this mornin' that I'd been a fool for thirty years, lettin' you let me do everything that was to be done about the house. "Guess mebbe we can get along without help, seein' the family's so small," you said. An' that's the way we begun, an' that's the way we kep' on, an' whenever I'd kind o' hint that a girl would make things easier, you'd say, "Well, better try it a bit longer, an' we'll see when money gets a little looser." An' now I've tried it jus' as long as I can an' will, an' I'm in bed here to rest an' rest an' rest, an' you can go an' get somebody else to do the scrubbin' an' bakin'—that seems to be all you look for in a woman! I reckon she'll be pretty well broke in by the time I'm ready to get up.

There's no use talkin'. It's too late to talk, or say you're sorry. I'm here, an' that's enough. You'll find stuff for dinner on the kitchen table—the grocery-man was in, I heard him. An' there's plenty for supper, too. You an' the girl can manage, an' I'm willin' to tell where things are when you don't know.

You'd better be goin' so as to have somebody here to get dinner. Get whoever you please. I'm sure I don't care who it is. I won't worry! I'm *restin'*.

* * * * *

[*Sits up. Listens.*] Mercy! I do believe Dan'l's gone and got Sadie Loper—of all persons! To think that I should have that *Sadie Loper* in my kitchen! Don't work out—pish! The idea! She can't get anybody to take her, that's why! Why, she'll break every dish in the house!

[*Calls.*] What's that, Dan'l? Where's the salt? Why, in a crock on the bottom shelf o' the pantry. Anybody with half a grain o' sense would have found it without askin'.

Where is the butter-dishes? They're where they belong—on the second shelf o' the cupboard! Does Sadie think they'd be in the coal-shed?

[*Turns about in wrath.*] Rest! Me rest with my kitchen goin' to rack an' ruin? She'll melt the spout off the coffee-pot—I know she will. She can't cook fit—

[*Jumps.*] There! I wonder what's smashed now! Dan'l—
 w-o-oh, Dan'l. Dan'l! What was that?

Nothing but the old yellow plate that had the cold beans on? That yellow plate had been in my pantry ever since I was married, an' never a nick nor crack! I hope she don't get hold o' my blue chiny. Dan'l wouldn't know the difference. I wager he'll have dyspepsy 'fore the week's out. He can't drink b'iled coffee, an' Sadie Loper is a b'iler an' frier, if ever there was one.

[*Calls.*] What are you askin' me, Dan'l? Where's the lard?
 Right behind the salt—look out it don't bite you!

[*Gets up, arranges dress.*] I told you so! There it is—lard! That means fryin' an' fryin' an' fryin' till the victuals are nothing but grease! An' grease all over the floor, too! I scrubbed that floor yesterday! Oh, I believe I'll have to get up—I jus' believe I will!

[*Calls.*] You wait a minute! I've rested enough.

[*Goes to door, talks as to people in kitchen.*] Dan'l, you go into the settin'-room, where you belong. Now, Sadie, you stay to dinner with us, an' you can help me or not, jus' as you please, but I guess I'd better do the cookin'. There ain't work here for two, anyway. [*Rolls up sleeves, exits.*]

WHAT A GIRL THINKS OF BOYS.

BOYS is horrid. That's what all the gurls sez. They don't think so, but they say so, soz they won't git plaged. Boys like to have gurls think they are tuf. I like tuf boys. My big sister sez tuf boys is the best. She's had speryunce. I have never thot of gittin' married, but I've had lots of chances. Boys is yusful. They clime trees and steel things for the gurl they like best. Six diffrent boys sez they like me best. Gurls pretends they don't care for boys. Gurls who sez they don't care for boys won't go to heven. Gurls mus' tell the trooth if they want to go to heven. After awhile boys is men. When boys git to smoke tewbacka they are men, they think. Boys is better than men.

NEWS-BEARER.

SPEAKER: YANKEE COUNTRYMAN.

PLACE: New England farm-house.

GOOD-MORNIN', Sam! I dunno as there's much of any-thing wuth speakin' of to tell ye. I reckon you know they've got another leetle one over to Hi Dabner's.

Yaas; borned yistiday. It's their tenth; but Hi says the more the merrier. That's the way to look at it. If there's room in the heart there'll be room in the house for all the leetle folks the good Lord sends one. Sam Moony's mother-in-law passed las' night. Went off easy as a glove, at sixteen minnits after 'leven. Good old woman! I reckon there'll be considerable of a fun'ral with so many kin on both sides o' the house. Elder Stetts is goin' to preach the sermon. Reckon he'll spread hisself, with her bein' the oldest member o' his church. He can't say nothin' but good of her. An' what pies she could make! She's in glory now, an' some one else will have to make the pies at Sam's house.

You know they had a bran' new pianny at Lem Thurber's house. Got it out o' the fo'teen hundred Lem got for his woodland, an' I reckon they're some set up over it. Letty Thurber is a born musicianer anyhow. She can play one piece with one hand and another piece with the other hand and sing a third chune all at one time. Music runs in the fam'ly. Lem can play a reg'lar chune on a common, coarse-comb, an' Mis' Thurber kin play the gittar, an' Jim kin beat the band jerkin' music out of a fiddle, an' little Lucy kin play the banjo, an' the hull fam'ly kin whistle like birds. I tell you when they all git to goin' at once it's considerable of a concert.

Did you know that Andy Ricer got his wife a new black silk out of the damidge money he got for bein' run into an' all but killed by the cars at that grade-crossin'? I reckon his wife thinks it's true that "all things work together for good." She's allus wanted a nice black silk, an' I reckon she never would of got it if the railroad hadn't helped her out.

Hear about old Silas Thrale gittin' his tombstun? He's got

him a real harnsom stone an' had it engraved, all but the day of his takin' off, an' has had it set up in the buryin'-ground. Said he wanted to make sure of havin' one an' havin' what he wanted on it, so he had 'em carve a long string o' stuff settin' off his virtues that nobody ever knowed before that he had. If that ain't vanity croppin' out on a tombstun, I dunno what it is. Got his wife's age all carved on the stun too, an' they say she's mad as a wet hen about it, for she's been passin' for a good five years younger than that stun says she is.

Old Tom Manson has got his pension raised from ten to twelve dollars a month, an' Andy Carneggy ain't in it with old Tom jess now. You'd think to hear him talk that him an' Rock'feller was about on a level. I'm glad he's got it. Them that's fit and bled for their country has a right to be cared for in their old age. It wouldn't surprise me none if Tom got married ag'in on his extry two dollars a month.

Hens layin' much now? Dratted things allus git lazy when eggs go up in price. Hear about old Mis' Drury tryin' to make her hens lay? Wal, her hens wan't layin' to suit her, an' she got some new kind o' stuff to mix in with their feed, an' you know her eyesight is dreadful poor, an' she got hold of a package of newfangled rat-pizen, stid of the egg-producin' stuff, an' fed a hull package of it to her hens. They laid all right. Still layin', I reckon, an' they won't git up. I happened over there soon after it happened, an' Mis' Drury was yankin' the feathers off the hens, with her teeth set an' breathin' hard. You know she's purty pep'ry in temper, an' she vowed that if she ever come across the man that invented that pizen she'd manage somehow to give him a dose of it. She's got sixteen hundred dollars in the bank an' her place all her own, so she ain't no call to worry over the loss of a few hens; still it was tryin' to lose 'em in that way. Her old Domineck rooster got a dose, too, and turned up his toes along with the hens. Too bad!

Wal, I must mosey on. Come over when you kin. Allus glad to see you. Hope this good weather will hold out a leetle longer, for then most folks will have their hay in. Good-by.

NEGRO PLOWMAN.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

SPEAKER: NEGRO PLOWMAN.

DE springtime am er comin' en dis darky's heart am light,
 W'en de sap hit gits ter runnin' in de trees,
 En I wants ter be er-laughin' f'om de mornin' tell de night,
 En er-playin' lak de green leaves in de breeze.
 I feel so monstrous lazy dat I doesn't want ter work,
 En dis mule o' mine, he foolin' in de row,
 Ca'se he feels jis like he marster, en he's tryin' fer ter shirk,
 An' I has to larrup him ter meck him go.
 [*G'up dar, sah! Doan you see my ole 'ooman er-comin' roun' dar
 er-s'arehin' fer sallit (salad) in de eorners ob de fenee?*]
 En now I feels lak hummin' on some ole-time darky song,
 W'ile de mockin'-bird am singin' f'om de hedge.
 De medder-larks en robbins am er-fussin' all day long,
 As de cotton-tail goes dartin' frough de sedge;
 W'ile up der crick de turkle-dove am courtin' ob its mate,
 En de bumblebee is buzzin' all aroun',
 W'ile de martins am er-twitt'rin at er most amazin' rate,
 En de hoss-fly am er-friskin' up en down.
 [*What ails dis hyar ole critter, er-snortin' en er-kiekin' dat er-way!
 Huh! ef hit hain't one er dem ornary insects erready!*]
 I lak ter smell de clover as hit tangles in mer toes,
 En ter see de purty blossoms hyar en dar,
 W'ile dogwood buds is bustin' in de low ground whar dey grows,
 En de honeysuckle sweeten all de a'r.
 En soon de juicy peaches will be drappin' ter de groun',
 En de red-streaked apples tumble too;
 Den de curl on de melon vine will turn er golden brown,
 Er-layin' in de sunshine en de dew.
 [*Golly ding! Doan dis hyar darky's mouf water fer one o' 'em
 dis hyar blessed minute! Yas, Dinah, I's gwine ter move er-
 long peart now. I was jis er-feelin' in mer pockets fer er
 string ter spliee dis hyar line wid. Git up dar, sah!*]

TOMMY PETE, BALKING MULE.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

SPEAKER: NEGRO MULETEER.

TOMMY PETE was bohn balkin'. De fus' time he balked on me wuz on a 'possum hunt, an' jes' when I had de bigges' 'possum up de leetles' tree. Befo' I cu'd get him to ondurstan' by all kinds of moral swashun (de last argyment bein' a cedar rail wid a knot in it) dat 'possum meat wuz good fur man to eat, de 'possum got erway.

Frum dat time on he went into a steady decline—chiefly declinin' to wurk. He wan' pertickler whut he declined ef he got it into his head dat I wanted it de yudder way. Ef I wanted to go to de fiel', he wanted to go to de village sto' whar loafin' niggers wuz. Ef I wanted to ride him home, he wanted me to walk. Ef I wanted him to go to water, he wanted to waller, an' ef I wanted to wurk him, law, wal, he jes' wanted ter see me do it!

Wal, sah, I tried ever'thing on him. One Sunday he balked at church arter meetin' wuz out an' I had Dinah in de wagon an' de preacher wuz gwine to go home wid us an' eat our yaller leg.

Wal, he saved us de yaller leg by dat balk. Fur arter I'd lam-basted him wid ever'thing I cu'd lay my han's on, frum a hick'ry stick to de hitchin' pos' in de front ob de church, an' had used up all my own language an' ha'f ob de debbil's, de preacher he say very solemnly, "Be keerful ob your remarks in de presence of dervinity, Brer Washin'ton, an' let me try moral swashun on him. I'm gwine whisper a few consolin' words in his year, de p'int bein' to distract his attenshun frum hisse'f. You don't ondurstan' a balkin' mule, Brer Washin'ton—hit's all de result of nervcus se'f-conshusness an' de t'ing is to get dey thorts offen deyse'f. Now jes' watch me."

I don't know whut he whispered to him, but it muster bin de mos' tarnel insult dat a man ever offered to a mule, an' 'fore I cu'd tell him to be keerful, an' dat Tommy Pete was orful 'tickler 'bout who whispered in his years, Tommy Pete tole him. Fur

sudden-lak he flung his head sideways, butted de parson back'ards an' den kicked him clear ober de wagon into a huckerberry bush.

Wal, sah, dat insultin' remark of de preacher jes' seem to fix 'im in his ways, an' he looked lak he wanted to take it all out on me. But when my mother-in-law died, he played it low-down on me, to beat de ban'. I 'p'inted him chief mourner, 'kase dey nurver had been separated in life an' I wanted 'em togedder in death—an' selected him es chief pall-bearer fur to carry his ole frien' to de grabe. Dis I thought he'd do wid dat same pleasure I'd a done myse'f, fur she wuz a good 'oman in spite of her ways. We gin de ole lady a fine sen'-off. We hed a succession a mile long, includin' two surreys, a rockaway an' a hayrake—six niggers bein' perched on one hayrake. Tommy Pete hauled her in de spring wagon two miles afore it got into his head dat burryin' de ole lady wuz jes' whut I wanted him to do, an' den he balked an' we had to tote her five miles whilst Tommy Pete stood by de roadside an' wept.

Wal, sah, I 'civored him at las', leastwise Marse Jim did. I driv' 'im to town one day to see ole John Roberson's sho'.

I calklated Tommy Pete wanted to see de animules hisse'f, an' dat he'd enjoy de cirkis 'bout es well es I did. En he did. I hitched him nigh an' he nearly laffed his fool se'f to death at de trick mule an' I even seed 'im rubbin' noses wid de elerfunt es much es to say, "Wal, ole feller, ef I had yo' bulk I'd be a balker sho' 'nuff!"

It wuz late when de sho' turned out an' I thought sho' Tommy Pete 'ud go home in a hurry to keep warm, after havin' sech a happy day; but he got it into his head dat de sho' wuz got up jes' fur his spechul benefit an' dat he orter watch de elerfunt an' de trick mule fur eber, an' he balked wid us jes' in front ob de drug-store, blockin' de main street ob de town.

It wuz de wuss place in de wurl fur him to stop, fur dar wuz a big crowd an' hit's one of de leetle habits of humanity fur ev'y-body to get aroun' a balkin' hoss or mule an' tell de po' hacked debbil in de wagon whut he already knows.

Dey wuz some aroun' me tellin' me how. Long sperience wid

Tommy Pete had tort me pashens, an' knowin' frum long sperience dat dese fools must each hab his say, I jes' folded my han's an' waited until Tommy Pete finished wid 'em.

De fus' man tuck a piece of scrap-iron an' pecked on Tommy Pete's fo'-foot.

Den Tommy Pete pecked on his'n, an' de doctor he sed afterwards he wuz mighty proud because he didn't have ter take off but two of de man's toes.

De nex' man wuz jes' passin' by, an' of co'se he hed to stop an' try. He tuck 'cashun to tell all de crowd dat he were frum Bosting an' dat he b'longed to de Society Fur de Prevenshun of Hurtin' de Feelin's of T'ings—"an' I'm gwinter sho' you good people right now," sez he, "how fur kindness will go on a dumb animule." He patted Tommy Pete 'fecshunately on de nose, an' tuck him by de bit an' sed: "Now, my good fellow, don't be sore on yo' job—but jes' move out an' do yo' duty—now, do!" But I sot still an' when he cum to arter grovelin' aroun' on de groun' an' foamin' at de mouf an' sayin' over an' over ag'in, "Liberty an' union, now an' foreber," he wuz a whole site sorer on his job den Tommy Pete wuz on his'n.

I tried to stop de man dat b'ilt de fiah under Tommy Pete, fur I knowed whut 'ud happen an' it 'ud jes' fetch on mo' wurk fer me. But I acted as quick as I c'ud an' by totin' de wagon aroun' sideways an' strainin' my shoulder, I saved it.

Dis made me b'ilin' mad an' when a fool nigger cum up it jes' dawned on him whut wuz up an' he say, sorter laugin':

"Why, Uncle Wash, dat ole mule won't draw, will he?"

"Yes," sez I, "he sho' does—he draws ever' damn fool in ten miles of him!"

Den I went in de drug-sto' an' I asked Marse Jim ef he didn't have somethin' dat 'ud move dat mule.

Marse Jim laughed an' sed, "Sure," an' reached fur de Gypsy Juice. He cum out an' sed to me: "Now be ready," an' he stuck a leetle syringe under Tommy Pete's hide an' 'jected it.

I made a grab fur de lines but I wuz too late. I heurd a rumble an' a snort an' up dat street went Tommy Pete, wagon an' all,

beatin' Star P'inter's time! I seed him go over de hill to'ards Hickman County an' I turned to Marse Jim an' I sed:

"Marse Jim, whut wuz dat worth?"

"I don't charge you but a nickel."

"Wal, Marse Jim," sez I, "jes' injec' ten cents' worth into me fur I've now got to ketch the infurnel ole fool!"

HOW A MATHEMATICIAN MAKES LOVE.

THE *sum* of all thine *added* charms, I certainly shall die for;
I *sigh* for thee, enchanting *one*, though I am but a *cipher*!
I know there is a certain beau, by whom I am derided,
Who swears that his regard for thee is *whole* and *undivided*.

He courted once a lovely maid, and, when he had enchained her,
He did *subtract* her little heart, and left her no *remainder*.
Reduced to misery, that maid has neither speech nor action;
And all because her *figure* stood before that *vulgar fraction*.

He cares not for thy charming self; thy fortune he would spend;
And, like a base *divisor*, he would waste thy *dividend*.
But I, who never care for *sums*, thy *worth* and *sense* adore;
I love not calculation less, but I love honor more.

Three girls were once in love with me, and each would be a martyr;
And for my love, her peace of mind each girl of them would *barter*.
I scorn the practice of deceit, and so I did rehearse
A rule of three direct to them, *a rule of three in verse*.

This rule I gave to those three girls: "Regard me as a brother;
So am I to each one of you, as you to one another!"
"And why this cruel thing?" said I. "Why was this business done?"
For thee alone, I did *set down* all three to *carry one*!

Oh, fair art thou. Thy two eyes seem like stars, though somewhat
less;

And sweetly falls the *penciled* light on thy *slate-colored* dress.
Yet vain attempt to *multiply* the charms that cause my pain.
Oh, much-loved creature, smile upon this *product* of my brain!

DON'T!

KATE FIELD.

SPEAKER: ENGAGED GIRL.

O HOW I wish you wouldn't, Bob—
 You're such an awful tease;
 Now don't you know all women like
 The men who try to please?
 Do take your hands from off my book;
 Don't tread upon the cat!
 Will you, sir, let my curls alone?
 What next will you be at?
 Don't! don't! don't!

Because I was a little goose,
 And said "Yes," as you plead,
 You need not think I'm sure to go
 Where'er I may be led.
 I've been engaged before, friend Bob,
 To Hal, and Tom, and Bill,
 And if you don't behave I'll turn
 You off—indeed, I will!
 Don't! don't! don't!

Don't touch me! When I liked you best,
 'Twas on your manly knees;
 Get down again, sir; 'tis a pose
 That with you most agrees.
 What! Dare refuse, unless, forsooth,
 I pay you with a kiss?
 O, Bob you naughty, naughty man—
 And has it come to this!
 Don't!-don't! don't!

"SEEING BOSTON" THROUGH A MEGAPHONE.

GEORGE FITCH.

SPEAKER: MEGAPHONE MAN.

THIS way, ladies and gentlemen, for a ride upon this elastic-neck wagon, operated by electricity. The best way to see Boston and find your way home again in time for dinner. We show you the uncommon Common, the diamond-studded Sophomores at Harvard, and the polar regions on Commonwealth Avenue. Yes, madam; the best people patronize us. A near relative of Longfellow rode on this wagon yesterday. Thank you, madam. All aboard. Proceed, Ellery.

We are now leaving South Station, the only thing in which Boston takes a pride because of its mere size. Every seat in the waiting-room is named for some New England county, so that while you are waiting for your train you are also learning your geography. The Boston man never misses a chance to learn something.

Let me call your attention to the vast flocks of street-cars. The street-car system of Boston is very fine. You can travel so far for a nickel that it will take you half a day to find your way back. The cars of the different lines are painted various colors. The crimson cars take you to Harvard, the blue cars to the exclusive districts, the chocolate-colored cars to the colored section, the amber-colored cars to the suburbs. Boston is no place for color-blind people.

We are now passing the famous Boston Common. Just beyond is the Public Garden, which is densely populated with students, statues and rare shrubs, each one with its Latin name neatly coiled about it. Half the great men of America have flown kites on the Common in their youth. In former years the cows were driven across it on their way to pasture. Now the lambs cross it on their way to the stock market.

Beneath us is the Boston subway. It is two miles long, and was built so quietly that not a single lecture was disturbed during its construction.

We now pass the old Granary Burying Ground, where many of Boston's most famous citizens lie, including John Hancock, Paul Revere, Samuel Adams and the parents of Benjamin Franklin. It is the aim of every Boston man so to live that his name may some day become a landmark in a Boston cemetery.

Tremont Temple: This fine building is an architectural layer-cake. The first story, as you see, is Roman; the second Renaissance; the third Venetian; the upper stories Grecian, and the gable is Essex County.

This is the Old South Meeting-house. It was built in 1730 and is now preserved as a museum. Boston has the New England habit of saving up its old things. School Street is called the attic of Boston, because so many of its old things are to be found there.

We are now passing down Milk Street. This stone tablet marks the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin. He was whipped in Boston for flying kites and made famous in Philadelphia for doing the same thing. This fine building which looks like a marble statue convention is the post-office. Boston adheres rigidly to the plan of filling up its vacant corners with statues instead of bill-boards.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is one of the curiosities of Boston. It is a restaurant which does not sell clam chowder.

We will now pass through the old part of Boston. Any passenger who is able to tell his right hand from his left after the ninth turn will receive a rebate on the trip. The map of Old Boston looks like a dress-pattern enlarged, and the streets are so confusing that many a straight man who starts for the Common Council meeting becomes crooked before he gets home again.

In 1630 John Winthrop and his friends settled on the peninsula. One snowy morning a pig escaped from its pen and was captured after an exciting chase. Gazing back at the tracks in the fresh snow, Winthrop exclaimed: "Let us build a city with these tracks for streets. In due time it will become a metropolis, for no one who gets into it will ever find his way out." This prediction has been realized. No one who has got thoroughly into Boston has ever found his way out of it.

We are now before Faneuil Hall. It is called the Cradle of Liberty. No, madam, it is not on Milk Street. In Faneuil Hall the infant republic was first rocked. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison were rocked here afterward. On the upper floor is the armory of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, whose victories in many a hard-fought social campaign have made it famous. When a British regiment invaded Boston, several years ago, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company entertained it and sent it home in worse condition than the original invading army.

We are now passing a police station. Crime is very severely punished in Boston. Prisoners are sometimes deprived of books for days at a time.

On this corner, you will observe a brass plate. It commemorates the fact that Ralph Waldo Emerson once disputed for fifteen minutes with a hackman on this spot without using anything but the purest English.

Home of the Historic Genealogical Society. Beside some of the family trees exhibited here the big trees of California are infants.

Headquarters of the Massachusetts Association for the Suppression of the Final "G" in the English language.

We are now passing the Massachusetts State House. Its dome is an exact model of half a lemon, much enlarged. In the yard you will observe a fine statue of Daniel Webster, in bronze. Some statues of later legislators are now being done in brass.

We are now passing along Beacon Street. It is lined with magnificent residences containing people worth from five hundred to five thousand ancestors apiece. Explorers before starting for the North Pole often come to Beacon Street and try to get acquainted, in order to inure themselves to the Arctic frost.

This is Commonwealth Avenue. It is aptly named, because wealth is the commonest thing on it.

Copley Square. This is the greatest educational center in America. Every fifth man who crosses it is going to teach somebody something, and every second man is going to learn something.

If a hackman were to swear here in Greek over ninety per cent. of the people who heard him would be shocked.

If the occupants of the auto will now remove their hats we will pass slowly before the Boston Public Library.

The loud humming noise which you now hear comes from the New England Conservatory of Music, ten blocks away. This institution is six stories high and contains six hundred pianos in a state of constant eruption.

On the left are the Fens. This park shows what an ordinary swamp can become with a college education.

Having crossed the Charles River, we are now approaching Harvard University. Nowhere else can you get so much knowledge for so little money, or so little knowledge for so much money.

This is Harvard's gymnasium. Harvard does not win many athletic contests, but no man on any of her teams has ever been known to use the wrong fork at a dinner.

This ends the tour, ladies and gentlemen. Those wishing to visit the home of Longfellow will pass to the right. Those wishing to endow Harvard pass to the left. All alight, please.

THE ESTRAY.

HARRY SMITH.

SPEAKER: YANKEE FORGIVING HUSBAND.

WOT'S that you're askin? Will I take her back?
You bet! An' smooth things over if I kin.

"Ongrateful" an' "o' no 'count" ye say?

Waal, mebbe; I can't jedge another's sin.
But sunshine 'll come back when she gits home—

Sence she's been gone there ain't been much in life;
The sunshine 'll come back—an' stay this time.

O' course, I'll take her back. Ain't she my wife?

"Wot'll the folks in teown say 'bout the 'fair?"

Consarn 'em! yes, let 'em talk ef they will.

I loved her when she was a kid, knee-high,
An' now she's twenty, I love her still.
You fellers' wives kin gossip all ye please;
Most on 'em safe enough; that I must say.
Ef any chap run off with one at night
You bet he'd bring her back again next day.

"Wronged me?" 's that so? Waal, it's my affair,
Folks 'at goes wrong ain't allers understood;
I reckon them 'at ain't been tempted much
Kin find it powerful easy ter be good.
When I said I'd pertect and cherish her
For life, I guess I didn't mean as how
I would pertect when things wuz runnin' smooth,
But when she wuz in trouble, jes' like now.

"Soft-headed? Easy-goin'?" Yes, I know;
But I'm a hulkin' kind o' chap, ye see,
An' Annie wuz so purty an' so young,
She allers wuz a heap too good for me.
Wot's more, she made some 'lowances for me
Jes' 'cause I loved her, when she took me, sir;
An' jes' because I love her, it's my turn;
I'm goin' ter make some 'lowances for her.

O' course, you are a deakin' standin' high,
An' reg'lar ev'ry meetin'-time, I know.
I've kinder back-slid lately, don't show up
At chapel more'n once a month or so;
But ain't there some text 'bout the joy above
That errin' mortals wot brace up kin bring?
An' seems to me, when I've been thar, I've heard,
About fergiveness bein' a good thing.

I'll take her back, make her fergit it all,
An' I'll fergit she ever—went away.
P'raps she will love me better when she finds
One friend 'at doesn't care wot people say.

THE WIFE.

BELLE BLITZ.

SPEAKER: ARTFUL WIFE.

I WONDER, if I were a girl again, and Tom should ask me to be his wife, if I would fall on his neck with tears of rapture like I did, or would I draw up my queenly figure—he used to call it queenly before we were married,—and say: “Nay, nay, Alphonse. No wedding-bells for me!” I wonder.

Marriage is just about as much as what a girl thinks it is as a canvas castle on the stage is like the real thing. I thought matrimony was going to be a picnic, and I find it’s a life sentence at hard labor. I thought Tom would always be a romantic hero, and I find he is a commonplace individual, who eats onions, and doesn’t take any real heart interest in any subject but the grocery trade. I thought he would be so wise and great and strong that I would just spend my life burning incense before him, and I find that in order to get along with him I have to work him—and he’s so easy a child could do it. I thought that I should spend my married life listening to the paeans of praise that my husband wafted toward me, and I find that he never notices my performances except to knock them, and if he should pay me a real compliment I’d fall dead with surprise.

Yet Tom’s a good fellow, and I’m not forgetting that he has gotten hump-shouldered supporting his family, and it’s better to have a husband that’s good for your shopping ticket than it is to have one who quotes poetry to you while you do the cooking.

Thank heaven, I’m not one of the fool women who, when they find out that their husbands are not their ideal, start out to hunt for one. No, sir; when I ascertained that my love’s young dream was a misfit, I just sat down and cut down my ideal to fit my husband. “You may not have just what you want,” I said to myself, “but you’ve got a pretty good thing. Make the best of it.” And I have. We’ve never had a single row. Faugh! What a contempt I have for a woman who hasn’t got sense enough to manage a husband. Why, it’s like shaking dice to amuse the baby.

Now I want to go to the theater tonight, and Tom loathes it. I looked at a new imported frock today at Mme. Skinum's that had a price tag on it that was enough to give you heart failure, and I want to have mother come and visit me, and she always rubs Tom's fur the wrong way, and——

And there's his key in the latch, and it's me to do the dear little wife act. Ah, is that you, Tom? What a naughty boy you are to keep me waiting so long. Mrs. Simpkins was here this afternoon and wanted me to go downtown with her, but I said, no, indeed; nothing could keep me from being at home to welcome you when you came. "Why," she said, "I do believe you are as much in love with him as when you married him." "And why not?" I said. "He gets handsomer and more fascinating every day." Of course, I don't blame her. Every man can't be like you.

Oh, by the way, let's go to the theater tonight. Mary Simpson says that she never gets to go to anything except to matinees; that her husband always says that he is too tired, and that he hates to dress. "How different," I said, "from my husband. He's tired, too, at night, but he's always so thoughtful and so considerate of my pleasure. Why," I said, "three-fourths of the pleasure to me is going out with him because he is such a stunning looker in his evening clothes." You'd enjoy going, and were just going to propose it yourself? Oh, how sweet of you.

Dinner is ready, and I've got just what you like to eat. I want you to taste some of this entree. Your little wife made it for you with her own hands. It's bully? Thanks; you are such a connoisseur in everything; it's simply delightful to do anything for you. Oh, guess what I did today. I happened to be passing Mme. Skinum's, and I dropped in and saw such a charming little frock, but of course I didn't buy it. It was too expensive, and besides, I'd never trust my own taste about anything that was the least uncommon. Of course, it's too expensive for me to think of buying, but your artistic perception is so exquisite and your eye for color so absolutely perfect that I'd really just like to have your opinion on it. What's that you say? You'll drop in tomorrow, and if you like it you'll send it up to me? Oh, you dear.

Is your coffee just right? Why am I not drinking any? Am I sick? No, only a bit sad. Why am I crying? I—I am—boo-hoo—boo-hoo—I am not crying; well, not much. I don't like to cry before you, because it makes you sad, and you are so brave and strong you must despise me for giving way to my feelings, but I have had a letter from mother, and she wants to come to see me, and I am afraid she always annoys you, but she's old and peculiar, and she's the only mother I've got—what's that you say? Of course, she shall come? You'll telegraph her as we go down to the theater? Oh, you angel! I'll go and dress now.

Um—um; being a wife is a strenuous job.

SHE FAILED TO GET "ALL-ROUND" ADVICE.

CAROLYN WELLS.

SPEAKER: YOUNG SOCIETY LADY.

PLACE: Drawing-room.

OH, how do you do, Mr. Willing? I'm so glad to see you! I was just saying to myself it's *such* a dull afternoon I'd be glad to see *anybody*.

Even you?

Now, you're just fishing for a compliment, but you won't get it. Sit down in that big easy-chair and we'll have a nice, quiet, comfy afternoon, and you can talk to me.

Oh, well, I'll talk to you then. I want to ask your advice about something. I'm in a—well, a sort of a dilemma—and I want the judgment of a man of the world—an all-round knowing man—if you know what I mean. Oh, there's the telephone—pardon me, Mr. Willing—I'll just see who it is—no, you needn't leave the room—it's probably Tottie, or some of the girls. Hello! Oh, hello! Is that you, Jack? Why, you dear boy, I'm so glad to see you—hear you, I mean.

What? Not really? Oh, the idea! Now, don't you flatter me like that—oh, no, no—I couldn't possibly!—well, maybe—if you'll promise to be good.

What now? Oh, no, Jack, you can't come up here now. I'm—just going out! No—you didn't hear a man's voice exclaiming! That was Fido! Yes, he has a human sort of a bark. Well, yes, it is a little like Willy Willing's voice—he's a perfect puppy! What! No! Of course, I mean Fido. No, Jack, you can't come now; I tell you I'm going out. I have on my hat and coat already—yes, that was Fido again—he always makes that queer sound when anybody telephones. [*Puts hand over transmitter.*] Mr. Willing, you must keep still, or I won't tell all these fibs for your benefit! But I don't want our nice quiet afternoon intruded upon—Yes, Jack, come tomorrow. I have something I want to consult you about. I really need the advice of a [*covers transmitter again*—Mr. Willing, please step into the library for a moment. Look at the new books on the table—Yes, Jack, truly, I need the experienced advice of an all-round man of the world—like you—oh, yes, you are—you're awfully well-balanced and all that—don't talk when I am talking—wait till I ring off—oh, Jane is just bringing me a card—wait a minute, Jack—why, it's Mr. Strong—I like that man awfully well—show him in, Jane. Good-by, Jack—no, I can't listen now—good-by.

How do you do, Mr. Strong? Do sit down. Take this easy-chair. I'm so glad to see you—yes, isn't it dull weather? So good of you to come and brighten up an otherwise lonely afternoon. Excuse me, just a moment; there's a new book in the library I want to show you. [*Goes into next room.*]

Now, Mr. Willing, you must stay here till Strong goes. Because, if you show yourself, you'll have to leave here before he does——

You won't! Hush, he'll hear you—now, I won't be a bit entertaining to him, and he'll soon go—and then we can have our nice, quiet afternoon. Now, will you be goody-boy and stay here and not make a sound?

There! there! there! little one. Rest tranquil! Read a nice, pretty book or something. But don't smoke, or he'll know somebody's in here.

[*Returns to drawing-room.*] Yes, I'm so glad you came, Mr.

Strong—what book?—oh, yes, I was going to show you a book, but I—it wasn't there. Never mind, let's just chat—I want to ask you something, something serious, you know. May I?

Oh, it's Leap Year?

Now, Mr. Strong, don't frivol. It doesn't suit your iron-bound countenance. And truly, I'm in earnest! You know, we women like to get the ideas of a man's brain! A man of judgment and experience—a—well, what they call a man of the world—oh, yes, you are. I often quote your opinions—they're so profound. Now, what I want to ask you about is—oh, there's the telephone—excuse me—just a tiny minute—no, don't go. Oh, hello! Is that you, Flossy? Darling girl, do come over, can't you?—yes, now—right away—oh, I wish you could—I want to hear all about it!—only last night?—a ruby and diamond!—oh, heavenly!—well, come tomorrow morning, then—yes—yes, indeed, dearest—good-by—good-by—yes, I think so, too—perfectly horrid, but, oh, of course, yes—good-by—no, nothing of the sort—yes, I'll come right over—good-by—

Oh, must you go, Mr. Strong?

Well, yes, I did tell Miss Fay I'd go over to see her, but I meant after your call was over—please don't go yet—you must? Well, come again, do—I always enjoy a talk with you—you're so—so profound—if you know what I mean. Good afternoon, Mr. Strong.

Now, come back, Mr. Willing! Didn't I tell you I'd get rid of him in short order? But he's such an everlasting talker it's hard to make him go. Now, we can have our nice, quiet afternoon. Excuse me just a minute first—I want to telephone just the leastest word to Tottie May!

Oh, hello! Is this you, darling? What do you think?—oh, you know already? Did Flossy tell you?—oh, no, not really! Well, for gracious goodness' sake!—yes, coral-pink chiffon, in one of those new smudge designs—oh, yes—a black chip Gainsborough, with practically all the feathers in the world piled on it—no, Thursday afternoon—why, about five—violets? Well, rather! Oh, Tottie—and, yes, Mr. Willing is here, but he can't hear what

you say—no, he doesn't mind waiting—oh, Tottie! I can't believe it. Yes, she did! And she said that Billy said if she ever did such a thing again—[*looks around*—Oh, Tottie, what do you think? Mr. Willing has gone!

STAIR-STEP CHILDREN.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

[From "Including You and Me," copyright, 1916, by Forbes & Co.]

SPEAKER: LITTLE BOY.

MY sister Annie's five years old, I'm seven, Fred is nine.
 I come to Freddie's shoulder, little Annie comes to mine.
 We look like human stair-steps when they stand us in a row,
 For visitors at our house have always told us so.
 I often wonder how 'twould seem if some one tried to walk
 From Annie's head to mine an' his, as all those people talk!

One night along near Christmas time, when Annie'd left her bed
 An' come to me where I'd been put along with brother Fred,
 Our parents tiptoed up to see if we were safe asleep;
 An' I nudged Fred an' Ann to see how still we all could keep.
 They stood beside an' whispered, with their arms around each
 other—

I peeked at them between my lids, an' Annie did, an' brother.

'Twas father murmured: "Little steps, oh, whither do you lead?"
 An' mother softly answered back: "To heaven, says my creed."
 "A golden causeway," father said. "They've drawn us nigh each
 other—

Two lovely girls and one, thank God, a husky elder brother."
 An' then we heard our mother say, in laugh-an'-tear-mixed tone:
 "'Step-children,' yet we'll Christmas them as if they were our
 own."

OH! COME ALONG WID ME.

HENRY AVERY.

SPEAKER: 'NEGRO SERENADER.

OH, come along wid me, lub, come wid me;
 De stars am shinin' bright,
 While de silver moon am gildin' eb'ry tree
 Wid her galvanicumizin' light.
 All de darkies hab cleared out an' gone to res',
 An' eb'ryt'ing am still,
 Excep' de pulverations ob dis breas'
 Dat's a-clippin'-clappin' like a mill.
 Den come along wid me, come along wid me,
 Come along, my lub, wid me,
 An' we'll fix upon de day w'en I takes you right away,
 To share my little cot wid me.
 Oh, raise yer window sof'ly, Dinah dear,
 An' show dat sweet brack face,
 An' you'll see a colored gemman standin' here
 In all his supernatural grace.
 I've been a-waitin' here, lub, all de night,
 For one sweet word from you;
 Oh, don't refuse me dat dar great delight,
 'Ca'se I lub you wid a lub so true.
 Oh, come along at once, lub, 'ca'se de day
 Will soon begin to break,
 An' afore I get troo half I got to say
 Why de oder darkies 'r' sure to wake.
 So come an' meet me here, an' den we'll roam
 Along de ribber side,
 An' I'll tell you all 'bout de happy home
 Dat I'm 'paring for my lubly bride.
 Den come along wid me, come along wid me,
 Come along, my lub, wid me,
 An' we'll fix upon de day w'en I takes you right away.
 To share my little cot wid me.

SHE TELLS WHY THEY MUST PART.

HELEN A. GREGG.

SPEAKER: YOUNG SOCIETY LADY.

PLACE: Drawing-room.

[She keeps at a distance, looking off front, clasping and unclasping hands. Expression is desperate; lips quiver; suddenly rises.]

GOOD-NIGHT? Yes, I suppose so. Good-night! Matter? Acting strangely? Yes, I suppose so. No kiss for you tonight?

No, Jack, no. Jack, there is something—something which makes me so unhappy—and I know that I must tell you, and yet—I cannot. I have not strength to do it, for I know—I know it will—it must—end all between us. I should have told you long ago. Jack, I am not what you think, you do not know me. No, it is not that my love for you has changed—no, not that, for I love you. I love you with all my heart and soul. I shall always love you, Jack, always just the same; and when I look into your eyes tonight and see all the love in them, and then think of all the days when I shall never see you—I think my heart is broken. And then to know that I must tell you something that will make you turn from me—oh, Jack, I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!

It all began when I was too young to know how the world regards such things. Ah, if we only knew how our sins would some day appear to us—how different would be our lives! Well, Jack, I was so young—and so were they—and tender—yes, I was so young when I first tasted *onions*! If only I had not liked them, but I did, and worse, dear,—the older I have grown the more I have liked them! Yes, I knew you would turn away. I heard you tell Cousin Emily that you never would marry a woman who liked onions; and then I knew that we must part. We have been so very happy, dear! Yes, I know what a shock it is to you, but you will soon recover. The world is wide, and somewhere, sometime

—I know not when nor how—you will find some gentle, lovely woman who will not be fond of them; and—and—I hope you will be happy—as happy as we have been!

Good-by, Jack, good-by—not one word—not one word, Jack. I have loved you so dearly—it seems strange that such a weed should come between us! They are not so strong when boiled, Jack—really, they are not; and with a French dressing they are simply—but, no, I will not plead for them, nor for myself. Good-by, Jack, good-by, dear—ah, good-by! [*Exit.*]

SOCIETY RECITER'S TROUBLES.

(“BY SPECIAL REQUEST.”)

SPEAKER: WOMAN ELOCUTIONIST.

PLACE: Drawing-room.

[*LADY stands with hand on chair in somewhat amateurish attitude.*]

OUR kind hostess has asked me to recite something, “by special request,” but I really don’t know what to do. I have only a very small repertoire, and I’m afraid you know all my stock recitations. What shall I do? [*Pause.*] I have it; I’ll give you something entirely original. I’ll tell you about my last experience of reciting, which really is the cause of my being so nervous to-night.

I began reciting about a year ago. I took elocution lessons with Mr.—no, I won’t tell you his name, I want to keep him all to myself. I studied the usual things with him—the “Mercy” speech from the “Merchant of Venice,” and Juliet’s “Balcony scene,” but I somehow never could imagine my fat, red-faced, snub-nosed old master (there! I’ve told you who he was),—I never could fancy him as an ideal Romeo; he looked much more like Polonius, or the Ghost before he was a ghost—I mean as he probably was in the flesh. My elocution master told me that Shakespeare was not my forte, so I studied some more modern pieces. He told me I was

getting on very well—"one of his most promising pupils," but I found that he said that to everyone.

Well, it soon became known that I recited (one must have *some* little vices you know, just to show up one's virtues). I received an invitation from Mrs. MacMillion for a musical evening last Friday, and in a postscript, "we hope you will favor us with a recitation." Very flattering, wasn't it?

I went there fully primed with three pieces—"The Lifeboat," "The Lost Soul," and Calverley's "Waiting." I thought that I had hit on a perfectly original selection; but I was soon undeceived. There were a great many people at Mrs. MacMillion's, quite fifty, I should think, or perhaps two hundred; but I'm very bad at guessing numbers. We had a lot of music. A young man, with red hair and little twinkling light eyes, sang a song by De Lara, but it did not sound as well as when I heard the composer sing it. Then two girls played a banjo duet; then—no, we had another song first, then a girl with big eyes and an ugly dress—brown nun's-veiling with yellow lace, and beads, and ribbons, and sham flowers, and all sorts of horrid things, so ugly I'm sure it was made at home, well—where was I? Oh, yes! she stood up and recited—what do you think? Why, Calverley's "Waiting!" Oh! I was so cross when it came to the last verses; you remember how they go [*imitating*]:

"Hush! hark! I see a hovering form!
From the dim distance slowly rolled;
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And oh, its hues are green and gold.

"It comes, it comes! Ah! rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us!
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopped the Central Park omnibus!"

Well, when I heard that I felt inclined to cry. Just imagine how provoking! One of the pieces I had been practicing for weeks past. Oh, it was annoying! After that there was a violin solo, then another—no, then I had an ice—such a nice young man, just up from college, very young, but so amusing, and so full of somebody of "ours" who had won something, or lost something, I could not quite make out which.

Then we came back to the drawing-room, and an elderly spinster, with curls, sang, "Oh, that we two were maying," and the young man from college said, "Thank goodness, we aren't!" Afterward I had another ice, not because I wanted it, not a bit, but the young man from college said he was so thirsty.

Then I saw a youth with long hair and badly-fitting clothes. I thought he was going to sing, but he wasn't; oh, no! much worse—he recited! When I heard the first words I thought I should faint [*imitating*]:

"Been out in the lifeboat often? Aye, aye, sir, oft enough.
When it's rougher than this? Lor' bless you! this ain't what we calls rough."

How well I knew the lines! Wasn't it cruel? However, I had one hope left—my "Lost Soul," a beautiful poem, serious and sentimental. The æsthetic youth was so tedious that the young man from college asked me to come into the conservatory, and really I was so vexed and disappointed that I think I would have gone into the coal-cellar if he had asked me. We went into the conservatory and had a nice long talk, all about—well, it would take too long to tell you now, and besides it would not interest you.

All at once mamma came in, and I felt rather frightened at first (I don't know why), but she was laughing and smiling.

"Oh, Mary," she said, "that æsthetic young man has been so funny; they encored 'The Lifeboat,' so he recited a very comic piece of poetry, that sent us all into fits of laughter. It was called 'The Fried Sole,' a parody on 'The Lost Soul' that you used to recite."

Alas! my last hope was wrecked; I could not recite after that! I believe I burst into tears. Anyhow, mamma hurried me off in a cab, and I cried all the way home, and—and—I forgot to say good-night to the young man from college. Wasn't it a pity?

And you see that's why I don't like to recite anything tonight. [*Someone comes up and whispers to her.*] No! really, have I? How stupid! I'm told that I've been reciting all this time. I am so sorry; will you ever forgive me? I do beg your pardon; I'll never do it again! [*Runs out.*]

DOCTORS' TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.

I AM thy Family Doctor, duly appointed by the State. I brought thee into this world of sorrow, and so long as thou livest, to thee, in matters medical, it must be a land of bondage.

II.

Thou shalt have none other Doctor but me.

III.

Thou shalt not make for thyself any medicine; nor gather any herbs that grow upon the earth, nor in the waters about the earth; thou shalt not use anything, however simple, in treating disease; for I, thy Doctor, am a very jealous man, and for any infraction of this, thy duty, I will visit thy transgression with pains and penalties; yea, I will incarcerate thee in a prison, and so punish for thy doings, those dependent upon thee. And if thou wilt blindly follow my advice, and pay obedience to me, I will promise thee, when ill, that I will bleed, blister, and salivate thee at my pleasure; and so reward thee with a ruined constitution, to drag out a miserable existence for the remainder of thy days.

IV.

Thou shalt not speak lightly of my name, for I am protected by law; and the law will not hold him guiltless that interferes in any way with me.

V.

Remember that thou prayest for my welfare when attending thy church on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor to prostrate thy body and work for my fees; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, and on that day thou must do nothing towards restoring or improving thy health, or thy wife's health, or thy children's health, or above all, thy neighbor's health; nor must thou think about it; it is something that does not concern thee; I claim that as my special privilege—State protected. I am all powerful in these matters, and as such must be respected.

VI.

Honor thy Doctor more than anyone else, for I claim thee, body and soul, whilst residing in America, the land of thy birth.

VII.

Thou shalt not think for thyself.

VIII.

Thou art an American, and the law hath handed thee over to my tender keeping.

IX.

Thou shalt never be a Doctor.

X.

Thou shalt not tell thy neighbor of any remedy that will do him good, for I shall watch thy doings jealously. Thou shalt never covet the position of a medical adviser. If thou seest thy neighbor suffering, or his wife suffering, or any of his children suffering, and thou art in possession of any remedy that will do them good, thou shalt not advise, nor use it; for I, thy Doctor, State protected, am always watchful, to visit upon thee pains and penalties for any infraction of these my commandments.

TROUBLE IN THE FAMILY.

SPEAKER: SMALL COLORED BOY.

[Sits hunched up crying and sniffing pitifully.]

WHAT'S the matter wid me? Matter nuff, double trouble all ober de house. Fader am drunk; mudder hab gone home wid cloze; sis broke de lookin'-glass wid de broom-stick; de baby got her eyes full of kyan pepper; and little Ned Antony put de mustard on his hair for goose-grease. I put salt in my tea for white sugar and it makes me seasick. De dog licked Ned's face and got his mouth full of mustard, and he's under de bed howlin'. De kitten got her head in de milk pot and I had to cut her head off to save de pitcher, and den I had to break de pitcher to git her head out, and de way I'll git licked when mudder comes home for settin' de bed afire will be a sin. Oh—oh—oh!

WEDDING-RING PRESERVES HER HONOR.

JULES DE MARTHOLD.

Translated and adapted by ADA WEBSTER WARD.

SCENE: Small boudoir, very elegant and Parisian, with the thousand little dainty trifles that declare a delicate taste. Back C., fireplace with great wood fire. On mantel, clock and branched candlesticks; candles lighted. Before fireplace, little R., inlaid oval table, medium size, covered with newspapers, books, etc., also lighted lamp, with globe. Near lamp, and open, very thin volume, pamphlet form, but elegantly gotten up. L. E., small secretary open and in disorder. Over secretary modern oil portrait of old lady with white hair. L. 2 E., door. R. 2 E., window, with hangings drawn. R. E., table; upon it hand-mirror, face-powder, and all the appliances for toilet of young, pretty, luxurious woman of fashion. Above table portrait, in colored crayons or pastel, of man, young, distinguished, slightly bald, wearing whiskers inclining to blonde. L. of fireplace, on chair, muff, hat and a large mantle lined and bordered with fur. Near chair, umbrella. R. of fireplace, box of wood.

SPEAKER: YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN.

[*Curtain rises discovering MADAME, seated at toilet-table, busily engaged in putting last touches to hair. A pause. Clock strikes once.*]

HALF-PAST EIGHT! [*She rises, but remains standing by table.*] At nine o'clock I shall be [*sigh of ironical satisfaction, mingled with vague regret*] ah! at nine o'clock I shall be far away. [*Pensive, smiling to herself.*] Not as to distance, actually [*resolutely and little dryly*], but morally. [*Goes to window, pulls back curtains to look out; joyously.*] It is still snowing; the ground is all white. [*With little shiver of enjoyment.*] Heu! [*Lets curtain fall, goes to fireplace, rests hand on mantel, and remains standing, warming one foot on fender.*] How cold it is, and how good a warm room will feel after—[*buries herself in low armchair L. of fireplace*] after—[*pause*] after? Then—what? [*Sigh of questioning disquietude.*] Ah! [*Silence. Rises brusquely; another pause, standing. Finally goes mechanically toward oval table where she stops, her glance indicating her wandering thoughts.*] Ah! If I only knew. [*Pauses; reflects with bowed head.*] He says he will always be true [*weighing words*], always be true. [*In dry tones, scanning words, and as with a sort of terror.*] Al—ways—be—true. [*Goes to secretary, L., takes up*

note.] He is waiting for me [*with tender smile*]; he is waiting for me. [*Turns to clock, tapping note with finger.*] His eyes are fixed on the clock, and his heart is beating—[*sigh of oppression; hand pressed to heart*], oh, not faster than my heart is beating! [*Very calm.*] Twenty-five minutes to nine; I have still twenty-five minutes. In twenty-five minutes I set out—from here—[*terrified, then very timidly*] to go to him. [*Goes to table where is lamp; takes up open volume and comes down a little, reading.*]

"I have searched in thy heart, O woman! There I have read, and have seen the secret desires that move thee to thoughts of the might-have-been. The pride of thy beauty aspires to a joy that is now unknown. Undaunted, thy soul cries for pleasure. I know it, and I alone. Come! come to me! We'll fly together to realms where realities die, where duty, so stern and so ugly, exists not. Come! Come, love, and I——"

[*Ceases and comes all the way down, book still open in her hand.*] Ah! he is a poet! He is a poet. [*Looks at portrait, frontispiece of pamphlet.*] What a profile! Like an antique cameo! Young, yet severe! Sweet but thoughtful, under his long brown locks! What a voice he has! Every word is a caress; its accents lull while they convince you. [*Firmly, with sort of dull, scornful anger.*] And this is the man who has singled me out from the rest of the world. He understands me! This is the man I have captivated, who has placed his heart at my feet, while my husband—[*starts at the word, then after short hesitation goes on*] my husband takes it as a matter of course that I should be his wife! The wife of an auctioneer, who sells on commission! A man who wears whiskers and uses an eye-glass, and who is as incapable of making a rhyme as—I am myself. [*With little nervous laugh.*] Of course, he says he loves me, occasionally, out of politeness. And he kisses me when he says it, paternally, on the forehead, as if I were a little girl. [*With fire.*] As if he thought a man loved his wife that way, with such tranquility, such calmness, such—indifference! He is cold! His love doesn't interfere with his business, and we haven't been married quite three years! Monsieur is traveling now; gone away for eight or ten days. [*Imitating tone of a man, mockingly.*] "For eight or ten days, my dear." Oh, if he only were not so—so—! Very likely he is now pronouncing on the value of a gallery of pictures, or telling how much some

old dwelling ought to bring—I don't know *what* he's doing; he isn't here, that's enough for me! [*Imitating husband.*] "When I come back I'll give you that India shawl, you know, my darling, the one you wanted the other day." It isn't India shawls I want now; what is a shawl more or less! When a person loves a person, truly, he doesn't go away from that person so cheerfully. [*Takes up from desk letter on large commercial paper; looks over it with little pout.*] He writes to me four pages to tell me that the journey was a very cold one, but that he has arrived in safety, and is well satisfied with business. Always business! "Write to me, my darling, regularly every day, I beseech you." Regularly, yes, but passionately? Bah! That goes for nothing! "My health?" As if he needed information on that subject when he only left me last evening! Besides, what does he care about my health? Here, he never mentions the word to me! Why should he? I'm perfectly well, and what is an inquiry after one's health when one is perfectly well? A mere polite formula, that is all. I have answered his letter. I shall continue to answer him "regularly." If I don't, I'll seem in the wrong. [*Pause of profound reflection.*] But it is freezing here—literally freezing! [*Stuffs five or six sticks on fire, all the time looking at clock.*] Quarter to nine—I must hurry! [*Rises, then reseats herself.*] Of course! Now I've put too much wood on the fire. [*Takes off three sticks and arranges fire all at sixes and sevens.*] A little more and it would have been out. I nearly smothered it. I don't know how to make a fire. I wish I hadn't sent off Marie for the night; but to have had her about would have been awkward for me; yet it is very inconvenient without a maid. There! At last! [*Gives final poke to fire.*]

Now I'll dress myself. [*Before mirror over mantel.*] Ouph! My dress is so tight I can scarcely breathe! My wrap! [*Takes it and comes down thoughtfully.*] I am sure his apartment must be charming; it must be. [*Change of manner.*] With his ideas he ought to be able to produce effects that are astonishing. I wish I were there already. I adore to go to people's houses for the first time. There is always such a crowd of things one never saw

before; one makes such wonderful discoveries! It's lots of fun! To study a person's room is just like studying a person's character, so they say. Oh, gracious! If there should be any photographs of—actresses! If, after all, he is only like the rest of the world. No, no, that could never be! A poet such as he is must be different! [*Goes to oval table, still keeping wrap in right hand, while with left she awkwardly fumbles over leaves of pamphlet. Suddenly impatient, she throws wrap over shoulders.*] This wrap annoys me! [*Seats herself and takes both hands to her search. Having found what she looks for.*] Here it is! It is very short and has no title. [*Reads.*]

"A poet's home is simple—it is almost austere;
Within reigns modest poverty, with mien severe.
No luxury there troubles his dreams sublime,—
The mystery of creation fills full his time."

[*Puts down book.*] "Fills full his time!" Does he want us to believe he makes a hermit of himself? Well, he doesn't! He is too great a society man for that! That must be taken with a grain of salt—that and "his dreams sublime." Dear me! I don't like him half as well as I did. "Dreams sublime—" [*emphasizing*] "fills full his time." How can he go out, then, to receptions and balls and races and—everywhere? Bah! he doesn't mean a single word he writes! It is only just to have something to say. Verses! Nobody will ever make me believe that anybody ever has any such ideas as his in dead earnest, honestly, without cudgeling his brains to find them! Ah, these poets! these poets! But I suppose we must forgive it in them! [*Looks at clock.*] Ten minutes to nine! I shall be late next thing I know. Well, he will have to wait for me. At first it will do no harm if I make him pine a little; it will do him good! One doesn't expect a woman to be punctual.

[*At mirror over mantel.*] I am not at all satisfied with my hair! I should have liked it better [*gets hat, which she puts on as she comes down to dressing-table, R., where she adjusts it*], but when one is obliged to put on a hat one can't do as one would. That hat isn't so bad. It goes very nicely with my gown. I'd have put on another more—that is less—this hat is charming and very becoming—provided he takes any notice of it. [*With little*

air of indulgent protection.] Oh, yes, he *must* have good taste! [*Affirmatively, bridling up.*] He *has* good taste! [*Suddenly, terrified by a discovery.*] Ah! goodness gracious! I have just thought—[*disappointedly*] but how can I make it do? [*Head lowered, left hand open supporting chin; reflects, standing motionless.*] It isn't possible! My hands will be bright red when I reach his house, such a cold night, and yet I cannot take that muff! No! [*with right hand makes motion of opening umbrella*], my umbrella to hold, [*with left hand makes motion of holding up dress*] and my dress to lift! [*Angrily.*] Ah! [*Composes herself.*] Hm! Let us see! let us see! It surely is not impossible to think of some way. [*Goes back, takes muff and passes ribbon round her neck.*] There, now! [*Takes umbrella and comes down stage.*] Now! [*Opens umbrella, holds it in one hand and muff in the other.*] Yes, but not practicable; my dress will be in such a state! [*Takes left hand from muff and raises dress.*] Like that? [*Angrily.*] Like that—I shall have my hands frozen and red. Ah! I have an idea! [*Holds both skirt and umbrella in left hand, puts right in muff; then changes backward and forward, right and left; disgusted.*] Very well, very well, but very inconvenient. Inconvenient! That isn't the word for it! [*Closes umbrella, leans upon it.*] And then—no, I can just see myself making all that “to-do.” It is ridiculous! Besides, it acts all very well in here, but in the street, on such a night—in such weather! [*Disconsolately puts down umbrella, seats herself, impatiently tapping on table R. with hand and beating a tattoo on floor with foot. Rises but does not move from place; deep sigh.*] I *must* do something!

[*Takes up umbrella again, looks at it attentively.*] An umbrella! How poetic! He'll think me absurd to the last degree, and yet he ought not to. But—but he is quite capable of turning me into ridicule in his little polite, sneering way! [*In very bad humor.*] Oh, if I only knew some way! Five minutes of nine! [*Tone and gesture indicate that she does not mean to hurry.*] Very well, I can't help it. [*Regards alternately hands and muff, then right hand and umbrella, then left hand and skirt.*] How can I go out

like that? [*With conviction.*] They make dresses too long—and the skirts. [*Indicating out-of-doors by sweeping gesture toward window.*] It is no use; there's no way. It makes one think all this is done on purpose—that husbands and dressmakers are in league to prevent our going out. [*Not stirring one step; resolutely.*] So much the worse. I shall be soaked, I shall be covered with mud, I shall be—what you will, but I won't have red hands! [*To umbrella, throwing it on table in a temper.*] As for you, my dear, [*pausing to look at it closely*] how stupid an umbrella does look! [*Quickly, decided tone.*] Forward march!

[*Takes right-hand glove from table and begins to put it on; shivers slightly.*] It has a very queer effect on me to go away in order to go— [*Stops short, takes deep breath.*] It is suffocating; I don't know what ails me, and I tremble. [*Falls into chair before desk and continues putting on glove.*] These new gloves! They are so hard to—[*sigh of exhaustion to cover her real sentiment*]. Ah! [*Sigh of profound depression.*] Ah! [*Nine o'clock sounds. She rises as if touched by a spring. Voice dry, short, as if moved by machinery.*] Ah! it is the hour! Yes. [*Looks fixedly at clock; pause.*] Nine o'clock! [*With terror.*] Ah! true! But at what hour shall I come back! Oh, heaven! I had not thought of that at all! [*Pause; rouses herself; feverishly, recklessly excited by sort of artificial wrath.*] Er, that is all right! I will come back. That is all. [*Looks for other glove.*] Where have I put my glove? I don't know what I am doing. Mercy! how warm I am! [*Finds second glove where she found the other.*] I declare, I must be losing my senses! It is right in front of me.

[*Takes it and comes down stage. About to put on second glove, she stops short with a confusion full of bitterness and a certain degree of self-reproach.*] My wedding-ring! [*Half drawing it from finger, ashamed.*] I cannot keep it—[*pulls it off, pauses*] but yet I cannot give it up. [*Holds it in tips of fingers of right hand and looks at it, at first vaguely, then tenderly; finally carries it to lips and kisses it silently, with long, lingering kiss, then wipes eyes, much moved.*] Poor little ring! Forgive me! Your golden circle holds a date you still keep fresh as when you bore it first,

and that date I—I—oh, I remember now what my mother said to me that day. [*Bows head humbly.*] “Guard well your honor, in honor alone is happiness.” [*With sob.*] My poor mother! Why have I lost you? [*With remorse.*] How she would suffer could she see me now! But she does see me! I am sure of it! I feel it! [*Addresses portrait of old lady.*] Is it not so, mother darling? It is your own sweet self who has come to awaken me to the good and to save me! [*Falls on knees before portrait.*] Pardon me, mother darling, you see I am still your child! [*Rises and turns to portrait of man.*] And you, my husband—how I shall blush when I see you returning! [*Removes hat and wrap with quick gesture and throws them anywhere.*] Oh, heaven! what folly possessed me? It is frightful! It is terrible! It was not I who was doing those things. My senses were gone; I had lost them, carried away—dominated—intoxicated by I know not what, all in a moment. But my husband worships me and I love him! [*Addresses his portrait.*] Oh, finish your horrible business quickly and come back, come back! Not that there is any more danger, but I want to see you, to have you to speak to, to chat with you—just you and I together like two good comrades. Poor loyal man who is working so hard—[*takes up letter from desk, L.*] for me, thinking of me, writing nice long letters simply about what interests us both. Poor, dear man whom I despised—ingrate and stupid that I am! You ask news of my health. I have been very ill. [*Shows, so to speak, portrait of her mother to her husband.*] It is she who has cured me, and you will come back to find me whole once more.

[*Goes to desk, seats herself, takes out the other's note, stops, holds it.*] Ah! this man! this man! But I have no reproach to cast against him. It is not he who is to blame. He sacrifices no one to me. And I was going to cover myself with shame forever, to force myself to blush before him for a triumph which I myself furnished him. What a lesson I have had! Why did I do this? For whom? For a stranger—a man I do not know in reality. We have met often—but where? In society. One cannot call *that* knowing a person! He never has come here, and he never shall!

Quarter past nine. [*Goes to window and looks out.*] Still snowing! I am going to bed. But first I shall ask God to pardon me; [*throwing kiss to portrait of her husband*] then to sleep to dream of you, [*addresses mother's portrait*] under your eyes, my mother!

'TWIXT ME AND YOU.

CORA S. WHEELER.

'T WAS many summers now ago,
My lover's name was Sparrow;
An August sun in glory shone;
We rowed adown the Yarrow.

His eyes were blue as heaven, too;
I could not brook their splendor,
Because, 'tis true ('twixt me and you)
Their gaze was boldly tender.

I found, I knew, he would propose;
I longed, yet dared not listen.
The longing flushed my cheek to rose,
The fright made teardrops glisten.

"My rose in dew!" (he meant my hue!)
He stooped and somehow missed me,
The oars both flew and as we two
Fell overboard, he kissed me!

The sudden chill, the sudden fright,
So cooled his ardent passion,
It never from that doleful plight
Emerged in any fashion.

Though eyes were blue and heaven, too,
That summer by the Yarrow,
We bade adieu—('twixt me and you,
I am not Mrs. Sparrow)!

"ROOSHIAN" TEA, FISH-BALLS AND MARBLES.

SPEAKER: RUSSIAN JEWISH WOMAN.

PLACE: Delicatessen Shop.

[WOMAN *stops slicing meat or cheese and leans elbows on counter.*]

I GOT a lot o' business today yet. My Annie, you know; that girl o' my sister Lena's. Well, she got it a picnic down by Gravesend Bay in a one o' them boats what runs by gasoline and makes a noise what smells already like boilin' cabbage. Well, Annie she got it a picnic wit' a lot o' these here young men what work bei her in the office. Annie, she wants me to make lunch for eatings on the yachts, I think they call 'em.

Well, I told Annie shure I make lunches mit headcheese, kar-toffel salad, wiener schnitzel, kaffeekuchen und pumpernickel mit sveet butter already. But what d'yer think? She makes up a face so sour like you never saw it worse, and says it wasn't no saengerbund what they vas pullen off on the yacht-boat.

Shure! She says ain't I got no cavyair? What is it, dot cavyair, hey? What? Little eggs from Rooshian fishes? Well, I got some what comes in a can mit foolish labels on it. I opens it, und one look—that's enuff already. I give it to Heine to put it on the flower-beds, you betcher.

Then Annie vants some cold tea in bottles like. I make it nice cold tea, and put in sugar and milk—fine! But Annie she git her mad up. She don't want no milk and sugar. She says she vants Rooshian tea. By golly! I don't know what is it that Rooshian tea? Got some o' them cavyairs in it, maybe, yes?

And Annie, she got one o' them Jack Johnson suits—you know, them loose-like sailor things like I seen in the Nord Deutscher-Hambourg ships when I went bei the old country two years ago next September.

W'at, Peter Thompson suit? Oh, well, I know it was one o' them prize-fighters. Well, Annie she looked almost not fat mit that noo suit. She got a fine neck for sailor suits.

[*Turns to customer just entered.*]

Whatchew want? Oh, fish-balls? Ja, I got fine fish-balls.

[Turns and looks toward corner of room where boy is mysteriously busy.]

Heine, Heine! *[Admonishingly.]* Giff me them back; you can't play no more marbles mit dem fish-balls; the gent'man wants 'em.

WOMEN'S APPEAL FOR FRANCHISE.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

MEN OF —: We women of your State appeal to you to enfranchise us.

That we must ask it of you shows that you are now our masters.

It lies with you to say whether your sisters shall stand in political equality with you or remain subordinate.

You make the laws which govern us; you decide upon our rights, privileges and duties; you punish us when we break your laws; you reward us when we please you; you determine our appointment, hours and salaries in public office; you give or refuse permission to us to marry and to be mothers while serving the children of the State as teachers; you hold all legal and civil power over us.

We do not ask for power over you, but for equality with you.

We ask for full recognition of our citizenship, for the right of self-government, for our share in democracy.

We ask it on the same grounds that you would ask it if the case was reversed; if you were loved and honored as husbands and fathers, but had no status as citizens, no voice in your own government; privilege perhaps, but neither power nor freedom.

By every law of social evolution we need to share in the political progress of our age.

For every reason that men need the ballot women need it too.

Because democracy, for its health and growth, requires the full and intelligent participation of all its citizens. We, as half the citizens, are needed to strengthen this democracy.

Because we are women, wives and mothers, we especially need

equal power as citizens, that one sex may not hold an unfair advantage over the other nor one parent over the other, and that mothers together may take better care of all the children of the world.

Because the world needs, above all, today a people wise, free and responsible, with its children so reared and trained, and because the advancement of the mother means the most rapid advancement of the child, that she may teach by example as well as precept, we ask for liberty.

Because we are of the same racial stock as yourselves, living in the same age as yourselves, sharing the same social misfortunes as yourselves, hoping for the same social improvements as yourselves, we ask for equal political liberty with yourselves.

Give us liberty that we may work with you for the improvement of our race, the progress of the world.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I KNOW a little girl (you? oh, no!),
Who when asked to go to bed, does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:
"O, dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know, with curly pate,
Who says "When I'm a great big girl, I'll sit up late.
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
O the sunny smile, and the eyes so blue,
And—why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you.

REFUSED SHELTER—KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

[This monologue can be made very effective by giving it with French accent and gesture.]

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CLARKE.

YES, monsieur, there were just four of us left, Antonie, Jacques, Pierre and I—I am Jeanne, you know. Then we had the two poor dancing-bears, our sole support, poor Cre and Cri. Many a time they have danced merrily, while we played and sung for them, poor beasts! with quite as empty stomachs as ours; yet they seemed to understand. At night we slept where we could; but the people often were kind and gave us shelter for seeing Cre and Cri perform. But the kind beasts were warm, and under some thicket, with the moon looking down, we would sleep safely, our hands in their shaggy fur for warmth. Thus two years fled by, and we were still strolling singers. Jacques said I could sing nicely, and little Antonie danced, oh! so gracefully. Pierre could play on the mandolin, too, and we were a merry family. The bears always made the people laugh with their queer tricks.

One evening 'ate, we entered the village of Belle Pre. Ah! fatal moment! The day had been oppressively warm, and in the west the sky was black and ominous. A thunderstorm was brooding in the valley and would soon shut us in; and we sought hurriedly for a shelter from the on-coming storm. But not a cottage would receive us, and in despair we entered the thick woods at the end of the town, and drawing a thick canvas cover over us, crept under its shelter. But such a night! Heaven's thunder rolled and echoed and so terrified us that the bears howled in chorus. Flashes of lightning and that intense blue glare would flash into our very faces. Even little Antonie awoke and crept nearer to me, sobbing. Suddenly a great ball of flame seemed to envelop us. We screamed, and in the blinding flash and glare, I lost all consciousness.

When I came to my senses I was still lying on the ground, the rain drenching us. I groped about and my hand touched the nerveless icy fingers of the dead! The blood curdled in my veins. I tried to call—to cry out; I was powerless. Pierre's voice at last

reached me as he cried: "Jeanne, Jeanne! petite sœur. Have you, too, been killed? See! Jacques lies dead at my feet, and the poor brutes, Cre and Cri, they, too, are dead!"

For answer I crawled over to the side of poor Pierre, and with my arms around him, we both sobbed and moaned above the wailing of the storm. When the gray dawn stole in, the wind and rain sighed away among the trees, like the spirits of the lost, seeking for a last shelter and repose. We did not dare to turn our eyes to the ghastly sight that we felt was lying so near us. But still, oh! we *must* look, and we saw Jacques and Antonie, side by side, their faces blackened and distorted, and near their outstretched hands the poor bears were lying still and cold in death.

The people were kind. Startled by our agonizing cries, they gave us food and shelter, and buried our dead. But they could not bring back life to my poor little brothers, nor to my comrades; nor could we ever quite forget how they had turned us from their doors that night. Ah, monsieur, such is human sympathy!

DRUNKARD'S CATECHISM AND TEN COMMANDMENTS.

WHAT is my name?
Drunken Sot.

Who gave me that name?

As drink is my idol, landlords and their wives get all my money; they gave me that name in my drunken spree wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of want, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.

What did my landlords and landladies promise for me?

They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce the comfort of my own fireside; secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children; thirdly, walk in rags and tatters, with my shoe-soles going flip-flap all the days of my life.

Rehearse the articles of my belief?

I believe in the existence of one Mr. Alcohol, the great head and chief of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all

disease; and I not only believe, but am sure that when my money is gone and spent, the landlord will stop the tap and turn me out.

How many commandments have we sots to keep?

Ten.

Which be they?

The same which the landlord and landlady spake in the bar, saying, "We are thy master and thy mistress who brought thee out of the paths of virtue, placed thee in the ways of vice, and set thy feet on the road which leadeth to prison."

I.—Thou shalt use no other house but mine.

II.—Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for intoxicating drinks, such as tea, coffee, chocolate and lemonade; for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back; eating thy children's bread, and pocketing the money which should make thee and thy wife happy all the days of thy life.

III.—Thou shalt not use my house in vain.

IV.—Remember that thou eat but one meal on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy money, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein I wash my floor, mend my fires and make ready for the company the remaining part of the day.

V.—Thou shalt honor the landlords, the landladies, and the saloons, with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable in the land wherein thou livest.

VI.—Thou shalt commit murder, by starving, hungering and beating thy wife and family.

VII.—Thou shalt commit self-destruction.

VIII.—Thou shalt sell thy wife's and children's bread and rob thyself of all thy comforts.

IX.—Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the horrors, saying, "I am in good health" when thou art suffering from shattered nerves or even delirium tremens.

X.—Thou shalt covet all thy neighbor is possessed of; thou shalt covet his house, his land, his purse, his health, his wealth, and all that he has got, that thou mayest indulge in drunkenness, help the distiller to buy a new automobile, a new motor-truck, and a fine mansion, that he may live in idleness all his days.

"SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I."

AS RENDERED BY HENRY IRVING.

WHEN I took to the stage as a gifted young man,
Said I to myself, said I,
I'll act on a new, if peculiar plan,
Said I to myself, said I.
I'll never consider the role that I play,
My method need change to a different way,
From the path that I've chosen I never will stray,
Said I to myself, said I.
The public are ready for anything new
Said I to myself, said I.
The æsthetes are raving o'er all that I do,
Said I to myself, said I.
My plan is successful, my manner attracts,
No matter the play, if 'tis Irving that acts,
And places are booked two months off. These are facts,
Said I to myself, said I.
I'll swagger and stagger, I'll roar and I'll rant,
Said I to myself, said I;
I'll suddenly cease, roll my eyes, gasp and pant,
Said I to myself, said I.
In mounting most costly I'll not be outdone,
Though in comedy vague my idea of fun,
Yet soon on the boards I shall be number one,
Said I to myself, said I.
I always will keep my peculiar stride,
Said I to myself, said I,
In Hamlet, Charles, Richelieu, and Romeo beside,
Said I to myself, said I.
With pre-Raffaelite Ellen my woes to assuage,
In London be burlesqued, in Scotland the rage,
We triumph on every American stage,
Said I to myself, said I.

I'M A LI'L' ROUGH RIDER.

GEORGE V. HOBART.

I'M a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!—
Bom-bum!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!
March aroun' the kitchen table
Ist as long as I am able—

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!
Bom-bum!
Hit the drum!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my sword!
Swish-swash!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my sword!
I can cut off all the toeses
Of a hundred million foeses—

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my sword!
Swish-swash!
See my sword!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my gun!
Bango-go!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my gun!
Once at favver's head I shooted
An' my favver he ist scooted—

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—see my gun!
Bango-go!
See my gun!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!
Bom-bum!

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!
I'm my muvver's soljer cap'n,
Won't let nuffin to her happen—

I'm a li'l' Rough Rider—hit the drum!
Bom-bum!
Hit the drum.

DEESA GREATA HOLIDAY FOURTH-JULY.

T. A. DALY.

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HOORAH! for deesa General
 Dat maka Fourth-July!
 I sella playnta lemonade,
 Banan' an' cake an' pie.
 He maka beezaness for me
 At dees peanutta-stan',
 An' w'en I eesa gotta time
 I go for shak' hees han'.

 W'en I am com' America,
 Some fallow on da sheep
 He tal how deesa General
 He "mak' da Inglaice skeep."
 "We don'ta wanta fightin' here,"
 Dees General he say,
 "So, Meester Inglaice Fightin'-man
 You besta go away."
 An' den dees Inglaice Fightin'-man
 He aska heem "For why?"
 Da General ees gatta mad.
 "I no can tal a lie,"
 He say to deesa Fightin'-man,
 "An' so I speaka true.
 If you no gatta 'way from here
 I tal you w'at I do:
 I tie you een a cherry-tree,
 An' den I tak' my knife
 An' feeda you weeth cherry-pie
 Ees cooka by my wife!"
 "Oh! no!" ees say da Fightin'-man,
 An' looka pretta seeck;

"I notta wanta fight weeth you.
I go for home dees week."
Da Fightin'-man he was so scare
He justa run away.

* * * * *

"An' now," ees say de General,
"We maka holiday,
For leetla boys to maka noise
An' eata cake an' pie.
Dees holiday will be da one
We calla Fourth-July."

THIEVES' CONVENTION AND DEMONSTRATION.

ALEKSANDER IVANOVICH KUPRIN.

SPEAKER: HEAD DELEGATE.

PLACE: Russia.

GENTLEMEN: My comrades have done me the signal honor of electing me spokesman. Gentlemen, I will speak for a moment of the moral aspect of our profession; of its social importance. A father accumulates a million by clever exploitation, and leaves it to his son, a lazy idiot. Potentially a million roubles is a million working days, the absolute right to labor, sweat, life and blood of a terrible number of men. Why? What is the ground or reason? Utterly unknown. Then why not agree with the proposition, that our profession is to some extent a correction of the excessive accumulation of values in the hands of individuals, and serves as a protest against all the monstrosities created by the bourgeois capitalistic organization of modern society? Sooner or later this order of things will assuredly be overturned by social revolution. Property will pass away into the limbo of melancholy memories, and with it, alas! we shall disappear from the face of the earth.

However, let us leave aside the economic aspects of the ques-

tion. I must point out that into our profession enter all the elements which go to form art—vocation, inspiration, fantasy, inventiveness, ambition, and a long and arduous apprenticeship to the science. There are men who possess a peculiarly strong visual memory, accuracy of eye, presence of mind, dexterity of hand, and above all a subtle sense of touch, who are, as it were, born into God's world for the special purpose of becoming distinguished card-sharpers. The pickpockets' profession demands extraordinary agility, a terrific certainty of movement, a ready wit, a talent for observation and strained attention. Some have a positive vocation for breaking open safes; from their tenderest childhood they are attracted by the mysteries of every kind of complicated mechanism—sewing-machines, clock-works and watches. Finally, gentlemen, there are people with an hereditary animus against private property. You may call this phenomenon degeneracy. But I tell you that you cannot entice a true thief into the prose of honest vegetation by any gingerbread reward, or by the offer of a secure position, or by the gift of money, or by a woman's love; because there is here a permanent beauty of risk, a fascinating abyss of danger, the delightful sinking of the heart, the ecstasy.

Finally, our profession is by no means as easy and pleasant as it seems at the first glance. It demands long experience, constant practice, slow and painful apprenticeship. It comprises in itself hundreds of supple, skilful processes that the cleverest juggler cannot compass. That I may not give you only empty words, gentlemen, I will perform a few experiments before you, now. I ask you to have every confidence in the demonstrators.

Sesoi, the Great, will you come this way?

Gentlemen, before you stands a respected member of our association. His specialty is breaking open safes. Unfortunately he has nothing on which he can demonstrate the best items of his repertoire. He will open the most elaborate lock irreproachably. By the way, this door here, it's locked, is it not?

It reads: "Stage Door. Strictly Private."

Ah, yes, the door's locked. Admirable. Sesoi, the Great, will you be so kind?

You see, gentlemen, he shook it cautiously with his hand, took out of his pocket a small bright instrument, bent down to the key-hole, made some almost imperceptible movements with the tool, and suddenly flung the door wide in silence. The whole affair took only ten seconds.

Thank you, Sesoi, the Great. You may go back to your seat. Ah, a thousand pardons! It slipped my mind that the door should be refastened. Sesoi, the Great, will you oblige?

Now I will have the honor to show you the skill of one of our comrades who is in the line of picking pockets in theaters and railway-stations. He is still very young, but you may to some extent judge from the delicacy of his present work of the heights he will attain by diligence. Yasha! Come forward.

Gentlemen, I must ask if one of you would be kind enough to submit himself to a little experiment. I assure you this will be an exhibition only, just a game.

Monsieur Karaim? You will? Thanks!

Now, Yasha! As he works I will imitate how he would talk were he not abashed by the presence of your Excellencies. He would say:

"Suppose yer in church, or at a bar in one of the 'alls,—I see straight off—there's a toff—a rich gent, decent enough, but don't know his way about. What's he likely to 'ave about 'im? Mostly, a ticker and a chain. Somewhere in 'is top weskit pocket—'ere. Purse—most always in the trousers. Cigar-case. 'Ave a look first wot it—is—gold, with a monogram. That's right, ain't it?

"Then agen you might see a pin 'ere in the tie. 'Owever, we do not appropriate. Such gents nowadays—they 'ardly ever wear a reel stone. Then I comes up t' 'im. I begin straight off to talk to 'im like a gent: 'Sir, would you be so kind as to give me a light from your cigarette?' Wot's next? I look 'im straight in the peepers. Only two of me fingers are at it—just this and this.

"D'you see? With these two fingers I run over the 'ole pianner. Nothin' wonderful in it; any man who wasn't stupid could learn easily. Most ordinary business. I thank you."

That will do, Yasha! Yasha, go to your seat.

Yasha, return the gentleman's little watch!

You see? all the while you were admiring his right hand, he was operating your watch with his left. Take it.

"That is clever," you say.

That's our business.

What is my own specialty?

H'm—no, how could your question be an indiscretion?—I work the big diamond shops—and my other business is banks. Don't think this occupation is easier than others. Enough that I know four European languages, German, French, English and Italian, without speaking of Polish, Ukrainian and Yiddish.

There is in existence a class of scum whom we call their "Mother's Darlings." With these we are unfortunately confused. They have neither shame nor conscience, a dissipated riff-raff, mothers' useless darlings, idle, clumsy drones, shop assistants who commit unskilful thefts, capable of robbing a child with violence in a dark alley in order to get a penny. These men are the pests of our profession. For them the beauties and the traditions of the art have no existence. They watch us real, talented thieves like a pack of jackals after a lion. Suppose I've managed to bring off an important job—we won't mention the fact that I have to leave two-thirds of what I get to the receivers who sell the goods and discount the notes, or to our incorruptible police—I still have to share out something to each one of these parasites, who have got wind of my job, by accident. I pay him because he may inform against me. And it mostly happens that even when he's got his share he runs off to the police in order to get another half-sovereign. We, honest thieves—yes, you may laugh, gentlemen, but I repeat it: we honest thieves detest these reptiles.

Now that you have convinced yourselves that our art, although it does not enjoy the patronage of high-placed individuals, is nevertheless an art; one which demands many personal qualities besides constant labor, danger, and unpleasant misunderstandings—you will also, I hope, believe that it is possible to become attached to its practice and to love and esteem it, however strange that may appear at first sight.

JACK, THE FIGHTING EVANGELIST.

I WAS on the drive, in eighty, workin' under Silver Jack,
Which the same is now in Jackson, an' ain't soon expected back;
An' there was a chap among us by the name of Robert Waite,
Kind o' cute an' slick an' tonguey—guess he was a graduate.

He could gab on any subject, from the Bible down to Hoyle,
An' his words flowed out so easy, just as smooth an' slick as oil.
He was what they called a sceptic, an' he loved to sit an' weave
Hifalutin' words together, tellin' what he didn't b'lieve.

One day, while we were a-waitin' for a flood to clear the ground,
We all sat smokin' nigger-head an' hearin' Bob expound.
Hell, he said, was humbug, an' he showed as clear as day
That the Bible was a fable, an' we 'lowed it looked that way.

Miracles an' sich-like was too thin for him to stand.
An' speakin' of the Saviour, he was just a common man.
"You're a liar!" some one shouted, "an' you've got to take it back!"
Then everybody started,—'twas the voice of Silver Jack.

An' he cracked his fists together, an' he shucked his coat an' cried:
"It was by that thar religion that my mother lived an' died;
An' although I haven't allus used the Lord exactly right,
When I hear a chump abuse Him he must eat his words or fight."
Now this Bob he weren't no coward, an' he answered bold an' free:
"Stack your duds an' cut your capers, for there ain't no flies on me."
An' they fought for forty minutes, an' the lads would hoot an' cheer
When Jack he lost a tooth or two an' Bobby lost an ear.

Till at last Jack got Bob under, an' slugged him onc't or twic't;
At which Bob confessed, almighty quick, the divinity of Christ.
An' Jack kept reasonin' with him till the cuss begin to yell,
An' 'lowed he'd been mistaken in his views concernin' hell.

So the fierce discussion ended, an' they riz up from the ground,
An' some one brought a bottle out an' kindly passed it round;
An' we drank to Jack's religion, in a quiet sort of way,
An' the spread of infidelity was checked in camp that day.

ENGINEER'S FIRST REAL PRAYER.

("AN AUGUST ROSE.")

CARRIE M. OGILVIE.

F LIRTING with the girls, sir? No, indeed! As to that lily of a girl just throwing kisses to me, why, bless you, that's my daughter May, and she's just the dearest, sweetest thing on earth. Something special about her makes me have a different feeling toward her from anybody else I ever knew; and if you'd like, sir, I'll tell you about something that happened when she was a baby, twelve years ago. It happened right along this very road, and I was then the engineer instead of conductor, and I was younger looking than I am now. Only thirty-six years old, sir, and I haven't a black hair in my head. *That* belongs to my story.

You remember that hill with the cottage at the foot of it, and golden-rod and wild clematis growing along the stone wall? That's where I have lived ever since I was married, and it was on that embankment around the bend that the most terrible event of my life occurred. It was one day in August, and I never shall forget how the sky looked, as deep and blue as my baby's eyes, nor how sweet and still the air was that morning as I walked over to the station. The roses were deep crimson, instead of pink as they are earlier in the season. I had one in my button-hole that morning. Baby had put it there when she kissed me good-bye.

"Pitty 'ose, papa, for oo. Dod make it, mamma tell me so. Dod live up in 'ky."

Every pleasant day when I made my down run, at three o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and baby used to be sitting out there on the hill, and would wave their hands; and baby looked so sweet and innocent waving her little fat arms, her face dimpling with delight and her curls tossing in the breeze.

Almost three o'clock, and old 49 was puffing and steaming fit to burst as we neared the bend. I was already looking toward the hill, and sure enough there was the baby's white dress—no, I was mistaken; it was only a piece of newspaper. They were not there.

Why, I wondered. Perhaps they would be there before I turned the curve. Somehow it seemed to me I never so longed to have them there as I did that day, and I kept anxiously looking, until away in the distance, on the track, I saw something that made every pulse in my body give a great leap, and then stand still. There, just ahead of me, toddling along, with her yellow hair flying and her little arms stretched out to balance herself, was my baby! A moment more and the wheels would be grinding her body, and her precious blood would stain the track. I lived ages in that moment of agony. I waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like a madman, and as I was pulling the rope the rose fell from my button-hole on to the seat, and baby's words, "Dod make it; Dod live up in 'ky," came to me. For the first time in my life I put my whole soul into a prayer, "God, save my child!" and that moment she stumbled and fell down the grassy embankment.

As soon as I could, I climbed down and ran back to find her. There she sat in the grass, lifting her blue eyes and dimpled mouth to me, and as I hugged her to my heart she said:

"I t'ied to climb on cars, papa, but somebody pushed me over and I fell down here. Don't k'y, papa!"

For I was crying and thanking God at the same time, and when I came alongside of the train, carrying baby on my shoulder, the men threw up their hats and cheered and the women were sobbing.

That rose is in this locket with one of her baby curls, and I never have failed to pray for her safety and happiness, as well as for many other things, since that day. Isn't she a beauty, too? And you can't blame me for liking this time of year best, and for always wearing an August rose whenever my darling girl pins one in my button-hole, as she did this one two hours ago.

TOILER'S REWARD.

They kiss me when I start away,
 They kiss when I return,
 What sweeter or what richer pay
 Can any toiler earn?

ALCOHOL'S CONFESSION.

NEW YORK AMERICAN EDITORIAL.

I AM the greatest criminal in history.
 I have killed more men than have fallen in all the battles of the world.
 I have turned men into brutes.
 I have made millions of homes unhappy.
 I have transformed many ambitious youths into hopeless parasites.
 I have made smooth the downward path for countless millions.
 I destroy the weak and weaken the strong.
 I make the wise man a fool and trample the fool into his folly.
 I ensnare the innocent.
 The abandoned wife knows me; the hungry children know me.
 The parents whose child has bowed their gray heads in sorrow, know me.
 I have ruined millions and shan ruin millions more.

I—AM—ALCOHOL.

TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL'S MARRIAGE VIEWS.

DIXIE WOLCOTT.

MY mother sez that 'cause I'm ten
 I mustn't never, never again
 Kiss any of the boys, sez she,
 Nor even let the boys kiss me.
 'Cause she would feel most drefful hurt
 If I grew up to be a flirt.
 But I'll tell you that I just bet
 When mother wuz a girl she let
 My papa kiss her; why I know
 She must 'ave, even though
 She knew her mother would be 'raged—
 'Cause that's the way you get engaged.
 Oh, yes it is! 'Cause the other night

My aunt wuz in the drawing-room, right
 Near the door, an' 'twas open, too,
 Just a wee, wee crack, an' I peeped thro';
 An' Mr. Smith wuz sitting there
 Right close up by auntie's chair.
 An' just as I commenced to peek
 He kissed Aunt Alice on the cheek.
 An' after that I runned away.
 An' in a little while, when they
 Came out, they wuz engaged. I know;
 I heard them tell my mother so.
 But I'm going to mind my mother, though;
 Then when I'm growed up some day, like that,
 An' no one loves me 'cept—a cat,
 An' I'm nothin' but a cranky old maid
 With corkscrew curls, an' drefful 'fraid
 An' scared to death of a little mouse,
 An' won't never let children come in my house—
 'Cause they might get crumbs on my parlor floor—
 Why, my mother'll be 'shamed, as 'shamed can be,
 To think no man would marry me.

HER LENTEN SACRIFICE.

YES, I am glad to have Lent come; I'm really quite weary
 With all the balls and theatres. Of course, 'tis rather dreary
 To be so quiet, staid and dull, after the jolly season—
 But, then, the church requires it all, and that's sufficient reason.

My Easter suit and bonnet, dear, are both to be imported—
 Madam Reseau will send for them; her taste is often courted.
 Her husband is a charming man, who well knows how to flatter
 The girls who go to see madame on any business matter.

I flirted with him some myself, and found him very clever;
 He "vished zat he could keep my glove nex' to hees heart forever!"

Oh, dear, these men! though they are fools, what would we do without them?

I'm sure they're useful fools enough, and one can talk about them.

You went to church today, you say? I didn't, I'd a caller.

Who's much more clever than poor Tom, and handsomer, and taller;

I think I'll break with Tom this week, he's good at bringing ices. But then to give him up is 'mong my Lenten sacrifices.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

IT was on the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white;
I sat beside my window and looked into the night;
I heard the church-bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine,
And childhood came again to me, with all its dreams divine.
Then, as I listened to the bells, and watched the skies afar,
Out of the East, majestic, there rose one radiant star;
And ev'ry other star grew pale beneath that heavenly glow—
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.
From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair;
It shone through dingy casement on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, through alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone, the darkness was flooded all with gold.
Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled;
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.
And then, methought, earth faded; I rose as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things;
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe—
My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below.
And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seemed to me,
It flashed upon the golden gate and o'er the crystal sea;
And then the gates rolled backward, I stood where angels trod—
The beauteous star of Beithlehem had led me up to God!

